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VICTOR HUGO'S LYRICS.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE author of *Notre Dame de Paris*, if we except the celebrity which that masterpiece of the romantic-grotesque obtained for him here as well as in his own country, is not otherwise familiarly known to the English public. True his recent appearance as a picturesque, political, and somewhat crotchety tourist, upon ground travelled over by every traveller of this travelling nation, may have extended his name in "perfidious Albion," though we question whether *Le Rhin* ever excited sufficient interest to induce the amateur of light literature to any further acquaintance with it than such as was furnished by contemporary criticism. Light literature, indeed! alas, for the lover of it, who, arranging himself in his fauteuil, playfully flourished his paper-cutter, and gave himself gracefully to a few hours' light reading of Monsieur Victor Hugo's saunter along the Rhine! Only think, reader (if you ever *did* read the book) of its piles of architectural disquisition; recollect the powerful measures of technical phraseology emptied upon your head; the archæological mystifications and symbolical *chiffres* every now and then bewildering you; the whole shelves and chests-full of historical

lore hurled down before and around you, and which, cut, clipped, cracked, broken, splintered, made your path on the banks of the exulting and abounding river rough as a road of Macadam under repair, strewed, moreover, with the baggage and heavy movables of politics; and then imagine the treat which the *Lettres à un Ami* must have afforded to that not inconsiderable class—the loungers in literature. REGINA, ever benignant and considerate, relieved that luxurious tribe from the necessity of victimising themselves by acquainting the public with — perhaps as much of the book as the public would have cared to know. We are, however, far from denying the possession of interest to *The Rhine*. It contains some charming descriptions, brilliant bursts of eloquence, and the political *brochure* (for such it is) with which it winds up shows (much as we dispute its fanciful analogies and dissent from its conclusions) considerable dexterity of arrangement and cleverness in getting up a case; yet, notwithstanding, we must believe that it was not calculated for popular perusal among our countrymen, and consequently, as far as the British public is concerned, has add-

ed little to the fame of the gifted creator of Quasimodo and La Esmeralda.

Neither did the success which attended several of his plays, and the horrible thunder with which he and Dumas shook the Parisian stage, procure any great degree of attention to him here. And, powerful as is his imagination, striking as are the situations, and fearfully picturesque the passions of his *Théâtre*, there is a reckless display of licentiousness and atrocity, a too manifest revelling amid distorted human nature, such as cannot, to our taste, be compensated by—what must be conceded to the author—fertility of invention, adroit management of plot, impassioned vehemence, and rapid action. That the subjects of his dramas are not treated with skill and effect is not, we repeat, our opinion; but that such powers as his might be more beneficially employed upon subjects of a different case, few, we think, would be disposed to question. We are here speaking of Hugo's more successful stage productions, though even these do not appear to have taken deep root in the dramatic soil of France, and the chief of the romantic school may live to see its extinction upon the spot where it usurped for a while the haunts of Corneille and Racine. Of his *Trilogie* we will merely say, that with the judgment passed upon it by Young Paris we think Old London would not be very likely to quarrel. In an edition of the *Burgraves* lately in our hands, directions are adroitly introduced (in a note) to such managers of provincial theatres as shall choose to bring it upon the stage. We are not, however, aware that any *pronunciamientos* were made against the centre of authority, or that the cities of Bordeaux, Lyons, Strasbourg, or Nantes, reversed the decision of the capital. If we might be so bold, we would address to the author of the *Trilogie* the advice which Voltaire, in his *Temple du Goût* (glancing at poor J. B. Rousseau) gives to the poets:

"Faites tous vos vers à Paris,
Et n'allez point en Allemagne."

But if neither dramatist nor tourist has increased the reputation acquired by the successful novelist on this side the channel, still less, we believe, does the character of lyric poet enter into English notions of Victor Hugo's title to fame. "Who are the great poets of France, pray, in these days?" Why, Béranger and De Lamartine, you will be told. And Heaven and reason, and taste and truth, forbid that we should demur to aught save the completeness of the response! We miss in it a name which we deem not inferior to

either of those eminent men. With unquestionable originality of conception Victor Hugo unites a fervid diction, an immense richness and variety of verse, while under his masterly management, in his at once powerful and delicate handling, the language of French poetry receives an expansion and a freedom to which, in the higher lyrical strains, it was a stranger. Nor is this additional liberty attained at such sacrifices of elegance and grace as the devotees of the starch and formal school of French verse are apt to charge upon the bold genius of the innovator. Nay, the more daringly he seizes, the more liberally he launches forth his novel lyrical combinations; the more exquisitely happy seems he in his purpose, the greater the charm that accompanies his movements. With the ease of versification and conscious command of numbers of a Scott or a Byron, you shall find conjoined the polish and delicate melody of a Campbell. Add to these first-rate qualifications the possession of extensive stores of reading, the vivid impressions from early sojourn in sweet Italy and swarthy Spain, and a wonderful power of illustration and description, and it must be confessed that here are the constituents of—surely, intelligent reader, what you would be disposed to call a poet of a high order. We hope to confirm that favorable disposition ere we part.

As to the objection that Victor Hugo has conspicuously departed from the finished style of the great classical school of France, that he has recklessly innovated upon the correctness of composition which distinguishes the most brilliant period of the literature of his country, we are not here concerned to argue the dispute between the scholastic and romantic schools; but this we aver, and will maintain against all comers—that if ever any department of the poetical literature of a nation needed the transfusion of new blood, the inbreathing of a fresh life, it was the lyrical poetry of France—the high lyrical poetry, we mean—take it at its best, in the stately diction and majestic harmony of Jean Baptiste Rousseau. How monotonous the movement! how circumscribed the range of metaphor and illustration! how artificial the enthusiasm! Who has not grown weary of its everlasting draughts upon heathen fable, its pedantic familiarity with antiquity, its substitution of learned allusion for intensity of feeling, its stale, inflated comparisons? who has not longed for something more national as well as more natural in those classic odes? For, much as it may shock the sensitive patriotism of our neighbors, it is undeniable that

those whom they long regarded as the princes of their lyric poetry have, when celebrating the triumphs of kings and heroes of France, gone out of France in search of their implements of workmanship. Strange manners and strange gods were brought to the task of recording Gallic glories; Pagan mythology was ransacked to illustrate the achievements of the most Christian kings; allegories of the antique furnished, it should seem, the fittest representation of the habits of contemporary cavaliers. To record in such strains and after such fashion the transactions of our times would have been a most unprofitable expenditure of laborious verse. Napoleon and his marshals might have been paralleled with all the warrior-models of antiquity, both gods and heroes, without the listening generation being penetrated with a sense of the resemblance, or, in that possible occurrence, without receiving a very forcible impression of the military empire, or forming a very distinct appreciation of the individuality of the Man of Destiny. In short, dismissing the vexed question of the classic and romantic, and passing over intermediate stages and states of transition, we need not hesitate to assert that the events of the last half century must, of necessity, have suggested other trains of thought, and demanded other language than such as sufficed for a period when society was innocent of the marvellous mutations it has since passed through. And as the mind made for itself a language, which, freed from the conventional pedantry that characterises what at the best are, perhaps, but excellent imitations of the ancients, burst into the wide and almost unoccupied domain of nature; the language at the same time would, with perfect propriety, flow into fresh channels, assume forms of verse expressive, not of licentiousness, but of its consciousness of liberty and reinvigorated existence.

Few great poets live unimpressed by the events of their time, least of all is such insensibility to be expected from a French poet of this age of French history, with the dazzling consulate and empire, the promising restoration, the mournful fate of that doomed race before his eyes. Contemplating the long romantic drama of conquest enacted on the plains of continental Europe, the reverse of the imperial fortunes; then the re-enthronement of the ancient line and the second eruption of the revolutionary volcano; and, finally, the (let us hope) not transitory triumph of tranquillity and order after such and so many external shocks and internal convulsions; it were scarcely possible for a poet

possessing the higher attributes of "his order" to exist in such a country during such a time, and not to have his life, we will not merely say touched, but colored, by its history, and his verse, which reflects that inner life, vivid with its flush.

"The mind is color'd with thine every hue."

To the eventful and extraordinary times in which he was born, grew up, and lives, the cast of Victor Hugo's genius has owed much; but the obligation is reciprocal, though not quite equal. For its praises worthily sung, its sorrows piously consoled, its errors deplored, and its spirit interpreted, the contemporary history of his country is beholden to him; but to that history his debt is greater still. Without it he had not been as now he appears. A poet, and a goodly and a sweet poet, had he been, no doubt, in any age; but not the very Victor that he is, not the stately mourner, not the lofty monitor, not the generous sympathizer, not the melancholy, dignified moralizer over the ruins of empire and the overthrow of dynasties. Never could other times than his and ours have produced that attractive union in one master-minstrel which we behold in him—the action and the pause; the exultation at the clash of arms, the longings and cravings for repose; all the glories, all the woes, the expectations, the disappointments, the hopes, and the fears, of those and these years of wonder—the first half of the nineteenth century.

The poems of our author have been given to the world in the following order, and we believe the names of some of the volumes will be new to some of our readers. First came the *Odes*, in 1822, which some four years afterwards formed, with additional pieces, a volume bearing the title *Odes et Ballades*. These outbursts of the youthful poet are deeply imbued with the Royalist spirit—the spirit of his Vendéan mother, *brigande* of the *Bocage*. They were followed, in 1829, by *Les Orientales*, when the East was the engrossing subject of politicians, and the quarter on which the public eye was intent; and the East, not solely and literally, but with all its outbranching associations, is the burden of the book, in which, moreover, the influence of Byron's poetry is manifest—the shadow of his genius plays upon the page. *Les Feuilles d'Automne* is the title of the third volume—leaves cast upon the waters that were yet heaving from the recent shock, while the lava of revolution was yet warm around the fiery mountain. And gentle and

pensive-looking leaves they are, curiously but beautifully contrasting with the wild world into the midst of which they are thrown. Four years subsequently appeared *Les Chants du Crépuscule*, at a period of expectation and transition, when, at least, the time wore that aspect to the author,—

"Twixt light and shade the transitory strife ;"

and when, in truth—we do not, of course, mean precisely within the limits of the calendar year—the general character of political movements was introductory, subministering ; the general character of systems and theories, provisional, experimental, preparatory. Five years had not sufficed to dissipate the dreams of revolutionists, nor yet had the beneficial effects of a peaceful rule moderated the ardor of enthusiastic optimists. It was yet uncertain whether good or evil influences were to prevail ; whether the tendency should be to the advancement or retardation of the moral culture of man. There was hope, but there was fear also ; glimpses of day there were, but at the same time were lowering shades of gloom. Of the contrarieties of the epoch the volume professes to be the reflection. *Les Voix Intérieures* succeeded *Les Chants du Crépuscule* at an interval of less than two years ; the poet designing by the title to express that his book is the echo of the inward voice of the heart, of the voice of external nature, and of the voice of eventful life ; or, to speak more clearly, that not the personal sentiments and affections alone of the author are the subject of his song, but that besides these, and besides nature too, the poet's favorite source, he deals with the actions and passions of his time as with things upon which he has a right to hold judgment, which he is qualified to appreciate at their respective importance, and whose spirit, whose fitness for praise or blame, he is capable to decide and entitled to display accordingly. He evokes the true animating voice from events, he is not stunned by the clash and din of their concussion, he hears their real music and judges of its excellence according to the responsive resonance in his own lofty breast. Such we take to be the interpretation of *Les Voix Intérieures*. The last volume of Hugo's lyrics is *Les Rayons et les Ombres* (in 1840), under which more than adumbration he assures us that persons and things are viewed in pretty much the same manner as in the three volumes immediately preceding. It is a continuation, he says, of those "qui appartiennent à la

seconde période de la pensée de l'auteur." Only, he adds, "dans *Les Rayons et les Ombres* peut-être l'horizon est-il plus élargi, le ciel plus bleu, le calme plus profond." As it was, in effect, beginning to be after ten years of a reign which the attempts of fanatic desperadoes had failed to abridge, and the termination of which only a few short months after the penning of those very words by Victor Hugo would have left France, and the peace of Europe, and the hopes of every friend of order and civilisation, at the mercy of that host of wild passions aroused by Lord Palmerston's famous treaty of July. Ponder this, pacific reader, and be thankful.

From the abandonment in his subsequent works of that extreme Royalism, or rather Bourbonism, of which his earliest effusion bears such decided marks, nothing could be easier than to impute inconsistency to our author, and to season commendations of his poetical excellence with such terms as renegade, tergiversator, apostate, time-server, or other similar flatteries, derived from the happy idiom of party warfare. Indeed, from the expression just quoted, "la seconde période," &c., in connection with sundry other passages, there would be no difficulty in the world in displaying him as a man of vacillating opinions—by turns a Bourbonist, a Bonapartist, an Orleanist, an anythingarian. But, allowing something for maternal influence and for the universal tendency of imaginative youth to invest the first protégés of its muse with exaggerated attractions, with these deductions, and receiving his own noble (and scarcely necessary) apologies, if such they must be considered, for what we would rather call the enlargement than the change of his views,—knowing also the personal disinterestedness attending that alteration, and looking to the fact that the attachment of his sympathy to new brought with it no forgetfulness of, no bitterness towards old favorites ; but that on the contrary, generosity,* charity, gratitude, accompany him at every step—aware as we are of all this, the estimate at which we arrive of our author's value as a poet, illustrating, commenting, appreciating the history of the age, is one unalloyed with any derogatory suspicion to detract from our general satisfaction, and the cordial applause which we bestow. And we cannot—be it at once outspoken—we cannot consent to take that contracted and illiberal view of the sphere over which the

*See, especially, the preface to his drama of *Marion de Lorme* in 1831,—the play which had been forbidden under Charles X.

poet's sympathies have a right to range. To the wide-extending and wide-welcoming affections, to the dilating and adapting imagination, to the capacious, universal heart, the comprehensive soul of the lofty poet, is not to be applied the cold, dry, summary test of the mere politician; nor may we fairly refer to his recorded sentiments, as to a Parnassian Hansard, for the purpose of crushing and pounding him with proofs of inconsistency *more Peelio*. Indeed, in a certain sense, it may be said that a poet *should have no opinions*. Some sympathies stronger than others, favorite inclinations, preferences, indeed, he may, he must, and undoubtedly *will have*; but opinions in any such shape as shall preclude him from extending to the great qualities, the dazzling actions, the heroic sufferings, the piteous calamities of those from whose political faith he dissents, not a mere formal approval of the measure of conventional charity, but the largesse of his warm and glowing eulogy, his generous grief, and noble compassion, all the vivifying waters of his liberal and overflowing heart—opinions, we say, that would intercept this more than royal bounty, ah! if he love true glory, let him shun. We are perfectly aware how numerous are the cases which militate against this dictum of ours. We need not to be reminded how many are the poets of high distinction who have been decided and bitter partisans. Nevertheless, we do not expect to be told that it was by virtue of their political rancor that they attained a place and a lustre in the Muses' temple. Had they given nothing up to party, mankind would have been the richer, and their own fame, assuredly, none the less. Does any one of all truth-sifting and truth-discerning men imagine that a display of political virulence in the Bard of *Harold* added one single wreath to that lofty brow? We admit that there are cases of great exception where a poet may shine most in the region of politics, not by waving

"In the eye of heav'n his many color'd wings,"

but by displaying on his plumage one only deep, unassimilating dye, where, pending great questions of government, the exclusive adoption of a *side* may justly be deemed by him imperative; where, vital principles being at issue, vital interests at stake, an unmitigated pressing of the adversary—a *guerra al cuchillo*—may be considered a duty he owes to his country, to humanity. So, in our own day, Wordsworth, in that noble

poem, the *Sonnets dedicated to Liberty*, for we regard them as forming *one* by unity of purpose, entering the lists as champion of his country and of suffering Europe against the great antagonist and oppressor—it is the picture of the struggle of the age. Two tremendous powers are at war for mastery, and here is the representative of one of them. The enslavement of the world and its emancipation are the principles in clash and conflict, and herein is voiced the latter; yea, and that a mighty voice! So, Béranger raises the banner, blows the trumpet in the contest between people and king, advancing light and returning obscurity, toleration and bigotry; between young France and old Court tricolor glories and cockade mummeries, imperial achievements and Bourbon imitations, Marengo and the Trocadero, St. Helena and St. Cloud. An ill-judged persecution tended, in the case of Béranger, to superadd a personal character to the strife, and to sanction, by what then assumed the appearance of the *right of the injured*, that hostility towards political opposites which covered with unsparing and indiscriminating ridicule the white cockade and all that believed therein. No, not all! Concentration and organ as he is of every anti-Bourbon emotion, from the Pas de Calais to the Gulf of Lyons, he yet mourns the expatriation of *one* adherent of that unhappy race, paying his tribute to genius and nobility of soul even while reproving the devotion of one of the most faithful friends—the staunch supporter, but the fearless counsellor of legitimacy. Turn to the beautiful lines,—

"Chateaubriand, pourquoi fuir ta patrie?"

But we are wandering from Victor, himself the occasion of the digression. For *he*, emphatically, is the poet of all parties—we risk the smile which the ambiguity of the phrase may excite. *The poet of all parties*, to his glory be it said! Never are his political judgment and choice allowed to deaden or nullify his human sympathies; rarely do they contract the sphere of his appreciating affections, or dim the vision of the imaginative eye, searching and seeing the grand, the beautiful, and the passionate—the objects of the poet's worship and interest,—the fitting, the eternal themes of his song. In the volumes we have mentioned the truth of this will be perceived. In them the heroism of La Vendée and the triumphs of the empire alike find commemoration. Here old Henri, replaced on his pedestal, demands the gratulation of the poet; there the "arch"

and the "column" claim the homage of his odes. Chants are there for Bourbons, living and defunct; praises of "the royal Suède unfortunate;" inculpations of Bonaparte, the slave of selfish ambition—Bonaparte, the world devastator; tributes of admiration, awe, worship, to Napoleon the conqueror of nations—Napoleon, the genius of glory, the man of his century, the man of fate. Mourning for the exiles of Goritz there succeeds to mourning for the imperial captive of Vienna; compassionate affection for the old race of kings there mingles with confiding affection towards the new; pious hymns for the "martyrs of July" there combine with pious lament over the foreign tomb of him by whose soldiery those victims perished. You shall there read the glowing panegyric of the bold young blood of France in strains breathing, you would swear, instant and indelible war—strains followed by grave counsel and sage repression. Represented there shall you recognise the hopeful aspirations, the restless inquietude, the promises, the lessons, and the warnings of the age; its splendors and its taints, its ground for exultation, its occasion for humility, its perfections and its comings-short, its acquisitions and its needs. All these varieties of sentiment and different phases of feeling shall you encounter in one and the same author; yet, unless you are one steeped in the prejudices of faction, and fast bound in the misery and iron of political servitude,—in which case you shall go untreated of us—we pray you to pause ere you cast on him the easy imputation of inconsistency, that ever-ready charge of the unreflecting vulgar.

Before presenting our readers with any specimens of the muse we have rated so highly, it may be as well to let Hugo himself be heard, briefly, in exposition of his own principles. It is, then, in the spirit we have been endeavoring to interpret that our author, in his preface to *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, expresses a wish that what generally goes by the name of political poetry should be called historical poetry; by the desire for this change of appellation intending, doubtless, to intimate a desire that the poetry itself should change its attributes,—that instead of being the expression of the scanty charity or the rancor of the partisan, it should become that of the contemplative, but not the unimpressible, observer. In his hands it becomes so; and, far from losing any of its fire by elevation above the personal malignities of the contest, it may justly be called in him (and in all who have so applied

that noblest gift of Heaven) *impassioned impartiality*.

"The poet," he says in another place,* "without speaking of his softening and civilizing influence, has an important and a serious office. To him it belongs to raise political events (when they are sufficient to deserve it) to the dignity of historical ones, and to do this he must cast upon his contemporaries that tranquil and serene regard which history casts upon the past. * * * He must be capable of doing reverence to the tricolor without insulting the fleur-de-lis; of glorifying the lofty idea portrayed in sculptured blazonry on the Arc de l'Etoile, and of consoling the mournful thought enclosed within the tomb of Charles X. * * * Amidst the violent struggles of opinion he should constantly have present to his mind this worthy and devout aim,—do he of all parties by their generous side; by their base side, of none."

Honorable sentiments! and in *this* sense, then, it is that he is the poet of all parties,—a phrase to the still further elucidation of which we add one sentence from the interesting preface to the last volume of his lyrics:—

"It is the opinion of the author," he there says, "that every genuine poet, independently of the thoughts which are brought to him from his individual organization, and of those which are brought to him from the eternal truth of things, ought to contain in his productions the complete sum, the totality of the ideas of his time."

This is a large and liberal view, certainly; and, worthiest reader, unless thou misconceive or perversely distort it, this enunciation of his sentiments may be to thee a preceding and guiding voice in threading the paths which else, crossing and tangled, might perplex and disconcert thee: this exposition of his own spirit, a lamp impartially illumining the outspread page—a key by which to reduce and reconcile all the dialects of the author under one original,—the language of the omnilateral sympathy of Genius.

We proceed to extract from this historical poetry, begging our readers to take our word for the present that the poetry of politics is not the only species in which Hugo excels:—

"Hélas, hélas! dit le poète,
J'ai l'amour des eaux et des bois
Ma meilleure pensée est faite
De ce que murmure leur voix."

Nature has not a more affectionate admirer, scarcely a more faithful and accurate observer, rarely a painter more grand and gorgeous, than Victor. As a describer of scenery he is, in our judgment, unapproached by any

* Introduction to *Les Voix Intérieures*.

poet of his language, De Lamartine not excepted. Hitherto the poverty of French poetry in this respect was remarkable, its descriptions being not so much paintings of natural landscapes, as of their own application of art in their rigid gardens and regular parks. Among the present extracts will be found some testifying to our author's descriptive powers whilst exhibiting the dignity of his historical tone.

Our first specimen is from a poem entitled "*Lui*" in the *Orientales*. Mark, we pray you, the grandeur of the simile itself; the rich touches at each step of the description, the dispersion and suspense of the interest, and its final concentration and riveting, with lingering sense of awe, upon the single sublimity which crowns the scene:—

"Tu domines notre âge; ange ou démon, qu'importe!
Ton aigle dans son vol, haletant, nous emporte.
L'œil même qui te fuit te retrouve partout.
Toujours dans nos tableaux tu jettes ta grande ombre;
Toujours Napoléon, éblouissant et sombre,
Sur le seuil du siècle est debout.

Ainsi, quand du Vésuve explorant le domaine,
De Naple à Portici l'étranger se promène,
Lorsqu'il trouble, rêveur, de ses pas importuns,
Ischia, de ses fleurs embaumant l'onde heureuse
Dont le bruit, comme un chant de sultane amoureux

Semble une voix qui vole au milieu des parfums;

Qu'il hante de Pæstum l'auguste colonnade;
Qu'il écoute à Pouzzol la vive érénode
Chantant la tarantelle au pied d'un mur toscan;
Qu'il éveille en passant cette cité, momie,
Pompéi, corps gisant d'une ville endormie
Saisie un jour par le volcan;

Qu'il erre au Pausilippe avec la barque agile,
D'où le brun marinier chante Tasse à Virgile;
Toujours, sous l'arbre vert, sur les lits de gazon,
Toujours il voit, du sein des mers ou des prairies,
Du haut des caps, du bord des presqu'îles fleuries,
Toujours le noir géant qui fume à l'horizon!"

Angel or demon! thou,—whether of light
The minister, or darkness—still dost away
This age of ours; thine eagle's soaring flight
Bears us, all breathless, after it away.
The eye that from thy presence fain would stray
Shuns thee in vain; thy mighty shadow thrown,
Reets on all pictures of the living day,
And on the threshold of our time alone,
Dazzling, yet sombre, stands thy form, Napoleon!

Thus, when the admiring stranger's steps explore

The subject lands that 'neath Vesuvius be,
Whether he wind along the enchanting shore
To Portici, from fair Parthenope,

Or, lingering long in dreamy reverie,
O'er loveliest Ischia's od'rous isle he stray,
Woo'd by whose breath the soft and am'rous sea
Seems, like some languishing sultana's lay,
A voice for very sweets that scarce can win
its way.

Him, whether Pæstum's solemn fane detain,
Shrouding his soul with Meditation's power;
Or at Pozzuoli, to the sprightly strain
Of tarantella danced 'neath Tuscan tower,
List'ning, he while away the evening hour;
Or wake the echoes mournful, lone, and deep,
Of that sad city, in its dreaming bower
By the volcano seized, where mansions keep
The likeness which they wore at that last fatal
sleep;

Or be his bark at Pausilippo laid,
While as the swarthy boatman at his side
Chants Tasso's lays to Virgil's pleased shade,
Ever he sees, throughout that circuit wide,
From shaded nook or sunny lawn espied,
From rocky headland view'd, or flow'ry shore,
From sea and spreading mead alike descried,
The Giant Mount, tow'ring all objects o'er,
And black'ning with its breath th' horizon ever-
more!

That glorious region! the magic of the names (none knows better than Victor the secret of that powerful spell—the spell of names of beauty or of fame); the fragrant isle; the faint-voiced, voluptuous, incense-laden wave; the majestic ancient temple; the notes of southern music; the silent city—silent since eighteen hundred years ago; the gliding boat, its sunburned pilot with sonorous tones pouring forth the songs of his rich Italian as the shallop passes under the consecrated spot where sleeps* the sweetest singer of them all; the verdure and the glow of the landscape, its soft and its bold features; the inland glimpses and the seaward view, the crowd of objects, yet each a distinct resting-place and visible to each; and, frowning and terrible over all, the monster mountain, gloomy and grim, with fascinating power of fear, in unshunnable presence—Vesuvius! still Vesuvius! There can be no mistake here, a master drew the picture.

Behold again, but under another aspect, *Lui*, the Emperor! We take the following from an ode replete with beauties, alternating fire and pathos, haughty grandeur and melancholy, soul-subduing—remarkable for the rapid profusion of its language, the happy variations, the skilfully wild changes of its measures, the whole closing with verse as mournful as ever fell from poet

* For all poetical purposes, at least.

moralising the revolutions of nations and the destinies of the great of the earth—its title, *Napoleon II*. In the opening stanzas the expected child is born—"Mille huit cent onze!" that is the year of the King of Rome, and the imperial father, contemplating afar the heritage of his son, exclaims,—

"L'avenir, l'avenir, c'est à moi!"

The poet interposes the interdict of Heaven. The audacious thought is arrested, and overwhelming, as it were, its impiety beneath a torrent of illustrative figures and examples, Imagination breaks into these grand and finely contrasted stanzas:—

"Non, l'avenir n'est à personne!
Sire! l'avenir est à Dieu!
A chaque fois que l'heure sonne
Tout ici-bas nous dit adieu.
L'avenir! l'avenir! mystère!
Toutes les choses de la terre,
Gloire, fortune militaire,
Couronne éclatante des rois,
Victoire aux ailes embrasées,
Ambitions réalisées,
Ne sont jamais sur nous posées
Que comme l'oiseau sur nos toits!"

Non, si puissant qu'on soit : non, qu'on rie ou
qu'on pleure
Nul ne te fait parler, nul ne peut avant l'heure
Ouvrir ta froide main,
O fantôme muet! ô notre ombre! ô notre
hôte,
Spectre toujours masqué qui nous suis côte à
côte,
Et qu'on nomme Demain.

Oh! demain, c'est la grande chose!
De quoi demain sera-t-il fait?
L'homme aujourd'hui sème la cause,
Demain Dieu fait mûrir l'effet.
Demain, c'est l'éclair dans la voile,
C'est le nuage sur l'étoile,
C'est un traître qui se dévoile,
C'est le bélier qui bat les tours,
C'est l'astre qui change de zone,
C'est Paris qui suit Babylone:
Demain, c'est le sapin du trône;
Aujourd'hui, c'en est le velours!

Demain, c'est le cheval qui s'abat blanc d'écume!
Demain, ô conquérant, c'est Moscou qui s'allume
La nuit, comme un flambeau;
C'est votre vieille garde au loin jonchant la
plaine!
Demain, c'est Waterloo! demain, c'est Sainte-
Hélène!
Demain, c'est le tombeau!

Vous pouvez entrer dans les villes
Au galop de votre coursier,
Dénouer les guerres civiles
Avec le tranchant de l'acier;

Vous pouvez, ô mon capitaine,
Barrer la Tamise hautaine,
Rendre la victoire incertaine
Amoureuse de vos clairons,
Briser toutes portes fermées,
Dépasser toutes renommées,
Donner pour astre à des armées
L'étoile de vos éperons!

Dien garde la durée et vous laisse l'espace;
Vous pouvez sur la terre avoir toute la place,
Etre aussi grand qu'un front peut l'être sous
le ciel.

Sire, vous pouvez prendre, à votre fantaisie,
L'Europe à Charlemagne, à Mahomet l'Asie,—
Mais tu ne prendras pas demain à l'Eternel!"

Sire, beware! the future's range
Is of God alone the power,
Nought below but suffers change,
E'en with every passing hour.
Future! mighty mystery!
All the earthly goods that be,
Fortune, glory, war's renown,
King's or kaiser's sparkling crown,
Victory, with her burning wings,
Proud Ambition's covetings,—
These may our grasp no more detain
Than the free bird whose wing doth light
Upon our roof, and takes its flight
High into air again.

Nor smile, nor tear, nor haughtiest lord's com-
mand,
Avails 't unclasp thy cold and closéd hand,
Thy voice to disenthral,
Dumb phantom! shadow, ever at our side!
Veiled spectre, journeying with us stride for
stride,
Whom men To-morrow call.

Oh, to-morrow! who may dare
Its realities to scan?
God to-morrow brings to bear
What to-day is sown by man.
'T is the lightning in its shroud,
'T is the star-concealing cloud,
Traitor 't is his purpose showing,
Engine, lofty tow'rs o'erthrowing,
Wand'ring star, its region changing,
'Lady of kingdoms,' ever ranging.
To-morrow! 't is the rude display
Of the throne's frame-work, blank and cold,
That, rich with velvet, bright with gold,
Dazzles the eye to-day.

To-morrow! 't is the foaming war-horse falling;
To-morrow! thy victorious march appalling,
'T is the red fires from Moscow's tow'rs that
wave:
'T is thine Old Guard strewing the Belgian plain;
'T is the lone island in th' Atlantic main:
To-morrow! 't is the grave!

Into capitals subdued
Thou mayst ride with gallant rein,
Cut the knots of civil feud
With the trenchant steel in twain;

With thine edicts barricade
 Haughty Thames' o'erfreighted trade;
 Fickle Victory's self enthrall,
 Captive to thy trumpet-call;
 Burst the stoutest gates asunder;
 Leave the names of brightest wonder,
 Paly and dim, behind thee far;
 And to exhaustless armies yield
 Thy glancing spurs,—o'er Europe's field
 A glory-guiding star.

God guards duration, but leaves space to thee.
 Thou may'st o'errange the earth's immensity,
 Rise high as human head can rise sublime,
 Snatch Europe from the stamp of Charlemagne,
 Asia from Mahomet; but never gain
 Power o'er the morrow from the Lord of Time!

No! the morrow has come. It is no longer
 the year '11; it is no longer the Louvre.
 The field of Mont St-Jean has drunk for him
 the bravest blood of France, and the scene is
 now—St. Helena. Thither, "behind Africa,"
 have they banished him. We all remember
 Wordsworth's sonnet upon Haydon's paint-
 ing of Napoleon on the lonely rock. The
 sentiments of the great English poet, as he
 contemplates guilty Ambition in its fall, have
 our assent and sympathy; but let us enlarge
 our hearts a little, and try if we cannot also
 feel with the Frenchman.

"Look now upon this picture and on this."

"Encor si ce banni n'eût rien aimé sur terre!
 Mais les cœurs de lion sont les vrais cœurs de
 père.

Il aimait son fils, ce vainqueur!

Deux choses lui restaient dans sa cage inféconde,
 Le portrait d'un enfant et la carte du monde,
 Tout son génie et tout son cœur!

Le soir, quand son regard se perdait dans l'alcôve,
 Ce qui se remuait dans cette tête chauve,
 Ce que son œil cherchait dans le passé profond,
 Tandis que ses géliers, sentinelles placées
 Pour guetter nuit et jour le vol de ses pensées
 En regardaient passer les ombres sur son front;

Ce n'était pas toujours, sire, cette épopée
 Que vous aviez naguère écrite avec l'épée;
 Arcole, Austerlitz, Montmirail;
 Ni l'apparition des vieilles pyramides;
 Ni le pacha du Caire et ses chevaux numides;
 Qui mordaient le vôtre au poitrail;

Ce n'était pas le bruit de bombe et de mitraille
 Que vingt ans, sous ses pieds, avait fait la bataille
 Déchaînée en noirs tourbillons;
 Quand son souffle poussait sur cette mer troublée,
 Les drapeaux frissonnants, penchés dans la mêlée
 Comme les mâts des bataillons;

Ce n'était pas Madrid, le Kremlin et le Phare,
 La diane au matin fredonnant sa fanfare,

Le bivac sommeillant dans ses feux étoilés,
 Les dragons chevelus, les grenadiers épiques,
 Et les rouges lanciers fourmillant dans les piques
 Comme des fleurs de pourpre en l'épaisseur
 des blés;

Non, ce qui l'occupait, c'est l'ombre blonde et
 rose
 D'un bel enfant qui dort labouche demiclosée
 Gracieux comme l'Orient,
 Tandis qu'avec amour, sa nourrice enchantée
 D'une goutte de lait au bout du sein restée
 Agace sa lèvre en riant!

Le père alors posait ses coudes sur sa chaise,
 Son cœur plein de sanglots se dégonflait à l'aise
 Il pleurait, d'amour éperdu.
 Sois béni, pauvre enfant, tête aujourd'hui glacée,
 Seul être qui pouvais distraire sa pensée
 Du trône du monde perdu!"

Too hard his fate!—ah! if, this earth upon,
 No being he had loved, no single one,
 Less dark that doom had been.
 But with the heart of night doth ever dwell
 The heart of love; and in his island cell
 Two things there were, I ween:

Two things—a portrait and a map—there
 were.

Here hung the pictured world, an infant there;
 That held his genius, this enshrined his love.
 And as at eve he glanced around th' alcove,
 Where gaolers watched his very thoughts to
 spy,

What mused he then? what dream of years
 gone by
 Stir'd 'neath that crownless brow, and fix'd that
 glistening eye?

'T was not the steps of that heroic tale
 That from Arcola marched to Montmirail
 On Glory's red degrees;
 Nor Cairo's pacha's fierce Numidian steeds,
 Nor the tall shadows of the pyramids,—
 Ah! 't was not always these;—
 'T was not the bursting shell, the iron sleet,
 The whirlwind rush of battle 'neath his feet,
 Through twice ten years ago,
 When, at his breath, upon that sea of steel
 Were launched the rustling banners—there to
 reel
 Like masts when tempests blow;

'T was not Madrid, nor Kremlin of the czar,
 Nor Pharos on old Egypt's coast afar,
 Nor shrill réveille's camp-awak'ning sound,
 Nor bivouac couch'd its starry fires around,
 Crested dragoons, grim, veteran * grenadiers,
 Nor the red lances 'midst a wood of spears

* We are sensible of not having adequately rendered "grenadiers épiques." The English word "heroic" will not express the sense, which would seem to be worthy of epic times of old,—Homeric warriors, men of other stature than the performers of ordinary exploits.—Ομοίωσιν βῆροισι ἥρωσι.

Swarming like purple flowers among the golden
sars.

No! 't was an infant's image, fresh and fair,
With rosy mouth half-opened, as slumbering
there

It lay beneath the smile
Of her whose breast, soft-bending o'er its sleep,
Ling'ring upon that little lip doth keep
One pendant drop the while.

Then, his sad head upon his hands inclined,
He wept; that father-heart all unconfin'd,
Outpoured in love alone.
My blessing on thy clay-cold head, poor child!
Sole being for whose sake his thoughts, beguiled,
Forgot the world's lost throne.

This is, truly, most touching tenderness.
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious
war, into what vain and meagre phantoms
shrink ye beside one moment of pure and
holy love—a parent's love, of all the likeliest
Heaven!

Our remark with reference to our author's
variety of sympathies is applicable not merely
to the words as a whole. In the self-same
volume tendencies and attachments to per-
sons and parties the most opposed to each
other meet on the common ground of poeti-
cal impartiality and liberal and candid impar-
tiality. Let the greatness be the greatness
of genius, of glory, or of misfortune, the tri-
bute of Victor Hugo is paid with no niggard
hand. In the long, wild dreamy rhapsody
addressed to the Arc of Triomphe in the
Voix Intérieures, the souvenirs of the empire
are, of course, the prominent historical fea-
tures, whilst immediately preceding that ef-
fusion is one bearing the superscription
"Sunt lacrymæ rerum," and pouring over the
cold, discrowned head, and the scarce-closed
tomb of the last monarch of the elder Bour-
bons, all that compassion, charity, and affec-
tion could offer of the reverential, the indul-
gent, and the humane. Thus does he muse
the first vicissitudes of the race. "Who,
then," he exclaims, in the days when Ver-
sailles was yet in its glory, resplendent with
fêtes and pageantry, and the two Louis and
the Comte d'Artois in the bloom of boy-
hood,—

"Qui leur eût dit alors l'anstère destinée ?
Qui leur eût dit qu'un jour cette France inclinée
Sous leurs fronts de fleurons chargés,
Ne se souviendrait d'eux ni de leur morne histoire,
Pas plus que l'océan sans fond et sans mémoire
Ne se souvient des naufragés !

Que chaînes, lis, dauphins un jour les Tuileries
Verraient l'illustre amas des vieilles armoiries
S'écrouler de leur plafond nu,

Et qu'en ces temps lointains que le mystère cou-
vre,
Un Corse, encore à naître, au noir fronton du
Louvre
Sculpterait un aigle inconnu ?

Que leur royal Saint-Cloud se meublait pour un
autre !
Et qu'en ces fiers jardins du rigide Lenôtre
Amour de leurs yeux éblouis,
Beaux parcs où dans les jeux croissait leur jeune
force,
Les cheveaux de Crimée un jour mordraient l'écorce
Des vieux arbres du grand Louis ?"

Who, then, to them had told the Future's story ?
Or said that France, then bow'd before their glory,
One day would mindful be
Of them and of their mournful fate no more,
Than of the wrecks its waters have swept o'er
The unremembering sea ?

That their old Tuileries should see the fall
Of blazons from its high heraldic hall,
Dismantled, crumbling, prone ;
Or that o'er yon dark Louvre's architrave
A Corsican, as yet unborn, should grave
An eagle, then unknown ?

That gay St. Cloud another lord awaited,
Or that in scenes Lenôtre's art created
For princely sport and ease,
Crimean steeds, trampling the velvet glade,
Should browee the bark beneath the stately shade,
Of the great Louis' trees ?

Another instance. In the *Rayons et Om-
bres* is a poem entitled "Le Sept Août,
1829," which concludes with these lines ad-
dressed to Holyrood :—

"O palais, sois béni ! sois bénie, ô ruine !
Qu'une auguste auréole à jamais t'illumine !
Devant tes noirs créneaux, pieux, nous nous
courbons,
Car le vieux roi de France à trouvé sous ton
ombre
Cette hospitalité mélancolique et sombre
Qu'on reçoit et qu'on rend de Stuarts à Bour-
bons !"

Palace and ruin ! bless thee evermore !
Grateful we bow thy gloomy tow'rs before ;
For the old king of France hath found in thee
That melancholy hospitality
Which, in their royal fortune's evil day,
Stuarts and Bourbons to each other pay.

Turn some pages of the volume, and you
will read this exclamation of the consoler of
the exiled heirs of St. Louis :—

"Car j'ai ma mission ! car, armé d'une lyre,
Plein d'hymnes irrités ardents à s' épancher,
Je garde le trésor des gloires de l'empire :
Je n'ai jamais souffert qu'on osât y toucher !"

Arm'd with the lyre, and full of fiery song,
 Jealous and prompt t'avert th' audacious crime,
 'Tis mine to guard those treasures from all wrong,
 The glories of the GREAT IMPERIAL TIME.*

But, perhaps, the most impressive example of the comprehensive affections of this truly historical poet is afforded by the ode "A la Jeune France," or, as it is otherwise inscribed, "Dicté après Juillet, 1830." In that admirable inspiration, the freeman rejoices, the sage advises, the man of charity pleads and exhorts. With fiery exultation the bard celebrates the combats of the Three Days, the deeds of the heroic youth of Paris. Dismiss your sneering politics, ye Englishmen, "suppressors of France!" for dauntless and heroic is that youth, of whatever other great qualities you may fairly deny to it the possession:—

"Vos jeunes étendarts troués à faire envie
 Aux vieux drapeaux d'Austerlitz."

Then comes the general rising of the populous fauxbourgs:—

"Trois jours, trois nuits dans la fournaise,
 Tout ce peuple en feu bouillonna
 Crevant l'écharpe béarnaise
 Du fer de lance d'Jena."

He pauses, indeed, to condemn those desperate instigators of the outrage of the constitutional compact:—

"Fléaux qu'aux derniers rois d'une fatale race
 Toujours la Providence envoie aux jours marqués."

But from the contemplation of their insane attempt turns to indulge compassion and implore respect for the sorrows of the house precipitated into sudden and irremediable ruin by their pernicious counsels:—

"O! laissez-moi pleurer sur cette race morte
 Que rapporta l'exil, et que l'exil emporte,
 Vent fatal, qui trois fois déjà les enleva!
 Recondaisons au moins ces vieux rois de nos pères.
 Rends, drapeau de Fleurus, les honneurs militaires
 A l'oriflamme qui s'en va!"

Oh! let me weep that race whose day is past,
 By exile giv'n, by exile claimed once more,
 Thrice swept away upon that fatal blast.
 Whate'er its blame, escort we to our shore

* The verse occurs in stanzas on the Duchess d'Abrantes, the widow of Junot, and to whose remains the municipal council of Paris had refused a portion of ground in Père la Chaise, and the Minister of the Interior a piece of marble.

These relics of the monarchy of yore;
 And to th' outmarching oriflame be paid
 War's honors by the flag on Fleura's field display'd!

Again, with the honorable consciousness of disinterested sympathy, he avows:—

"L'exil et les tombeaux dans mes chants sont bénis;
 Et tandis que d'un règne on saluera l'aurore,
 Ma poésie en deuil ira longtemps encore
 De Sainte-Hélène à Saint-Denis."

Let others hail a new-born reign! the while
 Betwixt St. Denis and St. Helen's isle,
 Haunting the scenes where pomp and pow'r lie low,
 In mourning many a year my poesy shall go.

Then, mingling exhortations with praise, pure, pacific precepts for the future, with proud reminiscences of the past, looking forward to an era of regulated liberty—to crown the glorious memories of conquest—associations then the more vividly awakened by the all-recent flashing of their maiden swords by the ardent youth of the capital; he invokes an age of enlightenment and intellectuality—an age to be devoted to the generous emulations of peace. And, lastly, addressing those ministers of religion for whose security the dark recollections of other days had excited apprehension, he calls upon them to resume their sacred functions without doubt or dread, treading only the path of humility, to the avoidance of those occasions of offence given by vain display and arrogance as ill-brooked as ill-becoming. The poet illustrates the counsels of the friend. See, it is again Vesuvius! but now in more terrible commotion than when, threatening as he then was, it was his visible presence alone that overawed us. Listen awhile:—

"Et désormais, chargés du seul fardeau des âmes,
 Pauvres comme le peuple, humbles comme les femmes,
 Ne redoutez plus rien. Votre église est le port!
 Quand long-temps a grondé la bouche du Vésuve,
 Quand sa lave, écumant comme un vin dans la cuve,
 Apparaît toute rouge au bord,

Naples s'émeut; pleurante, effarée et lascive,
 Elle accourt, elle étirent la terre convulsive;
 Elle demande grâce au Volcan courroucé;
 Point de grâce! Un long jet de cendre et de fumée

Grandit incessamment sur la cime enflammée
Comme un cou de vautour hors de l'aire dressé.

Soudain un éclair luit ! hors du cratère immense
La sombre éruption bondit comme en démenée.

Adieu le fronton grec et le temple toscan !
La flamme des vaisseaux empourpre la voileure,
La lave se répand comme une chevelure,
Sur les épaules du volcan.

Elle vient, elle vient, cette lave profonde,
Qui féconde les champs et fait des ports dans l'onde !

Plages, mers, archipels, tout tressaile à la fois.
Ses flots roulent, vermeils, fumans, inexorables,
Et Naples et ses palais tremblent plus misérables
Qu'au souffle de l'orage une feuille des bois.

Chaos prodigieux ! la cendre emplit les rues,
La terre revomit des maisons disparues,
Chaque toit éperdu se heurte au toit voisin,
La mer bout dans le golfe et la plaine s'embrase ;
Et les clochers géans, chancelant sur leur base,
Sonnent d'eux-mêmes le tocsin !

Mais (c'est Dieu qui le veut)—tout en brisant des
villes,

Tout en bouleversant les vallons et les files,
En jetant bas les tours qu'il dévore en courroux,
En remuant au loin les ondes et la terre,
Toujours Vésuve oublie en son propre cratère
L'humble ermitage où prie un vieux prêtre à
genoux !¹⁷

With souls alone your care, in purpose holy,
Henceforth, ye sacred priesthood, fear no
wrong,
Poor as the poor, as woman meek and lowly,
The shrine your guard. When huge Vesu-
vius long
Threat'ning bath growl'd its cavern'd jaws
among,
When its hot lava, like the bubbling wine,
Foaming, doth all its monstrous edge incarnadine,

Then is alarm in Naples. With dismay,
Wanton and wild her weeping thousands pour,
Convulsive clasp the ground, its rage to stay,
Implore the angry mount—in vain implore !
For lo ! a column towering more and more,
Of smoke and ashes, from its burning crest
Shoots like a vulture's neck rear'd from its airy
nest.

Sudden, a flash ! and from th' enormous den
Th' eruption's lurid mass bursts forth amain,
Bounding in frantic ecstasy. Ah ! then
Farewell to Grecian front and Tuscan fane !
Sails in the bay imbibe th' empurpling stain,
The while the lava in profusion wide
Flings o'er the mountain's neck its showery locks
untied.

It comes, it comes, that lava, deep and rich,
That dow'r which fertilises fields and fills
New moles upon the waters. Bay and beach,
Broad sea and cluster'd isle, one terror thrills

As roll the red, inexorable rills ;
While Naples trembles in her palaces
More helpless than the leaf when tempests shake
the trees.

Prodigious chaos ! streets in ashes lost,
Dwellings devour'd and vomited again,
Roof against neighb'ring roof, bewilder'd toss'd,
The boiling waters and the burning plain ;
While rung from giant steeples, as they reel,
Unhelp'd by human hand, the conscious tocsins
peal.

Yet, 'mid the wreck of cities, and the pride
Of the green valleys and the isles laid low,
The crash of tow'rs, the tumult waste and wide
O'er sea and land ; 'midst all this work of woe
Vesuvius still, fast by its crater's glow,
Forgetful, spares—Heaven wills that it should
spare—
The lonely cell where kneels an aged priest at
pray'r.

With these superb stanzas the ode con-
cludes. Our readers will scarcely fail to ap-
preciate in them the same mastery of gor-
geous description as in the former extract,
whereby they were rapturously transported
from these bleak kingdoms to the glowing
and glorious Bay of Naples.

Here, then, we pause. Our extracts have,
we think, sufficiently displayed the noble-
ness of spirit which in so eminent a degree
distinguishes those productions of our author,
the subjects of which are the events, the ac-
tors, and sufferers of the age—meaning, as
we do, the age dating from the early French
revolution, and which, for the final judgment
of history, is even yet incomplete—has not
yet received the stamp of perfect incontro-
vertible characterisation. With these sub-
jects the muse of Victor Hugo has, as our
readers are now aware, most extensively oc-
cupied himself—so extensively, that were we
to pursue our translations of his historical
poetry we might find ourselves rendering
the fair half of his lyrics. We must be con-
tent with having indicated the mine and pro-
duced some specimens of the ore. But let
it not be supposed (and *en passant* we soli-
cited credence on this point) that when he
turns aside from the highways of history in-
to the byways of our secluded interior life—
when, from meditating the splendor and the
eclipse of empires, the downfall of dynasties,
and the sweeping march of revolutions, he
betakes him to the contemplation of nature
—ancient nature, ever new beside and around
us, or to confidential communings with the
heart of our affections, that then he is ac-
companied by a less propitious muse. And

do our fair readers imagine that this mighty master—he who so sweeps the chords of the high historic lyre—has no skill of music for the spirit of *their history*—that he knows not to sing of love? Dear, doubting creatures! we may use such gentle force of persuasive verse on a future occasion as shall cause you to un-say that distrust of our friend Victor. And if any one, who from our specimens has caught some notion of the pomp and grandeur of his lofty style, suppose him to be less at home in the *sentimental*, or the simple, he may be disabused of his error, when, for those whom it may concern, we give a taste of the quality of Hugo's ballad.*

And, as an earnest of our gracious intentions, we leave with our readers at this present parting the following:—

"Ecrit sur le Vitre d'une Fenêtre Flamande."

"J'aime le carillon dans tes cités antiques,
O vieux pays, gardien de tes mœurs domestiques,
Noble Flandre, où le Nord se réchauffe engourdi
Au soleil de Castille et s'accouple au Midi!
Le carillon, c'est l'heure inattendue et folle,
Que l'œil croit voir, vêtue en danseuse espagnole,
Apparaître soudain par le trou vif et clair
Que ferait en s'ouvrant une porte de l'air.
Elle vient, secouant sur les toits léthargiques
Son tablier d'argent plein de notes magiques.
Réveillant sans pitié les dormeurs ennuyeux,
Sautant à petits pas comme un oiseau joyeux,
Vibrant, ainsi qu'un dard qui tremble dans la
cible;

Par un frère escalier de cristal invisible,
Effarée et dansante, elle descend des cieux;
Et l'esprit, ce veilleur fait d'oreilles et d'yeux,
Tandis qu'elle va, vient, monte, et descend encore,
Entend de marche en marche errer son pied so-
nore."

* *Pace tuâ*, O priest of Watergrass Hill! and thy well-remembered *Fiancée du Timbalier*.

SPANISH BULL-FIGHTER.—Among the passengers who arrived from Cadiz in the *Iberia* mail steamer was a Spanish Matador, or bull fighter. He arrived at Southampton for the purpose of proceeding from that port to South America, where he has an engagement for three years, to perform in the gladiatorial exhibitions in one of the South American capitals. The sum he is to receive for this service is £4000. He is a stout built man, and appears to possess great activity and strength. During the voyage he exhibited his sword with which he is armed when in conflict with the savage performers of the amphitheatre. It is a heavy straight two-

Lines written on a Flemish Window-pane.

Within thy cities of the olden time
Dearly I love to list the ringing chime,
Thou faithful guardian of domestic worth,
Noble old Flanders! where the rigid North
A flush of rich meridian glow doth feel,
Caught from reflected suns of bright Castille.
The chime, the sparkling chime! To Fancy's
eye—

Prompt her affections to personify—
It is the fresh and frolic hour, array'd
In guise of dancing Andalusian maid,
Appearing by a crevice fine and rare,
As of a door oped in "th' incorporal air."
She comes! o'er drowsy roofs, inert and dull,
Shaking her lap, of silv'ry music full,
Rousing without remorse the drones a-bed,
Tripping like joyous bird with tiniest tread,
Quiv'ring like dart that trembles in the targe.
By a frail crystal stair, whose viewless marge
Bears her slight footfall, tim'rous half, yet free,
In innocent extravagance of glee
The graceful creature 'lights from out the spheres,
While the quick spirit—thing of eyes and ears—
As now she goes, now comes, mounts, and anon
Descends, those delicate degrees upon,
Hears her melodious foot from step to step run
on."

Exquisite, is it not? In thought and in expression how fanciful, how rich! Any thing more arch, more elegantly fantastic, more *spirituel*, scarcely have we known since Prospero's dainty minister rode "on the curl'd clouds." And for sound that is an echo to the sense, surpass us, if you can, the music, rendering music, in the mellow closing lines. "That strain again!" ay, again and again. And you, Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, Malines, cities Flemish and Brabantine, beware this wandering *Trouvère*, lest he charm the spirit of Grace and Beauty from out your cunning frameworks and ravishing traceries and witch it away, maugre protocols, treaties, and the balance of power—over the frontier.

edged sword, about 3½ feet long, with a red hilt. To use such a weapon effectually must require considerable strength and dexterity. The travelling dress of the Matador was rather stage-like, being variegated and picturesque, and quite different from that of a Spanish gentleman. He had a servant with him, a slender effeminate looking youth, who was dressed more fantastically and singularly than his master. The behavior of the Matador in the custom-house, with his brusque manners, deep husky voice, and vehement volubility, seemed to cause much amusement.—(Globe.)

From the Examiner.

BEDDOES.*

"The father of Thomas Lovell Beddoes was Doctor Thomas Beddoes of Clifton, a man of much vigor and originality of mind, a bold scientific inquirer and a vehement politician, Sir Humphrey Davy's early patron and one of the most ardent defenders of the first French Revolution. He married Maria Edgeworth's younger sister, and died in 1809, six years after the birth of his only son, who was left to the guardianship of a college friend of his father's, afterwards Sir Davies Gilbert. The mother of Thomas Lovell Beddoes also died while he was comparatively young—his sisters have survived him.

"He went to Charter House School when he was fourteen, took a high place in the fifth form, distinguished himself in the classics, and was second boy in the school when he was removed to Oxford, in his seventeenth year. Mr. Bevan of the Western Circuit was his fag, and tells us what manner of boy he was at the school. He had an impatient, insubordinate spirit; a great turn for humor, and propensity to mischief, expressed also in a singularly shrewd sarcastic face; was always in some kind of conflict or rebellion; and even when detected, his invincible assurance and deliberate defiance of the masters, together with the grim composure of his countenance, was so irresistibly comic, that I have seen them unable to speak for laughing when he was brought up for punishment." In and out of play his tastes were manly. The motto on his pasteboard shield was Algernon Sydney's *Manus hæc inimica Tyrannis*; the lads would crowd into the cloisters to hear him burlesque the popular actors, "particularly Kean and Macready;" he invented a slang language which became the general property of the school; and the books he would read and recite, and make his fag take part in, were Shakespeare, Fletcher, Jonson, Webster, and Marlowe, which says Mr. Bevan, "he read with so much propriety of expression and manner

that I was always glad to listen; even when I was pressed into the service as his accomplice, his enemy, or his love, with a due accompaniment of curses, caresses, or kicks, as the course of his declamation required." Throughout the school generally he was popular, less that the boys liked him, than that they feared and instinctively respected him. Without any apparent effort he acquired and retained over all of them a marked ascendancy. "He had scholarship enough," says Mr. Bevan, "to reach and maintain with ease a high place in the school; but, that point settled, he seemed to abandon all farther competition, that he might establish a supremacy more to his taste." His literary powers early and characteristically displayed themselves. A locksmith who worked for the school, one John Wylie, incurred his wrath by putting a bad lock on his book-case and forcing him to pay as for a good one; whereupon, the very next night Wylie came to work, Beddoes had prepared a dramatic interlude representing his last moments disturbed by horror and remorse for his sins in the matter of the lock, in a second scene depicting his death, and in a third his funeral procession interrupted by fiends who bore the body off to accompany the soul to eternal torments. "The getting up," says Mr. Bevan, "was so perfect, and the dialogue, songs, choruses, and dirge, so good in their way, and so personal and little flattering to the suffering soul, that John Wylie departed in a storm of wrath and execration, and could not be persuaded for some time to resume his work."

Beddoes entered residence as a commoner at Pembroke before he was seventeen, but he had already sent serious poetry to the *Morning Post*, and in his freshman's year he published his first volume. It was hardly out, however, before he was heartily ashamed of it; and the gaily-bound copies he had given to his friends but a month or two before, he would go about among their bookshelves privately and grimly eviscerating, with a chuckle to think he had left them only its

* *Poems*. By the late Thomas Lovell Beddoes, Author of "Death's Jest Book, or the Fool's Tragedy." With a Memoir. Pickering.

glittering outside. He had now begun a regular dramatic work, which was far advanced before his freshman's year had waned, and which in his second college year, when he was not yet nineteen, was published with the title of *The Bride's Tragedy*. It could not have been published at a better time. Charles Lamb had discovered the elder English dramatists not long before, critics and poets were eager in discussion and admiration of them, and here had a writer suddenly started up with precisely that order of power and genius. The story and its treatment, the terror and pity thrown into it, the tragic boldness of the writer, his power of fancy and imagery, his deficiency of art, his superabundance of passion, his licenses of imagination, all proclaimed a scion of the stock from which Webster and Marlowe sprung. With very visible crudeness of taste, there was no discernible immaturity or juvenility of power. When we read the tragedy now we perceive in it singular and pleasing absence of all violence of effort, of all merely imitative energy reflected from books. He had found the tale among the legends of his college (that of a student of high birth who had privately married at Oxford a girl in humble life, and who, on becoming entangled in a betrothment on which his friends at home insisted, is tempted to the horrible crime of murdering his wife); and such as these scenes relate it, sudden, rapt, and passionate, we see it freshly rewritten from the heart. For the simplicity and pathos of the deepest tragic feeling, and for the sweetness with which its horror is redeemed, the murder scene is unrivalled. When the poor girl is told to repent and die, she says to her murderer, with no sense but of his sudden estrangement and his tenderness passed away—

Oh if thou wilt it, love,
If thou but speak it with thy natural voice,
And smile upon me,—I'll not think it pain,
But cheerfully I'll seek me out a grave,
And sleep as sweetly as on Hesperus' breast.
He will not smile; he will not listen to me.
Why dost thou thrust thy fingers in thy bosom?
Oh search it, search it; see if there remain
One little remnant of thy former love,
To dry my tears with.

He stabs her, and in his arms she sinks and dies—

Whose kiss is that?
His lips are ice. Oh my loved Hesperus,
Help!

His love had re-awakened and his remorse begun before he hears that final cry, of which he exclaims, in a line that may have lingered in Henry Taylor's ear when he wrote a similar verse in his noble *Artevelde*,

What a shriek was that—it flew to Heaven.

Thé most full and frank recognition of Beddoes came at once from one who was himself at that time in the flush of his own poetical fame, who spoke of him everywhere, interested the critics for him, reviewed him in the *Edinburgh*, sought his personal acquaintance, and will remain by his side as long as he shall hereafter find appreciation, as that true fellow-songster Barry Cornwall, whose Fletcher-like muse would in his have generously greeted a greater song; as that steady friend Mr. Procter, who followed him afterwards with unfailing solicitude through his fitful life career. Nor was the encouragement and praise from another genuine poet, George Darley, less hearty or unmisgiving; and certainly young tragedian never had fairer start than this "boy Beddoes," as it became for a time the town-talk to speak of him. Little was it then known, to those who so called him, how truly the student of Pembroke remained still the boy of Charter House. The ambition that had suggested the *Bride's Tragedy* died in the effort of producing it. As with his schoolfellows, now with the poets, his power once acknowledged he abandoned farther competition. Oxford itself lay heavy on him. For all that vital intellectual energy which filled him he found no vent in the dull lecture-room of Pembroke. "I did not know what to study," he says himself, "thanks to the state of education in England." He was speedily at war with the college authorities, went to lecture with his books uncut, and seized all opportunities of making known his contempt for his tutor. That after this he should have had some fear for his degree, and be put somewhat upon his mettle to read for it, was not unreasonable. While thus engaged at Southampton, in the summer of 1823, he became personally known to his biographer, Mr. Kelsall, and through him he is now more plainly visible to us. Such of his letters as have been preserved date from this time.

Clearly he was no proper subject for guidance or advice in literary study, however kind or wise the advice proffered. What poetical wealth was in him flowed forth or stopped abruptly, was subject to no law, could not be brought under the control of any,

at all times simply obeyed his humor. One sees somehow at once that in mere literature he has not found his vocation, if he is ever to find it. He is throwing off an act of a new tragedy one day, the next day producing another, the third day abandoning both. The fragments thus thrown off, from this time till the age of manhood, form with one exception nearly all of his "remains;" and what his friends greeted then with such hot and eager hope, we cannot contemplate even now with a merely cold admiration. It is not that in this youth, scarcely out of his teens, there is a luxurious wealth of sentiment, grace, and fancy; it is not that he possesses what seems an exhaustless source of beautiful forms and passionate expressions; but that the thinking and creative intellect is already so vigorously developed in him. The most fragmentary of his fragments has this mark upon it. You see but an arm, a hand, it may be, the curve of a lip; but the blood is in the veins, and inspiration has been there. Formless, characterless, undistinguishable, there is yet the opening of what may be life, and must be large and noble life—

"Like the red outline of beginning Adam."

That was one of the verses which Beddoes dropped at Southampton before he returned to college. From Pembroke he writes to Procter in rapturous admiration of Shelley's *Cenci*, and the soon-following death of that poet bitterly affected him. "What would he not have done, if ten years more, that will be wasted on the lives of unprofitable knaves and fools, had been given to him." To Mr Kelsall he writes that he has "three first acts" in his drawer, and has finished the first act of another "oh! so stupid. Procter has the brass to tell me that he likes that fool, *The last man*. I shall go on with neither." His next letter mentions as many as three acts finished, doubtless of some new venture, but he will not show them. "You may trust me they are bad; if good, I should say so and send them, being convinced that the affectation of modesty is the hardest brass of impudence and self-conceit. Be satisfied that they are damnable." After a few more months he frankly tells his friend, in apparent answer to some remonstrance, that he depends very little on his poetical faculty, but that it is his intention to complete one more tragedy; and he announces, three months later, that "a new tragic abortion of mine has absolutely extended its foetus to a

quarter of the fourth act. When finished, if finished, I think it will satisfy you and myself of my poetical and dramatic impotence.

The fact would seem to be that in the course of these few months Beddoes had convinced himself of the folly and mistake of any attempt to reanimate modern tragedy by alliance with that of two centuries past. "Such ghosts as Marlowe, Webster," &c., he writes (and he was now hardly twenty-one) "are better dramatists, better poets, I dare say, than any contemporary of ours, but they are ghosts; the worm is in their pages; and we want to see something that our great grandsires did not know. With the greatest reverence for all the antiquities of the drama, I still think that we had better forget than revive; attempt to give the literature of this age an idiosyncrasy and spirit of its own, and only raise a ghost to gaze on, not to live with." A couple of months more, notwithstanding, produced a new tragedy, "which at present, I think of completing;" but again he subsides into what he calls his habit of "diffuseness and uninteresting delay," which duly consigns this *Second Brother* to the limbo of all its predecessors. Two more months succeed; he has taken his degree, and is about to leave college; when he thus writes, "Oxford is the most indolent place on earth. I do not intend to finish that *Second Brother* you saw, but am thinking of a very Gothic-styled tragedy, to which I have a jewel of a name—*Death's Jest Book*: of course no one will read it." And so he left Oxford—at the age of twenty-one—his spirit already wearied and dissatisfied with such prospects of life's pursuits as it had opened to him; and carrying with him the only literary project which he lived to complete and leave after him, though he lived to the age of forty-six.

To explain the sorrowful story of such fair promise marred, such noble powers flung forth to waste, is not the object of this article. Many conspiring causes there were, nor may it even here be omitted, that his patrimony, though small, sufficed for independence. The necessity of daily toil never disciplined or restrained his impatient spirit. He could not but work, as became the craving of such capacity, but from the orderly and settled results of labor he could afford to turn contemptuously away. He selected his father's profession, and went to study physic at Göttingen. It is most interesting to see how science takes possession of him, with what eagerness (for its own sake) he follows it, how his sphere of thought expands with it,

how easily and nobly it blends with his spiritual experiences, and what extraordinary fruit it would have borne in that large nature and mind, if it had only been worked out steadily. Nor can we help feeling that this might have been so if he had but found at Oxford what he found at Göttingen. "There is an appetite for learning," he writes, "a spirit of diligence, and withal a good-natured fellow-feeling nobly unparalleled in our old apoplectic and paralytic *Almæ Matres*. I never was better employed, never so happy, never so well satisfied." But when he had completed his course at Göttingen, he went to Wurzburg for his doctor's degree; resided afterwards at Strasburgh for other scientific researches; made Zurich his resting-place for several years, unwearied in the pursuits it favored; still labored hard at all these places, though he labored but for his own satisfaction and self-indulgence; declined a professor's chair in comparative anatomy, to which the medical faculty of Zurich had warmly named him; fought with beasts at Ephesus in the shape of Prussian, Hanoverian, and Bavarian magnates, who successively banished him as a mischievous democrat from their various territories; supported the Swiss cause against the despots in every possible form in the German press; and finally died at Basle at the opening of 1849, from the combined effects of a fall from his horse and a wound received in a dissecting room at Frankfort. A few hours before he died he became conscious of the sudden summons, calmly spoke of it, and committed to writing, with a hurrying pencil but collected thoughts, a string of parting bequests and farewells. It is affecting to note that the last thoughts of his life reverted to the pursuit which had thrown a glory round its outset. None of the scientific works in which he was known to have been engaged were found among his papers, but among his injunctions written an hour or two before death was one consigning to Mr Kelsall such manuscripts of poetry as might be found, to print or not, as he might think proper." He died soon after he had written, in German and in a firm and clear hand, upon his favorite German Bible—*For my Sisters*.

Before we proceed to speak of the portion of the bequest then made which is now discharged, we turn to the very striking series of letters which mark the phases of this extraordinary man's mind and study during his twenty-five years of manhood. Whatever judgment may be passed upon the profitless results in which they closed, no one can

doubt that the workings of a noble spirit, of a large true heart, of a most original and capacious mind, are here. As mere letters they are excellent. His descriptions of the various German lecturers he attended, at once set the queer yet genial figures before us in all their wisdom and oddity. When he talks of a picture (which is seldom) no one could possibly talk better. "There are many wonderfully mysterious heads of his," he says of Rembrandt, "which look more like evanescent revelations of people that shall be born, than representations of what men have been. They look out at you as if they were going to dive again into their cloudy elements, and as if they could not last an instant. And they are amazingly contrasted with some of Vandyke's clear and real people, who stand and sit about the walls quietly but quite alive—and knowing that they are so, only they choose to be pictures a little longer." So, when he speaks of national follies, or absolutists' tyrannies, or of a scene he has travelled over, or of a reflection which has carried him into forbidden fields of speculation (thoughts, as Shakespeare says, beyond the reaches of our souls)—every letter bears something of the impress of his rare and original intellect. Of course we cannot but single out with peculiar interest what he says of that for which alone he will be a name hereafter, if he lives at all.

In one of his earliest letters from Göttingen, when he was only two and twenty, he tells Mr. Kelsall that he has lost much, if not all, of his ambition to become poetically distinguished. "To tell you truly," he says a year later, "I begin to prefer anatomy to poetry, I mean to my own. I never could have been the real thing as a writer." Yet there was no other thing so real for him, if he could have brought himself to contemplate steadily what yet he could not wholly drive out from his contemplation. "Me you may safely regard," (he writes, and he is only twenty-three when he writes it) "as one banished from a service to which he was not adapted, but who has still a lingering affection for the land of dreams." That was still the thought which seems to have haunted and disabled him. "What would have been my confusion and dismay," he writes, the year following, "if I had set up as a poet, and, later in my career, anything real and great had started up among us, and, like a real devil in a play, frightened into despair and fatuity the miserable masked wretches who mocked his majesty." In the

same letter he deliberately avows his belief that his merits have been extravagantly overrated, that he would not give a shilling for anything he had written, nor sixpence for anything he was likely to write, and that he would not be condemned to read through again for any consideration, that very sad boyish affair, the *Bride's Tragedy*. "Read only an act of Shakespeare," he writes to Procter a couple of years after this, "a bit of Milton, a scene or two of the admirably-true *Cenci*, something of Webster, Marston, Marlowe, or in fact anything deeply, naturally, socially felt, and you will feel at once how forced, artificial, insipid," &c. &c. &c.

"It is good to be tolerable, or intolerable, in any other line, but Apollo defend us from brewing all our lives at a quintessential pot of the smallest ale Parnassian."

I read Shakespeare and Wordsworth, the only English books I have here,—and doubt,—and seem to myself a very Bristol diamond, not genuine, although glittering just enough to be sham." Years passed on, but without bringing the philosophic mind, if by that is meant the happy appreciation of oneself, which they often bring so abundantly to other poets. "I have looked at your letter again, and am not convinced by it that it is my business to get anything printed. Twenty years ago I was so overrated that of course I must fall short of all reasonable and unreasonable expectation." What, then, with all that wondrous power lying in him unused, with all that impatient energy still untamed, were his pursuits? "Sometimes I dissect a beetle, sometimes an oyster, and very often trudge about the hills and the lakes, with a tin box on my back, and 'peep and botanize' in defiance of W. W. Sometimes I peep half a day through a microscope: sometimes I read Italian (in which I am only a smatterer) or what not: and not seldom drink and smoke like an *Etna*." Then he would break into a wild song, write it down in his letter, and thus conclude. "And so I weave my Penelopean web, and rip it up again: and so I roll my impudent Sisyphian stone; and so I eat my beefsteak, drink my coffee, and wear my coats out at elbow, and pay my bills (when I can), as busy an humble-bee as any one who doth nothing." In which pursuits there passed unprofitably away one of the most original poetical writers of the present century!

But it is time that we should look for a while at this book of fragments, and see how far they justify the reckless indifference and im-

patient contempt so freely lavished upon them. As we have said, they are mainly what were written while the writer was yet below the age of manhood. Of the sole completed work of his maturity, his constant companion in his exile, the link between his poetry at Oxford and his anatomy and physiology at Göttingen; the connection and strange sympathy between the end of his life and its beginning, the book in which he jest-ed with the mystery which all his science could not help him to solve,—*Death's Jest Book*,—we have heretofore spoken at great length.

The most important piece is that with which the volume opens—nearly four acts of the *Second Brother*, to which allusion has been already made. The principal characters in this fragment are the "second" and younger brothers of the reigning Duke of Ferrara. The scene opens on the night of a great festivity given by the younger brother, Orazio—

Batt. Sir, well met to-night:
Methinks our path is one.

Mich. And all Ferrara's.
There's not a candle lit to-night at home;
And for the cups,—they'll be less wet with wine
Than is the inmost grain of all this earth
With the now-falling dew. None sit in doors,
Except the babe, and his forgotten grandire,
And such as, out of life, each side do lie
Against the shutter of the grave or womb.
The rest that build up the great hill of life,
From the crutch-riding boy to his sweet mother,
The deer-eyed girl, and the brown fellow of war,
To the gray head and grandest sire of all
That's half in heaven,—all these are forth to-night;
And there they throng upon both sides the river,
Which, guessing at its hidden banks, flows on,
A water-stream betwixt two tides of flesh:—
And still the streets pour on.

Batt. And where go they?
To the feast, the wine, the lady-footed dance—
Where you and I, and every citizen
That has a feathered and a jewelled cap,
And youthful curls to hang beside it brownly.—
To the Duke's brother, Lord Orazio's palace.

Marc. (aside). Orazio! what of him?

Mich. Ay, that's a man
After the heart of Bacchus! By my life,
There is no mortal stuff, that foots the earth,
Able to wear the shape of man, like him,
And fill it with the carriage of a god.
We're but the tools and scaffolding of men,
The lines, the sketch, and he the very thing . . .

Batt. Why then, away! let's fit our velvet arms,
And on together.

Marc. (advancing). Nobles of Ferrara,
My gentle lords, have pity for a man,
Whom fortune and the roundness of the world
Have, from his feeble footing on its top,
Flung to deep poverty. When I was born,

They hid my helplessness in purple wraps,
And cradled me within a jewelled crown.
But now—O bitter now!—what name of woe,
Beyond the knowledge of the lips of hell,
Is fitted to my poor and withering soul,
And its old, wretched dwelling?

Batt. What is this?

The beggar Marcello is the "second brother," an early wanderer from his home long supposed dead. Orazio enters with his mistresses on either hand, music and song attending him, and his followers prostrate with flattery and worship. The beggar again advances—

Batt. Beggar, stand back, I say.

Marc. No; I will shadow your adored mortal
And shake my rags at him. Dost fear the plague?

Musk-fingered boy, aside!

Oraz. What madman's this?

Rosau. Keep him away from me!
His hideous raggedness tears the soft sight,
Where it is pictured.

Marc. Your clutch is like the grasping of a
wave:

Off from my shoulder!—Now, my velvet fellow,
Let's measure limbs. Well, is your flesh to mine
As gold to lead, or but the common plaister
That wraps up bones. Your skin is not of silk;
Your face not painted with an angel's feather
With tints from morning's lip, but the daubed
clay;

These veiny pipes hold a dog's lap of blood.
Let us shake hands; I tell thee, brother skeleton,
We're but a pair of puddings for the dinner
Of Lady worm; you served in silks and gems,
I garnished with plain rags. Have I unlocked
thee?

Oraz. Insolent beggar!

Marc. Prince! but we must shake hands.
Look you, the round earth's sleeping like a serpent,

Who drops her dusty tail upon her crown
Just here. Oh, we are like two mountain peaks,
Of two close planets, catching in the air;
You, King Olympus, a great pile of summer,
Wearing a crown of gods; I, the vast top
Of the ghosts' deadly world, naked and dark,
With nothing reigning on my desolate head
But one old spirit of a murdered god,
Palaced within the corpse of Saturn's father.
Then let's come near and hug. There's nothing
like thee

But I thy contrast.—'Thou'rt a prince, they say?

Oraz. That you shall learn. You knaves
that wear my livery,
Will you permit me still to be defiled
By this worm's venom? Tread upon his neck,
And let's walk over him.

Marc. Forbear, my lord!
I am a king of that most mighty empire,
That's built o'er all the earth, upon kings' crowns;
And poverty's its name; whose every hut
Stands on a coronet, or star, or mitre,

The glorious corner-stones—But you are weary,
And would be playing with a woman's cheek:
Give me a purse then, prince.

Oraz. No, not a doit:

The metal, I bestow, shall come in chains.

Marc. Well, I can curse. Ay, prince, you
have a brother—

Oraz. The Duke,—he'll scourge you.

Marc. Nay, the second, sir,
Who, like an envious river, flows between
Your footsteps and Ferrara's throne.

Oraz. He's gone:

Asia, and Africa, the sea he went on,
Have many mouths,—and in a dozen years
(His absence' time,) no tidings or return,
Tells me We are but two.

Marc. If he were in Ferrara—

Oraz. Stood he before me there,
By you, in you,—as like as you're unlike,
Straight as you're bowed, young as you are old;
And many years nearer than him to death,
The falling brilliancy of whose white sword
Your ancient locks so silverly reflect,—
I would deny, outswear, and overreach,
And pass him with contempt, as I do you.—
Jove! how we waste the stars: set on, my
friends.

Batt. But the old ruffian?

Oraz. Think of him to-morrow.

They have reason, indeed, to "think of him to-morrow." As Marcello is left alone contrasting what he had hoped of welcome with what he has found of scorn—

No lady's ghost

Did ever cling with such a grasp of love
Unto its soft dear body, as I hung
Rooted upon this brother. I went forth
Joyfully, as the soul of one who closes
His pillowed eye beside an unseen murderer,
And like its horrible return was mine
To find the heart, wherein I breathed and beat,
Cold, gashed, and dead. Let me forget to love,
And take a heart of venom: let me make
A stair-case of the frightened breasts of men,
And climb into a lonely happiness!

—the Jew Ezril, his companion to Ferrara, enters wild with the rapturous tidings of his sudden succession to the throne. The Duke has been killed in hunting. The next scene is the younger brother's palace, and here we see that self-indulgence has not completely ruined the better nature of Orazio. Still unconscious of his brother's death, strange shadows had fallen over his banquet, and struck empty weariness into the laughter of his sycophants;

Methinks these fellows, with their ready jests,
Are like to tedious bells, that ring alike
Marriage or death . . . Sweet did you
like the feast?

His mistress answers that she thinks 'twas
gay enough—

Now, I did not.
'Twas dull : all men spoke slow and empty.
Strange things were said by accident. Their
tongues
Uttered wrong words ; one fellow drank my death
Meaning my health. . . . And, as they spoke
together,
Voices were heard, most loud, which no man
owned.
There were more shadows too than there were
men ;
And all the air, more dark and thick than night,
Was heavy, as 'twere made of something more
Than living breaths.

So subdued, Orazio receives a veiled mes-
senger from the wife whom he has deserted,
the daughter of the noble Varini, and his
heart softens with his old affection. " If she
remembers me, then Heaven does too, and I
am not yet lost." He asks how she fares—

Well ; though the common eye, that has a tear,
Would drop it for the paleness of her skin,
And the wan shivering of her torch of life.
Though she be faint and weak, yet very well,
For not the tincture, or the strength of limb,
Is a true health, but readiness to die.

Orazio's tenderness and remorse are awa-
kened—

Softest peace enwrap her !
Content be still the breathing of her lips !
Be tranquil ever, thou blest life of her !
And that last hour, that hangs 'tween heaven and
earth,
So often travelled by her thoughts and prayers,
Be soft and yielding 'twixt her spirit's wings !

The scene, which is a most affecting one,
closes with the reconciliation of the husband
and wife, on the latter flinging aside her veil.
But their joy is short-lived. The daughter
hears her father's voice :—

He's walking hither like a man,
But is indeed a sea of stormy ruin,
Filling and flooding o'er this golden house
From base to pinnacle, swallowing thy lands,
Thy gold, thine all—

It is this which had brought her on the
desperate quest of re-awakening Orazio's love.
She had suddenly learned her father's resolve
to beggar him. Resenting his daughter's
desertion, Varini has bought up the debts
and mortgages of Orazio, and now comes
armed with ruin :—

Your palaces are mine, your sheep-specked pas-
tures,

Forest and yellow corn-land, grove, and desert,
Earth, water, wealth ; all, that you yesterday
Were mountainously rich and golden with,
I, like an earthquake, in this minute take.

The wife is dragged away, and the despair
of his accumulated loss gathers round the
husband. But the Duke's death is hurriedly
announced, and Orazio's attendant guests
and nobles are once more on the knee to
him—when Varini, to whom the " second "
brother's succession is known, again more
heavily strikes him to the ground. The
scene is highly dramatic. It closes with
Varini's dispersion of the guests, and male-
diction on the recent scene of revel :—

Set all the windows,
The doors and gates, wide open ; let the wolves,
Foxes, and owls, and snakes, come in and feast ;
Let the bats nestle in the golden bowls,
The shaggy brutes stretch on the velvet couches,
The serpent twine him o'er and o'er the harp's
Delicate chords—to Night, and all its devils,
We do abandon this accursed house.

As the tragedy moves on, however, Varini
and Orazio are driven to make common cause
against the new Duke, the oppressor of the
nobles, the supposed murderer of Valeria :—

Attend. (to Varini.) We've found the corpse.
Orazio. Her corpse ! O no ! She is Valeria still :
She's scarce done living yet ; her ghost's the
youngest !
To-morrow, she'll be—Oh what *she* will be ?
No *she*,—a corpse, and then—a skeleton !—
Varin. Has looked upon her ?
Attend. Death hath marred her features,—
So swollen and discolored their delight,
As if he feared that Life should know her sweet
one,
And take her back again.
Varin. If it be so,
I'll see her once : that beauty being gone,
And the familiar tokens altered quite,
She's strange,—a being made by wicked Death,
And I'll not mourn her. Lead me to the corpse.

This idea of death perpetually recurs in
the writings of Beddoes, now accompanied
with what seems a lurking dread, more fre-
quently with open scorn and laughter, never
with that calm and tolerant hope which
would regard it but as the consummation of
life, excepting once. But even in the sub-
joined stately and noble lines, which are
uttered by Marcello, it is not the Christian,
but the Stoic, who speaks to us :—

Thou dost me wrong. Lament ! I'd have thee
do 't :
The heaviest raining is the briefest shower.

Death is the one condition of our life :
To murmur were unjust ; our buried sires
Yielded their seats to us, and we shall give
Our elbow-room of sunshine to our sons.
From first to last the traffic must go on ;
Still birth for death. Shall we remonstrate then ?
Millions have died that we might breathe this
day :

The first of all might murmur, but not we.
Grief is unmanly too.

Very beautiful is the answer of Orazio :—

Because 'tis godlike.

I never felt my nature so divine,
As at this saddest hour.

What was proposed in the character of
the beggar-Duke, Marcello, is not clearly
made out in the fragment. We get but a
peep at his turbulent joys :—

Deep, tingling pleasures, musically hinged,
Dropping with starry sparks, goldenly honied,
And smelling sweet with the delights of life—

We can but guess at the profane aspirings
of his disordered ambition :—

A perilous sea it is,
'Twixt this and Jove's throne, whose tumultuous
waves
Are heaped, contending ghosts ! There is no
passing,
But by those slippery, distant stepping-stones,
Which frozen Odin trod, and Mahomet,
With victories harnessed to his crescent sledge,
And building waves of blood upon the shallows,
O'erpassed triumphant.

But surely all that we have quoted, frag-
mentary as it is, proclaims a writer of the
highest order—magnificent in diction, terse
and close in expression, various and beautiful
in modulation, displaying imaginative thoughts
of the highest reach, and sweeping the chords
of passion with a strong and fearless hand.
Plenty of defects may be noted—scenes
hastily constructed, characters exalted into
mere passionate abstractions, motives too
sudden, loves and revenges too abundant
and intense—but never a want of sincerity,
never a borrowed trick, never a gaudy irre-
levance, never a superfluous commonplace.

From the same fragment we take the
thoughts and fancies subjoined ; and let us
say to the student of poetry that all our ex-
tracts deserve the compliment of study as
mere examples of a poetical style :—

NOTHING ALONE.

All round and through the spaces of creation
No hiding-place of the least air, or earth,

Or sea, invisible, untrod, unrained on,
Contains a thing alone. Not e'en the bird,
That can go up the labyrinthine winds
Between its pinions, and pursues the summer,—
Not even the great serpent of the billows,
Who winds him thrice around this planet's waist,—
Is by itself in joy or suffering.

LOVE.

O that sweet influence of thoughts and looks !
That change of being, which, to one who lives,
Is nothing less divine than divine life
To the unmade ! Love ? Do I love ? I walk
Within the brilliance of another's thought,
As in a glory.

INNOCENT WELCOME TO EVIL.

How thou art like the daisy in Noah's meadow,
On which the foremost drop of rain fell warm
And soft at evening ; so the little flower
Wrapped up its leaves, and shut the treacherous
water
Close to the golden welcome of its breast,—
Delighting in the touch of that which led
The shower of oceans, in whose billowy drops
Tritons and lions of the sea were warring . .

THE IMPARTIAL BANQUET.

The unfashionable worm
Respectless of the crown-illuminated brow,
To cheek's bewitchment, or the sceptered clench,
With no more eyes than Love, creeps courtier-like,
On his thin belly, to his food,—no matter
How clad or nicknamed it might strut above,
What age or sex,—it is his dinner-time.

ARGUMENT FOR MERCY.

I have a plea,
As dewy-piteous as the gentle ghost's
That sits alone upon a forest-grave
Thinking of no revenge : I have a mandate,
As magical and potent as e'er ran
Silently through a battle's myriad veins,
Undid their fingers from the hanging steel,
And drew them up in prayer : I AM A WOMAN.
O motherly-remembered be the name,
And, with the thought of loves and sisters, sweet
And comforting !

HATE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Better thou wert the brother of his foe
Than what thou art, a man of the same getting ;
As, out of the same lump of sunny Nile,
Rises a purple-winged butterfly
And a cursed serpent crawls.

A LOFTY MIND.

His thoughts are so much higher than his state,
That, like a mountain hanging o'er a hut,
They chill and darken it.

BONA DE MORTUIS.

Ay, ay ; good man, kind father, best of friends—
These are the words that grow, like grass and
nettles,
Out of dead men, and speckled hatreds hide,
Like toads, among them.

From the *Second Brother* we pass to *Torismond*, of which the principal incident is a disagreement between a loving but hasty and injudicious father, and an over-indulged but high-spirited and generous son. With this remark, the extracts we give will sufficiently explain themselves:—

INDULGED PASSIONS.

—The young lord,
Whose veins are stretched by passion's hottest wine,
Tied to no law except his lawless will,
Ranges and riots headlong through the world;—
Like a young dragon, on Hesperian berries
Purplely fed, who dashes through the air
Tossing his wings in gambols of desire,
And breaking rainclouds with his bulging breast.
Thus has he been from boy to youth and man-
hood,
Reproved, then favoured; threatened, next for-
given;
Renounced, to be embraced—

A LOVER'S VEHEMENT PROTESTATION.

I will not swear, for thou dost know that easy:
But put me to the proof, say, "Kill thyself!"
I will out-labor Hercules in will,
And in performance, if that waits on will.
Shall I fight swordless with a youthful lion?
Shall I do aught that I may die in doing?
Oh! were it possible for such an angel,
I almost wish thou hadst some impious task,
That I might act it and be damned for thee.

INTERCESSION BETWEEN A FATHER AND A SON.

There stands before you
The youth and golden top of your existence,
Another life of yours; for, think your morning
Not lost, but given, passed from your hand to his
The same except in place. Be then to him
As was the former tenant of your age,
When you were in the prologue of your time,
And he lay hid in you unconsciously
Under his life. And thou, my younger master,
Remember there's a kind of God in him;
And, after heaven, the next of thy religion.
Thy second fears of God, thy first of man,
Are his, who was creation's delegate,
And made this world for thee in making thee.

THE LABOR OF LIFE.

What shall we do?—why, all.
How many things, sir, do men live to do!
The mighty labor is to die: we'll do't.

A DISINHERITED SON.

O father, father! must I have no father!
To think how I shall please, to pray for him,
To spread his virtues out before my thought,
And set my soul in order after them?
To dream, and talk of in my dreaming sleep?
If I have children, and they question me
Of him who was to me as I to them;
Who taught me love, and sports, and childish lore;

Placed smiles where tears had been; who bent
his talk,
That it might enter my low apprehension,
And laughed when words were lost.

How exquisite is that! And here is a
lyric as lovely, introduced by verses of as
tender and melodious sweetness, as anything
in the whole range of English poetry:—

Veron. Come then, a song; a winding, gentle
song,
To lead me into sleep. Let it be low
As zephyr, telling secrets to his rose,
For I would hear the murmuring of my thoughts;
And more of voice than of that other music
That grows around the strings of quivering lutes;
But most of thought; for with my mind I listen,
And when the leaves of sound are shed upon it,
If there's no seed, remembrance grows not there.
So life, so death; a song, and then a dream!
Begin before another dewdrop fall
From the soft hold of these disturbed flowers,
For sleep is filling up my senses fast,
And from these words I sink.

Song.

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fall'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity:
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain,
Unravell'd from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star:—
So many times do I love again.

Elvira. She sees no longer: leave her then
alone,
Encompassed by this round and moony night.
A rose-leaf for thy lips, and then good-night:
So life, so death; a song, and then a dream!

And here is another, a dirge, profound in
its beauty and thoughtful melancholy, and
as unmatched in its sweetness of verse:—

A DIRGE.

To-day is a thought, a fear is to-morrow,
And yesterday is our sin and our sorrow;
And life is a death,
Where the body's the tomb,
And the pale sweet breath
Is buried alive in its hideous gloom.
Then waste no tear,
For we are the dead; the living are here,
In the stealing earth, and the heavy bier.
Death lives but an instant, and is but a sigh,
And his son is unnamed immortality,

Whose being is thine. Dear ghost, so to die
Is to live, and life is a worthless lie.—
Then we weep for ourselves, and wish thee good-
bye.

But we have greatly overpast our usual
limits, and must here close. Has not enough
been shown of the genius of Beddoes to justify
the zealous admiration to which we owe
the publication of his remains, mere frag-

ments as they are? Let us simply add, that
Mr. Kelsall has discharged the task com-
mitted to him in all respects ably. The
lovers and students of English poetry are
wholly indebted to him for the preservation
and publication of these memorials of a man
of true genius. Small as was the store their
writer set upon them, there is no more danger
now of their being "willingly let die."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MORE ABOUT USURY AND USURERS.

"There are boundless thefts in limited professions."—SHAKESPEARE.

BILL-discounting attorneys have a partic-
ular claim to be mentioned in a notice of no-
torious usurers. Most of them are of the
rigid and rapacious school, and their profes-
sion gives facility to the full carrying out of
their exorbitant views. What they fail to ex-
act in meal, they frequently enforce in malt;
that is to say, if they do not in the first in-
stance draw the string of usurious discount
so tight as other extortioners, they contrive
in many instances to make up the measure of
immense profit by costs. These are the men
forming the class of persons who (to use the
phrase of a learned counsel since elevated to
the Bench of the Exchequer Court) "kill their
own mutton;" they need no stranger hand
for the work of slaughter of the unfortunate
wight who is brought within the circle of
their own practical and professional opera-
tions; they fleece, flay, and devour the *pau-
vre mouton* to the very bone.

Tailors are great usurers—that is to say,
great discounters, (the terms are synony-
mous) and if they do not ostensibly accom-
modate young spendthrifts of fashion with
cash at so high a stipulated rate in interest
as the professed bill-discounter, they more
than realize the exorbitant modicum of ben-
efit by outrageous charges for clothes sup-
plied, and thus, under the cloak and sem-
blance of generous and disinterested accom-
modation to customers, they *apply the draw-
ing plaister* most successfully, and in reality

levy as heavy impositions for their pretend-
ed favors as any other class of the usurious
community. Young prodigals at college are
a great source of revenue to discounting tail-
ors, who fail not to indulge the young sparks
to the full extent to which their indulgent
sires, doting widowed mothers, and hood-
winked guardians, will supply the means of
payment.

Usury and bill-discounting is not, however,
limited in its practice to any one class or con-
dition of persons; and although it is more
notoriously and extensively carried on by the
professions and parties before described, it is
largely adopted by every trade and calling:
hundreds of small capitalists and second-rate
tradesmen dabble, directly or indirectly, in loan
and discount, and have a nibble at petty ap-
per negotiations. In truth of this affirma-
tion may be instanced the numerous Loan
Societies which have of late started into ex-
istence in all parts of the metropolis, the
members of which are, for the most part,
tradesmen. These associations, under the
professed object of assisting persons in need
of temporary aid, carry on a right profitable
traffic in the circulating medium, and that at
by no means so moderate or equitable a rate
of interest as they would have people to be-
lieve, regard being had to their precaution-
ary system of drawing from the borrower in
the first instance, and their weekly or month-
ly mode of payment of the sum borrowed.

The expenses of inquiry, and fines imposed also for delay in payment, swell greatly the enormity of profit; and, last not least, it must be understood that these philanthropic and disinterested money-lenders also "kill their own meat," for many of the societies keep their regularly appointed man of business in the shape of a certificated attorney, at a fixed salary, and he is deputed to sue defaulters, and do the dirty legal work of the establishment; but all costs resulting from the law's process, adopted by the hired legal practitioner, find their way into the general fund of the *most benevolent Loan Company*, and increase greatly the dividend to the proprietors and shareholders. This is a matter of most disgraceful arrangement, and one calling for correction; first, because it necessarily begets and keeps alive an interested spirit for litigation in the whole body, as represented by the board of management—and, secondly, because it is immediately opposed to, and at variance with, the professional duty and reputation of an attorney, and strictly prohibited by the Act of parliament, controlling and regulating the conduct and practice of attorneys and solicitors. It is questionable, indeed, whether an attorney entering into agreement, or lending himself or his name to any such arrangement of business with a loan society, does not place himself in a very dangerous position to be struck off the rolls, and it is equally a matter for consideration, whether every member of the board of management, if not every individual shareholder of the company, be not liable to legal consequences for the breach of the statute.

To individualize the usurers or bill-discounters of the Metropolis is not the object of this paper. Suffice it to say, their name is Legion, and they may be classed into wholesale and retail negotiators; the former doing business of magnitude and amount with the magnates of the land, the latter dabbling in petty and comparatively insignificant transactions with persons of a lower grade in the social scale; but both classes acting on the broad principle of large and usurious exaction, and, for the most part, greedy in getting, tenacious in keeping, and sordid in spending—*servi divitiarum*, "slaves and drudges to their substance."

There is an aristocracy in usury, as in all other callings and professions; the high and mighty, that is to say, the most moneyed and extensive practitioners, of the vulture tribe, are great and important personages in their own estimation and conceit. Sensible of the

power which gold gives to its possessor, and of the abject homage it commands, that it will

"Place knaves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench,"

they are occasionally most difficult of access; they measure men by their means, and mete out their money and their civility accordingly; they are approachable and courteous only in the ratio of hope and expectation that is within them, of the amount of benefit to result to them from the interview granted. They know pretty well the exact necessities of their customers, and to what extent they can tax their respective pockets, and trifle with their time, their tempers, and their patience, with impunity; their ante-chambers of business are crowded, like a minister's, with applicants waiting audience, and it is no unfrequent occurrence with the more grasping and avaricious of the tribe to take advantage of extreme necessity, and, instead of cashing a good bill off-hand, dole out a few pounds from time to time, like a parish allowance, thus frustrating at once the beneficial object of the discount. Many of this class sport equipages, and live in splendor, and at their tables are occasionally to be seen, as guests, the most reckless and fleecy-worthy of their numerous clients. Some of them gloss over the enormity of their exactions by a show of charity, scraping together unjust sums with one hand, and attempting to cheat the devil by giving a mite thereof for pious uses; others assume to themselves the virtue of the most disinterested motive in their 60 per cent. negotiations, and ascribe all their exactions to philanthropy and generosity; their sneaking souls not even possessing the manliness to avow a determination to dive into the pockets of men for the most they can find within them. There are exceptions, however, to this latter contemptible spirit of hypocrisy and humbug. One is particularly instanced in an individual known to the author of this paper; he is a most decided worshipper of mammon, but therewith has many generous impulses to which he occasionally gives practical indulgence; he has the honest candor to declare himself to be a money-grubber, and boldly and unreservedly asserts that,

"The value of a thing
Is just as much as it will bring;"

that money comes within the principle of the Hudibrastic proposition, and is, under the present sanction of law, a salable commodity;

that he therefore disposes of it at a price warranted by the demand, the average rate of which he fixes at 40 per cent., being 20 per cent. below the majority of London discounters. He makes no mystery of his mode and principle of business, professes to be influenced by no motive of kindly sympathy or benevolence, but to be governed solely by the one great and all-absorbing desire of money-making; he has no need to hunt up or cater for customers, they flock to him of their own free-will and necessitous impulse, as hungry men walk to a feast to appease their appetites, and he satisfies their hunger at his own rate of charge. His doctrine is, that the act is voluntary on the part of the borrower, to take the loan or accommodation of money on his (the lender's) terms, and that men pre-informed of such terms, and yet seeking to be so accommodated, have no just ground to complain of extortion. However fallacious and inconclusive, in a moral sense, may be the reasoning thus advanced, there is much candor to recommend it, and in such respect it has merit over the mock-disinterested professions of the Joseph Surfaces of the class who would not only hoodwink their victims, but cheat themselves into a belief that they are extortioners upon principle, and serving the best interests of society by their grasping and avaricious practices.

There is nothing astounding in the assertion that immense fortunes have been realized by the trade of money-lending and practice of bill-discounting, when it is predicated of such practice that from 40 to 100 per cent. is the interest ordinarily taken for the accommodation of a loan, and that instances are by no means rare where the rate has even exceeded the latter sum. Many examples might be adduced in illustration of such abominable excess. One, however, will suffice to impress the inexperienced reader in such matters, with an idea of the rapacity which characterizes the bill-discounting principle. A young baronet, wanting a few months of his majority, and his friend, a wild and thoughtless young gentleman, who had but recently come into possession of 7000*l.*, but who had been living at the rate of 70,000*l.* per annum, had both immediate occasion for ready money to supply their gaming and horse-racing engagements, and excesses. The baronet, who had been going fast, as it is termed, for some time, could not raise the supplies on his own individual paper, by reason of his non-age; he and his friend, therefore, flew a kite, that is, manufactured a bill between them for a sum of 2,500*l.* at three

months' date. The bill, duly accepted by the young gentleman of legal age for such an act, was consigned to the hands of a notorious discount agent for speedy negotiation. The active and persevering spirit of this man of business was not long in finding out an accommodating principal to entertain the matter. The time was opportune for extortion. Newmarket meetings were approaching, old scores were to be cleared before new speculations could be entered into. Debts of honor must be discharged. In this state of things money was considered to be worth a hundredfold its ordinary value; 1600*l.* cash was given by the discounters for the bill of 2,500*l.*, the remaining 700*l.* being modestly taken for the discount of the sum for three months, a sum equalling about 110 per cent. per annum; but the imposition ended not here, 700*l.* was insufficient to satisfy the voracious appetites of the usurious gang: to perfect the affair, therefore, and secure one mouthful more of the tempting repast, the discount agent stepped in with his very moderate demand of 120*l.* for negotiating the matter between the borrowers and the lender. This sum was also paid, and, added to the sum of 700*l.*, made a total of 820*l.* demanded and paid for the loan of 1,680*l.* for three months, because, it must be recollected, that this sum of 820*l.* was paid in the first instance, and not at the expiration of the three months, for which the same was borrowed; the sum absolutely advanced was but 1680*l.*, and the 820*l.* was the discount or interest on such sum for the period stated, or about 132*l.* per cent. per annum!!! Can it create a moment's wonder that ruin should overtake men, however wealthy, who seek pecuniary accommodation through such extortionate channels? Is it at all surprising that ultimate beggary should be their lot? What individual or joint capital could bear the frequent burden of 60, 80, and 100 per cent. dead weight upon it, without falling into a state of rapid consumption? Raising money on bills is a ready and, in some cases of extreme emergency, a justifiable mode of meeting pressing demands, but the frequent resort to such ruinous means of supply is a steam power, accelerating the crash of property, and effecting the ruin of thousands; it has hurried into an absolute state of pauperism and penury many who once thought themselves above the possible reach of want, and it has populated our Metropolitan prisons to a frightful extent, and with a most heterogeneous mass from the high and low of society.

Branching out of the profession of bill-discounting is the very active and felonious practice of *bill-stealing*. Gangs of vigilant conspirators infest the metropolis, whose sole object is to prey on the credulity and confidence of the reckless and extravagant. Their plan is first to place themselves in handsome offices or apartments, and then to put forth a specious and captivating advertisement, offering every kind of pecuniary accommodation to every description of persons respectably circumstanced and connected in life, and upon every form of security. Bills are, however, the main aim and object of such advertisements, and in too many instances the bait takes, and some unfortunate fish is hooked into the net of the swindling party. The practice has increased of late years, and public attention has been attracted to some notorious cases investigated in our police courts, several of which have subsequently become matter both of civil and criminal inquiry at Westminster and the Old Bailey. Two, in particular, of recent occurrence may be referred to as immediately connected with the present subject.

In the first instance, a person of most notorious character for his evasive negotiations, had been deputed by a nobleman to obtain cash for him on his acceptance for 2000*l.*; and, having possessed himself of the bill, gave 200*l.* on account, but converted the whole of the further proceeds of the bill to his own individual use. The case was sent to the criminal court for trial, but the offending party escaped under the defective provisions of the law. The prosecutor had, it appears, neglected to take from the unprincipled agent a sufficiently specific memorandum as to the purposes for which the bill had been deposited with him; 200*l.* had also been cunningly advanced by the professional swindler, and incautiously taken by the duped nobleman, on account, an arrangement which took the sting out of the law's felonious construction of the transaction; and, *par consequens*, let loose the criminal to prey again on public credulity.

The other case ended more satisfactorily for the ends of justice, and was as follows:—Two or three of the swindling community formed themselves into a discount firm, and having effected the essential preliminary arrangement of offices in a good and commanding locality, put forth their announcements of pecuniary obligation to an unlimited amount, and upon most prompt and liberal terms. A young fashionable spendthrift, attracted by the specious invite, made applica-

tion to them for a loan on his acceptance. He was, in the first instance, put in communication with a person representing himself as the managing clerk of the firm, who politely suggested that the applicant should, in accordance with the system of business, forthwith accept a bill for the amount required. That the same should be left with the firm under due acknowledgement, and that in three days from the date of such an arrangement the money (minus discount) should be forthcoming. The young gentleman, although not, what is termed, wide awake to the real character of the parties with whom he was negotiating, or aware of their wholesale felonious intentions, had nevertheless some precautionary notions of business about him, and declined to give his acceptance until he should first communicate with one of the principals of the great discounting firm. An appointment was therefore made for the following day for further arrangement, and, in conformity therewith, the parties met. After some preliminary communication creative of confidence in the young applicant, it was suggested to him that, as he required a rather large amount, he should divide it into three several sums, and accept bills for the same; this was done to the tune of nearly 2000*l.*, and the bills, so accepted, were left with the firm, on the promise and understanding that the cash for the same would be handed to the acceptor within three days thenceforth next ensuing. But three days, and twice as many weeks, having passed without any fulfilment of the engagement by the firm, and every subsequent attempt to see any one of the partners, proving ineffectual, it was intimated to the attendant clerk that if the money or bills should not be forthcoming in twenty-four hours from the time of notice given, an appeal would be made to magisterial authority. On the following day the applicant again presented himself at the chambers of the firm, but they had shut up shop and taken wing, and with them their all-worthy and responsible managing clerk, nor could the slightest trace of their whereabouts be discovered.

In this state of things the wronged party was without alternative but to wait the maturity and presentation of the bills, and then dispute the consideration. As this period approached, intelligence got abroad that one of the bills for a large amount was in the hands of an individual in the neighborhood of St. James's, a man whose known means could never possibly have enabled him to become the owner of it, in any due course of

bona fide transactions. The intimacy and association also of this individual with one of the party suspected to have been a component member of the swindling firm, led to unwholesome conclusions as to his legal right to possess the bill at all, and, on such well-grounded suspicions, it was determined to attempt the recovery of the same by stratagem. With this view, an ingenious and well-conceived plan was put into practice. A discount agent, of somewhat extensive practice in town, was conferred with, and subsequently employed, under indemnification for consequences, to make application to the holder of the bill to know if he had any of Mr. —'s paper requiring discount, and, if so, to offer terms, and if possible, to possess himself of the bill under promise of cash for the same in due course. This done, it was to pass to the original owner who had been deprived of it. Application was accordingly made to the suspected party who, delighted, no doubt, at the prospect of touching so considerable an amount for paper which might, if remaining in his hands, turn out to be of no legal worth, immediately fell into the trap that had been thus cunningly set. He intimated to the applicant agent that he had an acceptance of a large amount of the party named, and that he should gladly turn the same into money for the reason that he himself had been of late discounting largely and was short at his bankers. The bill was then placed, under due acknowledgement, in the hands of the new agent, who was to give cash for the same as soon as he could have reasonable time to communicate with the principal, who was to advance the money. The intention and object of this possession of the bill by the agent having been already stated, it is only necessary to add that he fulfilled his engagement to the letter, and transferred it to the gentleman from whom it had been originally stolen. In the mean time, the expectant party, from whom it had been so ingeniously obtained for discount, as he believed, made daily demands for the cash or the return of the bill, neither of which requests being acceded to, he jumped at once to the conclusion that he had in turn *been done*; and, acting under the immediate impulse of his disappointed and mortified feelings, resorted to the summary measure of giving the *doer* into the custody of a police-officer, on the charge of felonious embezzlement of the bill.

The affair now began to wear a serious aspect. The case was heard before a magistrate, and, in answer to the charge made

against the agent in custody, it was fully and candidly admitted that the bill had been obtained, as alleged by the prosecutor, under stratagem, but that the acceptor had, in the first instance, been defrauded of the same, and until the prosecutor could show his title to the bill by *bona fide* consideration for it, which it was urged he could not do—there was no felonious offence in the strict and substantial signification of law. All that could be said of the act of the accused was, that under any circumstances it was, in legal terms, a *pious fraud*. The gentleman from whom the bill had been stolen was present to corroborate the fact stated, on behalf of the prisoner, and he went into some curious details of the transaction with the discounting firm, describing most minutely the personal peculiarity and appearance of the principal of the firm, and so faithfully as to leave little or no doubt of the reality of the suspected party. For the prosecutor, an eminent council was retained, and it was urged by all the power of ingenious argument that his client had given value for the bill, and was therefore its *bona fide* rightful possessor; that the circumstance of the bill having been originally stolen affected not his client in any manner or degree, nor did it exculpate the prisoner from the charge of felony. He insisted on such grounds that the offending party should be forthwith committed for trial, and that it was a case where bail should not be taken.

The magistrate, after a most patient and attentive hearing of the case, took a much more lenient view of the prisoner's conduct, and admitted him to bail to answer the charge at the Central Criminal Court. In the meantime he directed the bill to be impounded in the hands of the solicitor of the gentleman from whom it had been stolen, to await the result of the threatened proceedings at law for its recovery, thus giving a pretty clear notion of his impression of the party having the right to its possession. It would occupy too much space and time to record all the subsequent proceedings by indictment and action at law which arose out of this bill-stealing transaction. Suffice it to say, that they all terminated in a manner satisfactory to the ends of justice, and accordant with the prevailing opinion in the public mind, that conspiracy and fraud had been at work throughout the whole affair. It is worthy of remark that it came out in evidence on the trial at law for the recovery of the bill impounded, that the person claiming to be the rightful possessor for valuable consideration,

and alleged to have given something short of 1000*l.* for the same, was literally an insolvent; that he had been sued by a gentleman of the sister kingdom, for payment of a very small account (about 7*l.*) and that he had arranged to discharge the same by payments of 5*s.* per week, several of which had run into arrear by reason of his inability. The evidence of the Irish gentleman afforded some mirth in court, for he declared that he was so disgusted by his frequent unsuccessful calls on his debtor for weekly payment, that in the excess of his indignation he desired it should henceforth be paid to his barber.

Gaming-house keepers must not be passed over in the specific list of usurers; they are great bill-dealers and negotiators of discount, and that at a rate of benefit, exceeding in many instances the most exorbitant demands of the most grasping of the tribe of money-lenders; for as gaming-houses are now constituted, they are places of wholesale plunder, where every kind of hypocritical and specious villany is resorted to for the one great object of gain. "Men," as Punch says, "here educate their perceptions and their fingers, and make small sacrifices to the graces by cultivating their thumb-nails for the uses of the dice box." Hence gaming-house keepers are liberal of loan on discount, where they are pretty certain that the money advanced must find its speedy return to their ill-gotten boards; for loans made to feed the ruinous indulgence of play, they take the promissory paper or acceptance of their victims, giving them bone or ivory counters, or representative money, in return, which is sure to find its way again to the coffers of the bank. The bill or note given is, before the day of maturity, placed in the hands of a third party, who, if it be not paid, loses no time in commencing the work of law against the acceptor; the pretended *bona fide* holder and plaintiff is not unfrequently a servant or minion of the hellite discounter, and is thrust forward for the dirty work; he, in his insignificant capacity, is unknown by name, and therefore a good nominal plaintiff for the purposes of further extortion. This class of bill-discounters are, generally speaking, a heartless and rapacious set of ruffians, cringing and supercilious when they are first tempting a man to the destructive indulgence of play, and no less insolent and overbearing when they discover the secret of his incapability any longer to contribute to their gain. These fellows out-Herod the most extor-

tionate and merciless of the bill-discounting fraternity; for their advances are made in fraud, and by villany and conspiracy their victims are re-plundered of the same. Bad as the system of bill-discounting is in its excessive rate by other parties, it is honesty itself as compared with the downright villany of the gaming-house practice, and should not therefore be classed with any principle so infamous.

Whether the repeal of the usury laws in regard to the loan or forbearance of money has effected, or is calculated to effect any real benefit to the commercial world, or been productive of real good or advantage to society, is a question which has occupied, and which still requires the deepest attention of the wisest heads, and most profound political economists. Jeremy Bentham, in his lifetime, strongly and eloquently advocated the removal of all legal restraint in money negotiations, and, by close and elaborate reasoning, endeavored to show the injustice and impolicy of restriction. The late Mr. Sergeant Onslow was another powerful advocate for the abolition of the usury laws, and having a seat in Parliament, laboured most energetically, Session after Session, to effect such an object.

For the usurer there is little respect and less sympathy for any loss he may occasionally sustain. Even in our courts of law the extortioner is morally denounced from the bench, although legally protected by legislative enactment. Judges spare him not in their summing up; counsel hold him up to odium by severe and cutting ridicule, and juries in their hearts condemn him, and where they can, by any doubt of the law's strict signification, never fail to give their verdict in accordance with their marked disapproval of the usurious principle of his transactions. Of usurers, and of all who live under the influence of a restless and insatiable desire of gain, it has been truly observed, that such men are perpetual drudges, restless in thought, and never satisfied; slaves, wretches, dust-worms, always sacrificing to their golden gods, *per fas et nefas*; that they are usually the most miserable, and not unfrequently become, in due course of time, the most melancholy and hypochondriacal of mankind; that they live like wretches, and die rich. How far the picture may be correctly colored, is left to our readers to decide. The opinion of the many is seldom found to be incorrect.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE LYRE AND SWORD, OR THE WORKS OF KORNER.

AMONG the fantastic creations of Goethe he has, in one of his wildest humors, represented a group of monkeys mimicking the occupations of men. They have a system of education which almost rivals that which our philanthropists would provide for the poor. A globe of glass, on which are painted the various regions of the earth, is rolled about in this happy school till it breaks; and its fragility is made use of to teach the frailty and uncertainty of the world which it represents. The monkeys are not without their games of what would seem chance, but, like mortal gamblers, the effort of each player is that all the chances shall be in his favor. They have their crowns and sceptres, and they play at kings and conquerors. They have their physicians, and the physicians are not without tricks of words and gesture which have their effect on nervous patients. They have poets too, and their poets can do anything but think. These mimics of humanity are exhibited to us by the satirist as existing at a time when society has advanced far, and man imagines himself a civilized and social being; when language has been so far cultivated that it in some degree performs the offices of thought, and may be used, preserving something of its own proper power, by those who, in any true sense of the word, do not think. It is not, we believe, possible to reason falsely,—for to reason from insufficient premises is not to reason falsely,—and thus it is that some branches of investigation have been cultivated not unsuccessfully by those who have survived what, in popular language, are called their rational faculties. We have known intelligent schoolmasters read into grammar passages which they have not been able to read into meaning, and who have thought all inquiry into what the author may have meant superfluous, if not impertinent. Systems of political economy have been given to the world, which lost no part of their value, or even of their reputation, when to ordinary apprehension, every one of what are called the terms of the science had changed its meaning, as the result of subse-

quent investigation. The monkey-poets have not alone the advantage of language doing the work of thought,—which would seem to be its proper province, when each word is supposed to have a fixed and permanent signification,—but in addition to this they trade in suggestive words; the feeling which they evoke is one which they do not feel, but which others connect with the words—

"We have words, and we can link
Syllables that chime and chink:
Sense unsought thus is caught,
Every jingle is a thought,
Every word with meaning fraught.
Language, glib and random, thus
Does the work of thought for us;
Let but your own fancy mingle
As you listen to the lays,
With the jargon and the jingle;
Give the poet all the praise!"

In a scene, where one of these poets describes the way in which he manufactures popular verse, a shrewd observer is made to say—

"This is the true poetic art,
And I have never met with prettier poets,
Could they but keep the secrets of their trade."

In a more serious tone—in a mood if not of deeper thought yet one more calculated to express distinctly his own fixed opinions, we find Goethe speaking on this subject. He had received a letter from a young man requesting the poet to tell him what was the plan on which he thought of completing one of his unfinished works, for, as it was not likely Goethe would resume it, his correspondent wished to execute the work himself. This led Goethe to speak of the imitative power, and the desire which it would seem exists everywhere of reproducing whatever men admire, instead of enjoying and studying it. In youth this presumptuous desire is most often exhibited, because in youth there is always such ignorance even of the existence of the immortal works in every department, and such inability of appreciating the true excellence of such as are known, as to

render the absurdity of producing anything worthy the attention of others without repeated efforts, a thing which never presents itself to the mind. "People," said the old man, "are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born the world begins to work on us and keeps on to the end. What can we call ours except energy, strength, and will? If I could give an account of what I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small remainder." He mentions that in his youth the works of Lessing and Winckelmann greatly influenced his mind; then came Kant, and he might have added Spinoza. When he was beginning to be weary of the world Schiller arose, and the intensity of purpose with which Schiller worked created in Goethe a second youth—the birth of another period of power—which was prolonged by the effect upon him of the activity of the Humboldts and Schlegels. Goethe felt how much was given to him from the world without, and he regarded, almost as disease, the desire for self-exhibition, which he thought was in the minds of half the young men who wished to attract attention to what he called "Their paltry individualities." "Everywhere," said he, "you meet such persons, nowhere those who care more for the thing they are doing than for their own celebrity. How many painters would have dropped their pencils in despair if they knew what an assemblage of rare qualifications is required to constitute a Raphael." Goethe himself had a narrow escape from mediocrity as a painter. He had some tendencies for the art, none worth cultivating; but his eye for landscape was a true one, and his first attempts seemed promising because they caught successfully some of the features of the surrounding scenery. The appearance of talent was but sympathy with the object represented, and the sight of the works of true painters, when his visit to Italy gave him the opportunity of studying genuine art, dispossessed him of an idle dream.

A translation of some of Körner's works* has led us to thinking of Körner himself, and the class of poets to whom he may be regarded as belonging. He appears to have been a young man of ardent temperament, living in a fever of enthusiasm—of generous impulses—and with considerable power of

expressing, in ready and forcible language, any train of thought or sentiment that passed through his mind. His own fervor and earnestness commanded the sympathy of others; but power, in any very high sense of the word, we do not think that he possessed. He appealed in his poetry to feelings generally diffused, and the absence of anything properly original was, perhaps, among the reasons why his merits—and they were of a high order—were at once appreciated. He had, however, if not genius of a high order, yet all those instrumental faculties without which genius cannot manifest itself. Music was with him a passion. In his father's house, where he was brought up till his seventeenth year, a sister of Körner's cultivated the art of painting, in which she had attained unusual skill; and the whole arrangements of the father's establishment appear to have been favorable to the early development of such talents as any of the family possessed. We must, in a few sentences, relate the story of the poet's short life.

Theodore Körner was born at Dresden, on the 23d of September, 1791. His father, a friend of Schiller's, was a magistrate in the service of the Elector of Saxony. His mother was the daughter of an engraver. In his childhood there was extreme delicacy of constitution, and this led to his living almost entirely in the open air. As his health improved he gave proofs of talents which were wholly unsuspected; lively fancy, vigorous intellect, ardent enthusiasm, and warm affections, distinguished the growing boy and endeared him to all. As to his studies, he disliked the trouble of acquiring foreign languages, and French, in particular, he detested. Mathematics, history, and natural philosophy were his favorite studies. He excelled in athletic exercises, but his wish was to convert this world into one of romance, and he would wander forth in a sort of day-dream of poetry and music, with his guitar on his arm, chanting some tale of true love. His father had a father's fears of verse, and what it might bring him to; but the admiration felt every where for Schiller and Goethe had redeemed the name of poet from the disrepute which had gathered round the word, and their works supplied the standard of excellence at which the young man aimed. Schiller died, and some hopes of providing for Theodore through his interest thus perished. At the age of seventeen it became necessary for the young poet to face the actual world, and look round for means of support. What accidents conspired to render

* "A Selection from the Poems and Dramatic Works of Theodore Körner." By the Translator of the "Nibelungen-Treasure." London: Williams and Norgate. 1850.

the business of a miner that which was to be his profession, it would, perhaps, be in vain to inquire, but his biographers dwell on the scientific knowledge necessary to a miner's success, and to the poetic associations with which it has been at all times more or less connected, as what determined his choice. With this view he went to study at Friburg. Körner's feelings can be traced in his poems, which may be almost called biographical, so truly do they present every thought that passed through his mind, and we have all his anticipations of the delights of a miner's life dwelt on in fulness of detail in the poem written at this period of his life; but the coloring soon fades away, and we find the object losing its charm. The studies, which he had at first pursued only as auxiliaries, became themselves his great object, and he proceeded to Leipsic to continue his education.

At Leipsic he ventured on the publication of a volume of poems: "The Blossoms" it was called. The volume met with very great success. The strange state of society at the German Universities forced Körner to leave Leipsic before his studies were completed. At Leipsic, in the same University, there were students of wholly different ranks, some belonging to the first families in Germany, who looked down on the rest, insulted them, and, on the ground of disparity of rank, refused to give the satisfaction which insulted boys, longing to be men, regarded themselves as having a right to claim. Körner did not understand this, and was one of the party that gave the young nobles a good drubbing.

The drubbing was a thing not to be borne, and it seems to have done some good. The nobles thought it better to fight than be drubbed, and so Körner was challenged. Körner was skilled in the use of the sword, but he allowed his challenger the choice of weapons, and had to fight with pistols. Neither party knew anything about pistols, and they continued practising against each other for half a day without effect, till, in utter despair, the challenger retired. A second antagonist now appeared, and now it was the sword. Körner was severely wounded, and fell senseless on the ground. He recovered, but had to leave Leipsic. From Leipsic he passed to Berlin; he had fever there, and the air did not agree with him; he thought of going to Heidelberg and finishing his studies there, but the same state of society that rendered his stay at Leipsic impossible existed at Heidelberg, and the circumstance of William Von

Humbolt and Frederick Schlegel, both of them friends of his father, being resident at Vienna, made his father send him there.

At Vienna, Körner seems to have at once abandoned all objects connected either with mining or with the studies to which it led, and industriously occupied himself with the fabrication of verse. His first efforts were in dramatic poetry, and his success was such that, in a country where the theatre was a national object, he was, before he was of age, appointed court dramatist. This accounts for the number and the variety of his dramatic pieces. We have tragedy, and comedy, and farce—we have monologues, the object of which seems to have been to bring out some one actor. While there was fertility in the soil which was called on for so many crops, yet there was no small danger of its being soon exhausted; as it was, the demand did not continue for any long time, and the dramatist does not appear to have ever disappointed public expectation. For stage effect Körner had a quick eye, and, in the sort of stories which were told in his representations, we think there is no want of effective situations; his whole heart and soul were in his work, the one true security for success. For fifteen months he was thus engaged. The romance of a German's life would not be complete without love, and the tasks of stage poet had not subdued the spirit of the troubadour altogether in Körner's bosom. His appointment to the court theatre gave him the means of supporting a wife, and he was about to be married when he felt it the duty of every German to defend his country against Napoleon. He had before done what he could to stimulate national spirit by songs and patriotic hymns, and he now wrote to his father a letter worth preserving. Körner lived but in his passions; poetry was a passion with him, an absorbing passion. Then came love; and now the hope of martyrdom for his country seemed to overpower every other feeling.

"Germany is about to rise," such was his letter to his father at this period, "the Prussian Eagle wakes in every faithful breast, and by the beating of her mighty wings, rouses once more the hopes of German freedom. Poetry sighs for her fatherland, let me prove myself her worthy son. Now that I know what bliss can ripen for me in this world, now that the star of happiness sheds its brightest light upon my path.—Now, by Heavens! it is an heroic feeling that impels my soul, for it is the mighty conviction that no sacrifice can be too great for that highest of earthly blessings, our country's freedom! Perhaps your paternal heart may whisper, Theodore is created

for more important ends—he might have effected more in some other field of exertion—he has yet a great debt to pay to humanity. But, my father, as a sacrifice to national freedom and honor, *none* are too good, but many too unworthy! If Heaven has really gifted me with a more than ordinary mind—a mind that under your careful guidance has learnt to think and feel—where is the moment into which I can better prove that it is really mine? A great age requires great acts, and I feel within myself the strength to stand forward as a rock amid the mighty convulsions of nations. I must forth and oppose my fearless breast to the raging storm. What! shall I be contented to sing my comrades' triumphs? I know that you will suffer much for my sake, My mother too will weep. . . . Heaven comfort her, I cannot spare her this trial. That I offer up my life, *that* indeed is of little import, but that I offer it up *now*, that it is crowned with all the flowery wreaths of love and joy, and friendship, that I sacrifice the sweet sensation I once felt, in the conviction that I could never cause you care, or anguish, this is indeed a sacrifice of which one prize alone is worthy—our country's freedom."—pp. xiv, xv.

He left Vienna on the 15th of March, 1813, and joined Von Lutzow's volunteers. On the 24th of April he was elected lieutenant.* His claim to this distinction seems to have consisted in the enthusiasm which he created by his martial songs, which commanded instant admiration, and which appear to have actually inspired all who heard them with the poet's own ardor. Some of these have been transferred to our own literature. The "Iron Bride," a spirit-stirring strain, each stanza ending in a chorus which, when sung in Germany, is accompanied by the clash of swords and the shout of wild hurrahs, has been ably translated by Lord Ellesmere. The "Black Yäger's Song," and the "Oaks of Dallwitz," have been given us by Anster. But nothing that has been done in English can approach effects which depend on associations connected with the original words, and with feelings to which all but Germans must be strangers.

Shortly after Körner's appointment,

"The corps which was destined to be employed to harass the enemy's rear crossed the Elbe, under the command of General Walmoden, to attack the French, posted to the north-west of Danburg. On the 12th of May a sanguinary engagement took place, in which the Prussians obtained a decided advantage, but instead of pursuing it, the General re-crossed the Elbe, with all his forces. From this time till the 17th of June, the corps

* So says our author, but this expresses a different rank from Körner's. "Operjäger" is the German word, and his rank was what we would call "sergeant-major."

was employed in defending passes, and rendered themselves so formidable to the enemy as to rouse the utmost indignation of the French emperor. An armistice was now concluded between the opposing parties, but it appears to have been only a feint adopted to obtain an opportunity of attacking the gallant little corps, at a disadvantage, and inflicting on it a signal vengeance. Major Von Lutzow, having received official intimation of the armistice, and anxious to rejoin his infantry, from which he was temporarily separated, selected the shortest route for the purpose without any apprehension of danger. He had proceeded as far as Kitzen, a hamlet in the vicinity of Leipsic, when he found himself suddenly attacked and surrounded by a far superior force. Körner, who had lately been appointed his adjutant, rode forward by his direction, to inquire the meaning of this unexpected demonstration; when, instead of a reply, the French commander struck him down with his sword, and the enemy's corps, availing themselves of the superiority of numbers, and the deepening twilight, rushed furiously on the Leipsic cavalry, ere they had time to draw a sabre, with the hope of utterly destroying them. In this, however, they were disappointed, for though, in the first shock of the assault, many were killed and wounded, and others dispersed over the surrounding country, the commander himself, with a considerable body, escaped and reached the right bank of the Elbe in safety. Körner, meanwhile, severely wounded by the blow of his cowardly assailant, had sunk back for an instant, faint and exhausted, but speedily rallying gave the spur to his gallant steed and was borne in safety to a neighboring wood. Here he dismounted, and was engaged in binding up his wounds, when he perceived a body of the enemy galloping towards him. The danger was imminent, but his presence of mind did not forsake him. Turning towards the wood which lay behind him, and as if addressing some troops there concealed, he shouted with a loud voice, 'Fourth squadron, advance.' The maneuver proved successful—the foe, fearing an ambuscade, retired, and Körner availed himself of the increasing darkness, to seek refuge in the deeper recesses of the wood, where he remained during the night undiscovered. It was now, when almost exhausted by fatigue and suffering, and believing his last hour approaching, he composed that beautiful sonnet, 'The Farewell to Life,' which has been so frequently translated, that we shall not venture to insert a version of it here. As he lay unable to close his eyes with excess of pain, he heard the enemy's soldiers searching the wood in pursuit of him, but towards morning he fell into a deep and tranquil slumber, and on awakening, beheld two peasants bending over him, who had been sent by some of his comrades to his assistance."—pp. xvi, xvii.

In about a fortnight he proceeded to Berlin, where he resumed his former post. Lutzow's corps was now posted on the right bank of the Elbe. Davoust occupied Hamburg. Hostilities recommenced, after a short armistice, on the 17th of August, and Körner was

again himself. Some of his best poems were now poured forth with a profusion absolutely astonishing. That ardent feeling should express itself in thoughts that voluntarily "move harmonious numbers"—that our poet should possess the talents of an improvisatore is not surprising—but it is surprising that so many of the poems and the letters written at this time should have been preserved. In every one of his letters is the proof of genuine affection heaped up, and pressed down, and overflowing—the most fervid hopes of love—yet there does not seem one misgiving—one reluctant sigh at the thought of sacrificing all for his country.

"On the 28th of August, Major Von Lutzow determined on making an attack on the enemy's rear, and conducting the cavalry in person. Having concealed themselves in a wood, while awaiting the return of their scouts, the Cossacks, who formed their avant-garde, perceived a transport of provisions and ammunition, escorted by two battalions of infantry, and resolved to assail them. The major himself led the onset with Körner, who acted as his adjutant, at his side. Scarcely an hour before this, in an outbreak of enthusiasm, the young poet had written his lay, 'The Song of the Sword.' He was reading it to a friend at the moment he was summoned to the conflict. The attack proved successful—after a short resistance the enemy fled, closely pursued by the victorious Germans. Foremost in the rank of the pursuers was the youthful Körner, and it was here, says his German biographer, 'that he met that glorious death he had so frequently anticipated and celebrated in his Poems.' The French tirailleurs had rallied for a moment and poured a shower of balls on the advancing cavalry. One of these, unhappily, struck Körner across the spine, and at once deprived him of speech and consciousness. He sank to the ground—his friends, more intent on his safety than their own, rushed forward to his assistance and conveyed him to a wood at a short distance from the scene of action, where a skilful surgeon examined his wounds, and endeavored to restore animation, but in vain; the vital spark was extinct. The hero and the poet had perished as he had lived—his sword defending that holy cause which his muse had sung. His pallid lips still wore a smile, as though his spirit rejoiced in this free and glorious termination to his earthly career; and foresaw the deliverance of his country in which his own heroic verse had so powerfully aided. Enraged by the loss of their beloved comrade, the Lutzow cavalry rushed with resistless fury on the foe, and in a few minutes all who could not effect their escape, were killed or taken prisoners. The remains of the young poet were interred beneath an oak near the hamlet of Viblin, with military honors, amid the deepest and most unaffected sorrow."—pp. xix, xx.

It is probable that the early death of Körner, and the cause in which he died, VOL. XXIV. NO. IV.

have aided in producing that admiration with which his poetry is regarded in Germany. Some of his poems, united to music which would be sure of preserving words of less value, will probably live as long as the language of his country; and we think that the greatest danger to his fame exists in the great number of his works—no one song and no one ballad much superior to the rest. We read the poems, as we all have read the poems of the Troubadors, remembering little or nothing of any particular poem; regarding the poet as but the representative of a hundred others; reminded of a state of society which has passed away, leaving little which men will consent to recollect, and nothing which can make the individual poet memorable. With Körner, poetry was, no doubt, much more than a graceful accomplishment; his enthusiasm was sincere, and had deep roots in his nature; yet we cannot consent to place him very high, nor do we think the complimentary sonnets of Tiedge, or the kind-hearted letters of Goethe to his father, after Körner's death, calculated to prove much more than the good nature of these eminent men seeking to console the old man for his irreparable loss.

In England we have had poets of the same kind of promise as Körner's; men with great imitative talents, not without something, too, of original power—with energy of purpose, too, not unlike his, and who would seem sure of commanding distinction. Such a man was, we think, Kirke White. As high, but not higher, than Kirke White would we be disposed to place our German Tyrtæus.

In the year 1820, while the enthusiasm for Körner was still at its height, we find an interesting account of a visit to the place of Körner's interment. Körner was not, when Mr. Downes, to whose account we refer, visited the district, more than seven years dead. His father was still living, but reposing in a grave near his was an affectionate sister who survived his loss but for a year, and who during the last year of her life soothed her grief by executing a portrait of her brother.

"At the southern extremity of the sweet village of Wobbelin lie the mortal remains of Charles Theodore Körner. The cemetery, comprehending a considerable portion of a large field, occupies an angle formed by the junction of a by-way with the high road between Ludwigslust and Schwerin. After passing through the village, we beheld the gate of the inclosure, and the lofty oak, which—standing at a considerable distance from the entrance—marks the immediate spot of sepulture.

"The keys of the cemetery are lodged at the cottage of the *Schultze* (a kind of rural magistrate), on the opposite side of the road. It is approached under an arched gate painted yellow, with some of the mouldings brown. The following line, from Korner himself, is inscribed in large letters over the entrance:—"Vergiß die treuen Todten nicht" ["Forget not the faithful dead"]. A long avenue of black poplar, intersecting an oblong grassplot, leads to the cemetery, which is inclosed by brick walls lined with a shrubbery on the inside. A short turn at the end of the avenue conducts to an iron gate, the upper part of which is wrought into a helmet,—while two plates in the lower part are severally distinguished by a cross, encircled with a wreath of ivy. On the centre of a circular grassy space within, encompassed by a gravel walk, stands the monument. It is of cast iron, and the upper part is wrought into a lyre and sword—a favorite emblem of the deceased, which furnished the title of one of his works. Some pious hands had adorned the lyre with two wreaths of oak—the one of which was fresh, the other withered.—*Letters from Mecklenburg and Holstein*, pp. 103-105.

On each front of the monument were inscriptions, expressive of the admiration in which the deceased was held, or giving extracts from some of his own verses. But the oak itself over his grave was the finest thing connected with this monument. It has a double trunk, and on one is rudely carved within a circular space, stripped of its bark for the purpose, the words:—"Th. Korner, 26 August, 1813." In a recess in this tree he used to deposit the verses he composed while campaigning in the neighborhood, and he had himself pointed it out as indicating the spot where he should wish to be buried. Over the inscription is a record of another of Korner's friends; of one who, like him, died in the same holy cause. An old sword, in its sheath, is fastened with iron cramps to the two trunks of the noble oak; the point of the sword passes under a tablet, exhibiting the badge of a Prussian order, and a star, with the dates attached, of 1813, 1814, 1815. Gottlieb Schnelle is recorded in some German verses, to have wielded the sword, with iron courage, and to have fallen in the battle of "La Belle Alliance." When Mr. Downes visited it, it would seem that Gottlieb was not yet forgotten, for a wreath of white and red roses was twined round the hilt of the rusting sword. Below the inscription to Schnelle are several lines of German verse, sacred to Korner, of which the best are those which allude to the tree itself:—

"Deutscher Baum! Du Liebling seiner Lieder—
Lu umschattest jetzt sein stilles Grab ;

Siehst Stolz auf den Deutschen Sohn hernieder,
Neigest freundlich dich zu ihm herab !"

The oak is forever present in Korner's poetry. We are not more sure of finding the elm in Milton than the oak in Korner, and he is fond of uniting with it every association, national or romantic. "The Five Oaks of Dallwitz" gives as good a specimen of Korner's manner as could be easily found. It is not one of the poems translated in this volume; we give it in a translation published so long ago as the year 1816; probably the first time any part of Korner's writings were brought before the English public. The poem was printed in Korner's "*Leyer and Swerdt*," and our recollection is, that this publication was one issued by Korner himself; if so, it is probable that he was but eighteen or nineteen when it was written, if so old:—

THE FIVE OAKS OF DALLWITZ.

'Tis evening; in the silent west
The rosy hues of daylight fade;
And here I lay me down to rest
Beneath your venerable shade,
Bright records of a better day,
Aged, but sacred from decay;
Still in your stately forms reside
Of ages past the grace and pride!

The Brave hath died—the Good hath sunk
The Beautiful hath passed away;
Yet green each bough, and strong each trunk
Still smiles in evening's farewell ray!
Storms blew in vain, the leaves still spread
A bright crown on each aged head;
And yet, methinks, the branches sigh!
"Farewell, the great of earth must die."

But ye have stood. Still bold and high,
And fresh, and strong, and undecayed!
When hath the pilgrim wandered by,
Nor rested in your quiet shade?
Ye mourn not when the sear leaves fall
At coming Winter's icy call;
They perish in their parent earth,
They nurse the tree that gave them birth

Emblems of ancient Saxon faith!
Our fathers, in our country's cause,
Thus died the patriots' holy death,
Died for her freedom and her laws;
In vain they died! the storm hath passed
O'er Germany—her oaks stand fast,
Her people perished in the blast.

We have in the volume before us a very interesting account of Korner's life. A more extensive account, and a larger selection from his works, than that here given, had been contemplated by the author of this volume,

when she learned, for the first time, of the existence of Mr. Richardson's translation of the poet's life by his father, accompanied with versions of many of the poems. Mr. Richardson's work is admirably executed, and his translations of many of the poems exceedingly happy; still there is little in one successful translation of a foreign book to prevent other versions. It is as impossible that the point of view in which two writers see any one passage, should be absolutely identical, as that precisely the same points of a landscape should strike two observers, and if the public will buy more than one book, we see no reason why they should not be supplied. The same persons who receive pleasure from one translation are those who are most likely to be pleased with another. Merivale and Bulwer have translated the poems of Schiller. No person who has read Schiller will regard any one of his poems the less likely for this to attract future adventurers, and even while we write, we see advertised a new version by a son of Dr. Bowring. In this volume of selections from Körner we think the dramatic poems are more happily executed than the narrative or lyrical. Indeed the translation appears to us to surpass the original in clearness, firmness, and—a grace rare in translation—even in fluency of style. In the translation of the dramas we incline to prefer this volume to Mr. Richardson's work, while his certainly has the advantage over it in the lyrical passages.

Of Körner's dramas, that which was effective on the stage was *Zriny*. This was not only successful at Vienna, but was produced by Goethe at Weimar, and such evidence as Goethe's praise of it, in a letter to Körner's father, was calculated to give, was not withheld. Körner's comedies of *The Bride*, and *The Green Domino*, and a farce called *The Night Watch*, were also favorites. "*The Green Domino*, and *The Governess*," said Goethe to the elder Körner, "exhibit decided talent. I can only hope your son may always treat his subjects as admirably as he has done in the present instance. His verses possess no common clearness and facility. Toni I have just seen brought on the stage with considerable effect, and general approbation. As regards the tragedy, *Zriny*, I must not fail to express my sincere admiration for the genius it evinces." There are some things to diminish the value of Goethe's praise, but there can be no doubt of its perfect sincerity. The authoress of the volume before us says that posterity has confirmed

this eulogy. Of poems written in 1811 or 1812, and by a young man having many personal claims on his contemporaries, not likely to be yet forgotten by living men, there can be no accuracy in describing the present generation as existing in the impartial relation of posterity. We think it not unlikely that, even in Germany, some few of Körner's martial poems—"Lutzow's Wild Hunt," for instance—partly sustained by a sort of national enthusiasm, which if it does not very happily express, yet does not interrupt, are, in a wide sense of the word, popular; but we think it by no means likely that the same can be said of those plays, which had their seasons of success, and which do not seem to have any very striking demands on attention after that season has passed away. *Zriny*, the best of them, is not included in this selection, nor are any of those in which the poet exhibits his power in comedy or farce.

The dramas written in blank verse, and which occupy a sort of middle region between tragedy and comedy, are those in which we think the translator has shown greatest skill. Of these the volume contains four, *The Expiation*, *Antonia*, *Hedwig*, and *Rosamond*.

The Expiation is a short, one-act piece, exhibiting considerable dramatic skill. The story is one of a class that has found more favor with poets and actors than with audiences. In the first scene we have Clara sitting at a spinning-wheel, and Conrad mending a rifle. They have been three months married, and from their conversation you learn that Clara had been before the wife of William, Conrad's elder brother. Before her first marriage, however, she had, like Dante's Francesca, seen and admired Conrad, and at some festivities which immediately preceded her marriage, Conrad had won her heart by his skill in rifle-shooting, in which he bore away the prize:—

"CLARA.

They led thee back in triumph; thou hadst won
The highest prize, a silken kerchief.

CONRAD.

I laid it at thy feet, I felt so glad.

CLARA.

Thou wert my partner in the mazy dance:
'Look at the pair,' so ran from lip to lip.
Oh 'twas a blissful hour.

CONRAD.

But my brother
Stood angrily and sullenly aloof.

At length advancing, tore thee from the group,
And forced thee to return with him : for me
The pleasure of the festival was o'er,
When thou wert gone. I fled the giddy throng,
And sought the silence of the forest glades,
There to indulge my secret grief and rage,
And had I met my brother then, methinks,
Forgive me, heaven, it had been ill for both.

CLARA.

Alas! thy brother urged our speedy union :
I was a child, thou knowest : what will had I?
Then straight he led me to his garrison.
But though I ne'er beheld thee from that hour,
Deep in my soul thine image was enshrined.

CONRAD.

For me, my health decay'd, my spirits fled.
I grew indifferent to all around.
My father mark'd my wan and pallid cheek,
My sunken eye : and sought in vain the cause.
War was proclaim'd : thy husband join'd the
troops.

Soon tidings came, two battles had been lost,
Our little town was flock'd with fugitives :
'William is slain,' they cried; my father wept
His eldest born : I could not shed a tear.
From childhood we had never loved each other,
And from the moment thou becamest his wife
Nature's last feeble ties were rent asunder.

CLARA.

With grief o'erwhelm'd thy father summon'd me
To comfort and to tend him : I obey'd.
Oh how I trembled when once more I cross'd
The threshold of thy dwelling : Conrad *thine* !
Thou wert so timid. Not a single word
Of the deep love, which on thy very life
So long had prey'd, escaped thy faltering lips.
Had not thy sire upon his dying bed
Our hands united, and a blessing breathed
Upon his children, never had'st thou dared
Confess thy secret flame, and we had sigh'd
In hopeless silence still. Now may I fly
Rejoicing to thine arms, and on thy breast
May rest unchidden.

CONRAD.

My beloved wife,
My own sweet Clara ! had I dared to hope
Life could have joys like these ! If 'tis no dream—
If free from earthly passion, earthly stain,
The enfranchised spirit may look down from
Heaven
Rejoicing in the bliss of those it loved,
Then surely William smiles upon the flowers
Which on his tomb have blossom'd bright for us."
—pp. 4, 5.

The next scene presents us with William.
He has returned, and is again on his own
lands. We have a soliloquy in which he ex-
ults in the triumph which has been gained
over established laws and time-worn institu-
tions. A new dawn of happiness has arisen
for the human race. He has had his share

in trampling down oppression, and he is now
returning to enjoy domestic happiness. Is
his father still living ? What changes have
passed over his household ? His home seems
the same to his eye. It is unchanged in the
changes that have overthrown or desolated
prouder mansions.

"But thou, dear holy spot, I find thee still
As when I left thee last : of better times
A pure and sacred relic ! Yes, the storm
That shatter'd lofty dome and princely hall
Has spared this home of innocence and peace.
All my heart cherished I shall meet them here ;
My aged father and my faithful wife.
My sufferings have purified my soul :
I feel it now, I was too harsh, too stern,
Murmuring, unfriendly ; but the breath of time
Has melted this proud heart ; for all the past
Tenfold atonement will I offer now.
Alas, our life itself is but a span.
Yet though an instant only to be bless'd,
'Tis an eternity to those who weep.
But will they know me ? Ha, this wound indeed
Has changed me much ; but yet my gentle wife
Will surely recognize her William's form.
I little, little guess'd how well I loved her ;
But when the battle's thunder peal'd around,
Amid the cannon's roar, the flash of swords,
Then first I knew how deep within my soul
Her pure and gentle image was enshrined.
'Twas not the fear of death, that bade me curb
My ardent courage : no, where is the man
Who for the cherish'd land that gave him birth
Would not his heart's blood gladly sacrifice ?
'Tis now two weary years since last we met :
She thinks me dead : oh ! how she will rejoice
When she beholds me thus in life and health,
And sinks once more upon this faithful breast ;
There I hear footsteps : ha, she comes, she comes ;
Calm thee, my heart, fie, William, be a man :
Thou ne'er hast trembled at the foe's approach,
Wilt thou be vanquish'd by the power of joy ?"
—pp. 7, 8.

Clara now appears. Conrad is still absent.
William tells of wounds and captivity, and
how this captivity had been prolonged. He
learns his father's death, and he retires to
indulge his grief or recover his self-posses-
sion, without Clara's being able to communi-
cate her portion of the story.

Conrad now returns—learns from Clara
what has occurred. He works himself into
a state of frenzy, in which we learn from oc-
casional words that he meditates his brother's
death. The next scene is one between Clara
and William. She endeavors to tell him
how things are, but faints in the effort. Wil-
liam places her on a couch, and throws his
mantle over her, and goes to look for assist-
ance. Meanwhile, Conrad enters. He sees,
as he thinks, William sleeping. The conflict

of contending passions is well expressed in a very powerful soliloquy, of which we can give but the last few lines, and the termination of the drama.

"Hence with the light!

Perchance were I to see that well known face,
Kind Nature's gentle pleadings might e'en now
Unnerve the hand of hate! out with the light.
How gloomy is the darkness! Blow, ye horns,
And rouse each wilder passion of the soul
To drown the voice of nature! He must die!
He who puts forth his hand to seize a crown,
Must stake his all upon the mighty game.

(*He draws a hunting-knife, rushes upon Clara,
and stabs her to the heart.*)

CLARA.

Help! help!

CONRAD.

Demons! ha, what voice is that?

CLARA.

Help, murder, help!

CONRAD.

(*Unclosing the lantern.*) God, I have slain my wife!

(*He bends over her; William enters with a light.*)

WILLIAM.

Who calls for help? What, Clara, dearest Clara!
Who hath committed this accursed deed?

CONRAD.

Behold the assassin!

WILLIAM.

Villain, murderer thou!
Would that the earth would swallow thee; a being
So fair, so gentle all, thine only brother.

CONRAD.

To me she was still more, she was my wife.

WILLIAM.

Thy wife, thy wife! Now light begins to dawn
With fearful brightness on my soul! That blow,
At whom was't aimed?

CONRAD.

At thee!

CLARA.

Merciful God!

WILLIAM.

Unheard of crime!

CONRAD.

My Clara! Accuse not me, but fate.
(*Bends over her.*)

WILLIAM.

Hence, dare not profane her corpse.
Away, she is my wife!

CONRAD.

True she *was* thine,
Now she is *mine*. I've murder'd her for me!
And I have bought her with my hopes of Heaven.

WILLIAM.

Away, thou villain!

CONRAD.

Never will I leave
My wife, my bride, betrothed to me in death.
Hear'st thou those horns? This is the marriage-
hymn;
That music celebrates our nuptial-night.

CLARA.

May God forgive thee.

WILLIAM.

Wretch, the parting hour
Of thine expiring victim wilt thou poison?
Away with thee!

CONRAD.

'Tis vain! from this one spot
Not Hell and all its demon brood shall tear me.
Hast courage to dispute the ground with blood?
The gates of Heaven are closed against my soul.
This is my last delight! my last, my last!
Thou hast no claim upon my murder'd wife.

WILLIAM. (*Seizes a rifle and shoots.*)

Then die accursed!

(CONRAD falls.)

CONRAD.

God have mercy.

CLARA (*dying.*)

Amen!"

(THE CURTAIN FALLS.)—pp. 19-21.

The *Expiation* was the work in which Korner most nearly approached his own notions of excellence. Conrad's unintentionally slaying Clara was, he thought, his most successful effort. The drama, however, was not a favorite. *Antonia* is a happier creation, yet with it we are not satisfied. The insurrection of the people of St. Domingo is the subject, and Antonia's succeeding in saving a French officer from the general massacre. He escapes only to be united with the heroine to whom he owes his rescue. For domestic tragedy, we think this a sufficiently dolorous close. The victims are actually led to the altar, and there are no unbecoming words of ominous lamentation; on the contrary, the close is wound up with well-simulated words of joy:—

"GUSTAVUS.

Come, my Antonia, come,
I'll lead thee to the blissful land of love—
I'll lead thee to the pinnacle of joy,
Where round thy path the fairest flowers of earth
Shall bloom in radiant beauty to reward

Thy noble deed and my unswerving trust.
Come, dearest.

ANTONIA.

Thou art saved! Thou art my own,
And I have nothing more to wish on earth.

(*They embrace.*)

(THE CURTAIN FALLS.)

We have mentioned Schiller's friendship with the father of Korner. In a cottage where the Korners used to pass the summer months, Schiller, on a visit with them, wrote his *Don Carlos*. It is not wonderful that Theodore, breathing his poetical atmosphere, should find it favorable to the early development of such dramatic talent as he possessed. We trace the influence of Schiller's better genius in much of the elevated and serene beauty with which Korner invests his female creations. There is a good deal of the stormier element in which Schiller also moved. The thunder is not always Korner's own; nor, in truth, is it so much Schiller's as the common property of all the German playwrights of that period. The drama of *Hedwig* has both the gentler and the stormier element, and is a very successful imitation of the beauties and the faults of Schiller's earlier works. The story is such a one, too, as Schiller would have chosen to illustrate. The scene is on the borders of Italy—the region, time out of mind, in romance and in reality, for murder and love; fierce bandits, with all the softer and all the more tumultuous passions; German barons and their ladies, with notions of family pride becoming in the proprietors of unincumbered estates; the firmness of the North, the voluptuousness of the South, and all that would seem irreconcilable and alien, somehow or other meet as in their proper home. Whom meet we first? The Count Felseck, and the Countess his wife, most amiable and honorable people advanced in life. Hedwig, a young female who has been adopted by them, is called their foster child, but who is one of inferior birth, and almost of different caste from these specimens of a finer clay than that in which Hedwig's ancestors were moulded. Julius, the only son of the Count and Countess, is distractedly in love with Hedwig, and Hedwig, too honorable to repay their kindness by creating any disappointment to them in their hopes for their son, which, she assumes, would be altogether frustrated were he to marry her. The course of true love seemed likely to run smooth enough, for the Count, on learning his son's passion, offers no serious resistance, and the Countess herself undertakes to remove Hedwig's generous

scruples. This would never do, however, for then the drama, which runs to three acts, should have finished its course in one. And so we have Rudolph, a huntsman in the Count's establishment, in love with Hedwig too; nay, and the case is complicated by Hedwig's saying on one occasion she would marry him; but this was when feelings of honor and delicacy led her to sacrifice all her own feelings of love for Julius; and when she was led to think the sacrifice far more acceptable by taking, instead of Julius, a man whom she did not detest, yet it was plain that she ought. Rudolph was no common huntsman, no mere menial in a noble's establishment; no, he was connected with a band of robbers in the neighborhood, and if you think he was a common ruffian nothing can be greater than your mistake. His introduction to society, and his claim to honorable distinction among the banditti, was his murdering a Marquis, against whom the banditti, for objects of their own, had been for a long time plotting. The Marquis, to be sure, richly deserved his fate, and from no hand so well as from Rudolph's. Rudolph's parents had died, and left their son in the Marquis's care. These Marquises make rather bad guardians; and this Marquis, finding his ward disposed to keep bad company, invented a story of his being engaged in a conspiracy against the State, and had him banished, receiving himself the lands of the banished traitor. Rudolph found means of sending him to settle his guardianship accounts in another world, and attached himself to the band of robbers with whom this murder had associated him, till the beauty of Hedwig, calmed and subdued his spirit, and the hope of obtaining her almost seemed to give him back his better nature.

We will not follow our author through all the fluctuations of passion by which he represents his heroes and heroine agitated. In desperation Rudolph engages in a plan of robbing and burning the Castle; which is frustrated by Hedwig; Rudolph meets his fate, from her hand, under circumstances in which the destruction of the whole family of the Count seems inevitable, but for this heroic act. This solution of the difficulties of the plot was, at the first representation, found too violent for German taste; but the public can be soon taught to bear anything, and this shooting of Rudolph became soon the most effective scene in the play.

Rosamond is our own Fair Rosamond of Woodstock, and is a tragedy containing some very beautiful passages. It is throughout

pleasingly written. We speak of the translation, which everywhere reads as an original work. We wish that what we suppose a scrupulous sense of faithfulness to the original had not prevented the translator from condensing a style, which, whatever may be its fitness for the German stage, is certainly by English readers felt to be too diffuse.

Four other dramas in this volume may be almost called operas, the musical element everywhere predominates. They are light and graceful; nothing that would indicate very much thought in their creation—nothing that would indicate anything of their becoming permanent either in German literature or in that of the country to which they have been transferred:—*The Fisherman's Daughter*, *The Spirits of the Mountain*, *The Fight with the Dragon*, and *Alfred the Great*. They claim little more of life than our Christmas pantomimes. Still they are pleasant enough; and will, perhaps, amuse a vacant hour. We transcribe a song from the first:—

“Through gloom and night the hand of love
Can lead to realms of life and rest;
Love can loose and love can bind,
Love will seek and love will find
Its way to every human breast.
Hate and fury strive in vain
To crush or chill his magic power:
At his touch the wintry plain,
Lone and dreary blooms again,
Radiant as a summer bower.
Ever beautiful and bright,
Still on earth he deigns to roam;
But in yonder realms of light,
Where happy spirits wing their flight,
Is his birthplace and his home.”

Of the miscellaneous poems which are printed at the end of the volume, we regret that more are not taken from Korner's martial poems. The ballads are for the most part already known by English readers. Willida is but an amplification of the Bleeding Nun; and Lewis's ballad is better than Korner's. The Kynast is a story which has been well told by Mangan, in a translation from Frederick Ruckert, of a poem which he calls “The Ride round the Parapet.” This poem was first printed in this MAGAZINE, and afterwards in Mangan's “German Anthology.” Of the shorter poems some are exceedingly beautiful, and the translator has in these been often exceedingly happy. To preserve anything of what is best in such poems would be almost to catch the butterfly without brushing the dust from its wings. Some single word, that colors as with light from a rainbow a whole stanza—

some image that gives life to what would be dead and commonplace, and yet which is utterly lost in mere verbal translation, will every now and then baffle the best efforts of those who feel the effects, yet see not how they can be reproduced in another language. We do not think Korner equal to the greater German poets. Nay, we do not class him with Holty or with Matthison; but there are often peculiar happinesses of expression which it is difficult to preserve, and which the lady to whom we owe this volume, and whose name has not reached us, has most successfully emulated. We have not room for many specimens; but the following will probably lead our readers to the volume from which they are taken:—

“Yes, thou art near! A thin partition solely
Parts me from thee;
Thou dreamest in thy slumbers, pure and holy,
Perchance of me!
Upon that pillow, where thy virgin beauty
May oft recline,
Now throbs a heart burning with love and duty
To lay before thy shrine.
A thousand flowers of fond desire are wreathing
Their blossoms near;
As though the spirit of thy dreams were
breathing
His whispers in mine ear.”

O'er my dark locks a fairy breath is stealing,
With motion sweet;
The strange foreboding wakes each secret feeling;
My pulses cease to beat!
It was thy spirit! Oh, how fair though fleeting!
I knew thy kiss:
The sweet melodious warbling of thy greeting
Revealed my bliss.
It was thy spirit! Love's own breath was o'er
me.
Oh moments bright!
Would that thy curtain still veiled all before
me,
Thou lovely, lovely night!”

“METHOUGHT I saw upon a lofty height
A lovely maiden wander, young and bright,
So fair, so pure! her form was like to thine,
Before her knelt a youth, and fondly preat
The yielding damsel to his faithful breast.
That breast was mine!”

“The scene was changed; I saw that lovely form
Struggling in vain amid the raging storm,
Beneath the waters sink with one faint sigh,
Then forward rush'd a youth intent to save,
He bore the maiden from the engulfing wave.
That youth, 'twas I!”

“Thus fancy bathed my dreams in hues of light,
Love stood triumphant in his heavenly might,

While softest echoes breath'd thy gentle name,
I saw thee in thy youth and beauty rove,
A stripling followed thee with timid love.

'Twas still the same!

"And when at length from that sweet dream
awoke,

Returning day the dear delusion broke,
Oh! how the lov'd remembrance could I fly?
I saw thee blushing in thy virgin charms;
I saw thee blest in a fond bridegroom's arms,
But oh! 'twas I!

"At length I met thee, 'twas a dream no more,
In real existence, lovely as before!
And at thy smile my thrilling breast beat high,
Did'st thou not mark that youth? his fervid
glance,
While he stood wrapp'd as in some blissful
trance.

That youth, 'twas I!

"With nobler aim hast thou inspired my soul,
Hast pointed to a purer, loftier goal.
'Twards thee my hopes, my fond desires fly,
If e'er thy heart responsive beat to mine,
Then may I murmur, kneeling at thy shrine,
Ah yes! 'twas I!

The father of Korner, who survived his son for many years, died in May, 1831. His mother lived to September, 1843, and died at the age of eighty-one. They are both buried with their illustrious son. Neander preached the father's funeral sermon.

Germany delights to honor her great men; and the circumstances of Korner's life and death classed him with the great. The oak and the field in which it stands, where Korner is buried, were given by the Duke of Mecklenburgh Schwerin in perpetuity to the family of Korner. The father heard with delight of every honor which his son's memory received; among incidents which gave him high pleasure was the publication of Mr. Richardson's book; still more was given him by Mrs. Hemans's affecting lines:—

THE GRAVE OF KORNER.

"Green wave the Oak for ever o'er thy rest!
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest!
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was pour'd,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

"Rest Bard! rest Soldier!—By the Father's
hand,
Here shall the Child of after-years be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand

In the hushed presence of the glorious dead.
Soldier and Bard!—For thou thy path hast
trod

With Freedom and with God!

"The Oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite,
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore
thee,
And with true hearts, thy brethren of the fight
Wept as they veiled their drooping banners
o'er thee,
And the deep guns with rolling peals gave
token.

That Lyre and Sword were broken!

"Thou hast a hero's tomb!—A lowlier bed
Is her's, the gentle girl beside thee lying,
The gentle girl that bowed her fair young
head,
When thou wert gone in silent sorrow dying.
Brother! true friend! the tender and the
brave!

She pined to share thy grave.

"Fame was thy gift from others—but for her
To whom the wide earth held that only spot—
—She loved thee!—lovely in your lives ye
were,
And in your early deaths divided not!
Thou hast thine Oak—thy trophy—what hath
she?

Her own blest place by thee.

"It was thy spirit, Brother! which had made
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye
played,
And sent glad singing through the free blue
sky!
Ye were but two!—and when that spirit
passed,

Woe for the one, the last!

"Woe, yet not long!—She lingered but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast;
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her ere she went to rest!
Too sad a smile!—its living light was o'er,
It answered her's no more!

"The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The home too lonely whence thy step had fled;
What then was left for her the faithful-hearted?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!
Softly she perished—be the Flower deplored
Here, with the Lyre and Sword!

"Have ye not met ere now?—So let those
trust,
That meet for moments but to part for years,
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust
from dust,
That love where love is but a fount of tears!
Brother! sweet Sister! peace around ye
dwell!

Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!"

From Dickens' Household Words.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE OF LETTERS.

IN so far as the perfection of materials for writing, and the facility of means for sending letters are concerned, we may have little more to hope for in this country. Our paper and ink are materials so perfectly adapted for their purpose, that it is difficult to imagine in what way they can be substantially bettered by inventors that shall be hereafter. Quill pens, to be sure, have to be superseded; but in order that this their destiny may be accomplished, steel or metallic pens have to be very much improved. They are improving steadily. In the matter of transmission, though there is scarcely a grander civil institution in the world than our English postal system, we dare still rely upon the march of science for increased rapidity of transit; and, consequently, increased frequency of communication. Letters will hereafter be absolutely sent more rapidly from hand to hand, and, what is more immediately practicable, the powers of the electric telegraph, from being a rare luxury, have to become vulgarised and pressed into service for the important correspondence of the million. Then, too, we may have, some of these days, that is to say, in "the good time coming," an ocean penny post.

It is a terrible thing, however, to remember that while paper, pens, and ink are placed in such a perfect state beside the fingers of the people; while the national resources offer to every man incredible facility for the transmission of his bit of mind to a distance when he has written it, yet millions among us cannot grapple with a pen, and are but dimly conscious even that they have a bit of mind wherefrom they could indite a letter. It is as bad with them as it was with the whole world thousands of years ago, in those very prime Old Times which are laid up in Bin No. 1 of History.

We should respect those little scraps which men who have been educated to the handling of a pen are daily sending abroad, and receiving from the hands of postmen—in London hourly—at their doors; we should respect those little scraps which are called letters,

if they were not so thoroughly familiar that we can scarcely conjure up a notion of the difficult and slow degrees through which the power of thus speaking to the absent was attained by man. It is a marvel of art, which has become, like nature's marvels, part of our daily life; a thing that seems almost more necessary to us, in a civilized condition, than our legs, though, by-the-by, if the whole community were legless, we should soon find out that what can be dispensed with by an individual, may nevertheless be essential to a race. Few of us, then, can even by an effort abstract in our minds the art of letter-writing from all its familiar relations, so as to obtain a full sense of its being marvellous. Let us help the imagination by an anecdote. In the Brazils, a slave was sent once by a gentleman to his friend with a basket of figs and a letter. The bearer was of course illiterate—for those who enslave the bodies of men, make it a rule to keep the light of the contained mind from being kindled. The slave liked figs, and ate a number of them, but his theft was detected when he reached his destination, because the accompanying letter told exactly what the basket should contain. The thief was greatly puzzled to conceive by what spell the letter was enabled to tell tales about him; but the next time he went with fruit, and his mouth watered for a share of it, he determined that the paper should not tattle; so he put it underneath a large stone, and then sat upon the stone; there he was safe against the spy, and having taken his refreshment, he released the letter and completed the remainder of his duty. To his dismay, again the talisman testified against him, and brought down the whip upon his back. Now, let us go back and briefly trace the origin of this tale-bearing invention; let us inquire what were the first letters like, and who were the first of the Letter-writers?

Let us take a voyage to some far isle in the Pacific Ocean, where the savages are perfectly untutored. They may resemble civilized men as they were in the best or oldest of Old Times. Do they write letters to each other?

Not exactly, but they write. The first writing is never private and confidential; it is a "Know all men by these presents," scratched upon some rock. These men have minds yet utterly uncultivated; they cannot advance far in cultivation, for no written records give to their present the vantage ground of a true knowledge of the past. Except some vague traditions, and some rough practical knowledge that has been perpetuated by familiar use, the knowledge of one man consists in just so much as he can discover for himself during the period which elapses between the first day on which he can totter in his infancy, and the last day on which he can totter in his age. The material universe prompts his ideas—there is nothing transcendental in his humor; his supernatural ideas are only of rocks, waterfalls, and storms, and men, magnified and distorted by the play of an untrained imagination. He can talk about nothing, or almost nothing, but trees, huts, animals, things visible in form. Of such things the idea can be communicated without speech, by scratching their outline on a tree or rock. Does he hold any animal sacred, and has he devoted any sequestered corner of the forest to the purposes of worship, he will naturally indicate that fact to himself and all whom it may concern, by a rude figure of the god upon the nearest surface suitable for the reception of a drawing. Stone—a rock—he would choose naturally as having a smooth hard surface, as being fixed and durable. If anywhere in the wilds he should distinguish himself as a warrior or a hunter, he would desire to make his mark against the place for a perpetual memorial of the achievement. Men, weapons, and animals would thus come to be scratched upon the rocks, in figures somewhat similar to those which the young gentlemen and ladies at a preparatory school are in the habit of eliminating on their slates. Such marks—not symbols, but in all cases direct attempts at the imitation of some visible object which the artist had in his mind—such marks are all the writing that is found to this day in many of the Pacific Islands, and they jot a note down of the first step which mankind took upon the road to our mail-trains and penny post of 1851.

What was the second step? An obvious one. It would soon be felt that a figure of eight, with two strokes for a pair of legs, and two strokes for a pair of arms, would do to express man in general, but that each hero wanted to commemorate his own deed in particular. Among the lower animals, plants, and objects of dead nature, each in its kind was found to have a certain character, while

men found in each other characters and dispositions varying exceedingly. Where tribes and the relations among them, multiplied at all, it would be necessary for each man to distinguish the members of his own connexion, about whom he would often have to speak when they were absent, by some name. That object in nature which most resembled him in character, would be almost the only name that could be thought of by a tribe whose life and thoughts were bound within the limit of their bodily perceptions. So one man would be called the ox, and one the serpent; their encampments would require names at a later stage of social progress, and would receive names, upon which would, by that time, be constituted the established principle. All this would lead to that improvement in rock-writing which we find among the Mexican inscriptions. A man is figured, and before his mouth is placed a little object—a dove, or serpent, for example—which stands there to signify the name of the individual whom it was intended to depict. By means of writing of this kind, it would obviously be impossible to communicate any complex information; and at this time portable inscriptions could not in any way assist the business of common life.

Coeval with the use of names signifying qualities, and drawn from the outer world, there would arise a habit of attaching external ideas of matter to internal ideas of the mind; courage, cowardice, prudence, &c., would be represented habitually by emblems; the soul would begin to turn the world of matter to its own high use, and there would arise that figurative language, that poetry, which is the habitual language of all savage communities that have made the first two or three steps towards the development of human power. Ideas which exist only in the mind, would now begin to multiply and preponderate over ideas founded upon bodily sensation. The world without would become more and more a storehouse of emblems to be used for the depiction of a world within. A lion for strength, a serpent for subtlety—objects would now commonly be drawn to represent ideas; and now the writing still scratched upon rocks and walls, would be sufficient to communicate much information to all those who were accustomed to the symbols.

Let us imagine now, that a community of men which has advanced so far in its writing powers, and proportionately in the other branches of its civilization, having formed into a rude state, makes war on another rude state at a distance, speaking another lan-

guage. It is victorious, and brings home captive a chief, with a barbarous name, like nothing in the language of the victors. The triumph must be written on a rock; but how is the name of the vanquished enemy to be recorded? Glory forbid that it should not be put to shame. Here there would present itself a difficulty to be mastered, and there would be but one way in which it could be overcome. The spoken name being a series of sounds, it could be written, if the sounds contained in it could be recorded. In this way there would arise, and did arise, a new use of material objects, as phonetic signs; so, to this day the Chinese, whose native writing is an elaborate representation of ideas by objects, (ideographic,) represent foreign names to native ears in this phonetic way, as rudely as we might express the sound of the word "artifice" by the three figures which stand for heart—eye—fish.

Our own alphabets, we know, are, in the present day, thoroughly "phonetic"—each letter represents a sound, and as we put letters together on paper, so we put sounds together on our lips. It will be curious to show how men, slowly and carefully, still felt their way out of darkness, and by what slow stages we traveled from the first necessity for a phonetic scrap, down to our present system. The inquiry is not foreign to our purpose, since our purpose is to show how, generation after generation, man has had to toil and struggle onward to obtain that power which is to-day exercised familiarly by the Miss Julia Mills, who, living in London, sends the overflowings of her heart, under half an ounce in weight, to her most confidential friend at Newcastle.

We find our step to the extended use of a phonetic system, when we pass from the Chinese to the matured practice of the ancient Egyptians. The Egyptian hieroglyphics contain much that is phonetic in them. They are written upon three systems at once. Where an Egyptian, sculpturing some story, had to express a word that signified a visible object, easy to figure, there he simply figured it, and put three dots thereafter, if it was a plural. Then he used the earliest and simplest form—the "figurative" writing. If the next word represented an idea to which there was attached a symbol (and there was a fixed catalogue of such symbols to guide him), he figured it accordingly, and so used the advanced form of "symbolic" writing. If the next word chanced to be a verb, or something that could not be represented either absolutely or by proxy, then he wrote

it down, on a phonetic system, and the phonetic system was carried out in this manner. The sound of B was represented by any one of about half-a-dozen natural objects chosen for the purpose, whose names begin with B; for the letter C, a small collection was set apart of animals, &c., whose names were commenced with C; and so on. The figures to be used were fixed; but for the representation of each sound, an option was given to the sculptor, among five or six objects, in order that, when executing his work, he might as much as possible avoid "tautology"—or tauto-figury,—too great a run upon the sun or moon, too many crocodiles or ibises. Just as when, in our own writing, the same word occurs two or three times in a few lines, we substitute for it, once at least, a synonyme, if possible; so the Egyptian writer, if he saw that he produced his crocodiles too fast, and had a care of elegance, had in the phonetic system a reserve of figures out of which he was at liberty to pick the one which he found least hackneyed as a substitute.

This Egyptian system of phonetics has brought us now to the borders of our A. B. C. But our letters are not pictures of objects. Although we tell our children that A stands for Apple, and B for Bull, we have not now to tell them (as the Egyptians had to teach) that Apple stands for A, and Bull for B. Faint traces of a pictorial alphabet we may detect, as the hissing serpent, for example, in our S; but they are very faint traces. How did the pictures vanish? Here, again, Egypt serves us for an illustration. We have talked of hieroglyphics, and the hieroglyphic characters were elaborate figures of objects carved upon rocks and walls. But the Egyptians had advanced beyond rock writing, and their priests wrote upon portable material so constantly, and so much at length, that it became an object to avoid the tediousness and delay attendant upon writing as the chisel wrote. Thus, there arose the use of Hieratic characters, which were simply the hieroglyphics, simplified into a running hand. Where the hieroglyphic was a lion, the hieratic version was a simple outline of the haunches and hind legs, as seen in the set form of the hieroglyph. There was no option allowed in the mode of drawing either the original or the abbreviation. There was only one way of drawing a lion, and only one way of abbreviating the sketch. So with other things. The hieratic characters retained no very great resemblance to anything in nature, and when it is added that a selection from these was committed to the popu-

lar use as domestic characters, for ordinary purposes, as for example, letter-writing, it will be readily imagined that Egyptian *billets doux* were put together in characters nearly as far remote from picture-writing as the letters which now travel through St. Martin's-le-Grand.

This sketch is enough to indicate the path by which mankind has arrived at that power which enables each individual, who learns the mystery, to seal up a selection from his thoughts within a little parcel, and to transmit it safely by hand, whithersoever he may please, for its communication to a distant friend. And now that we have seen how hardly mind has had to battle for the art of writing, let us see what difficulties have been overcome before we could attain to such materials of writing as we now possess; let us find our way to the first letter-writers, and see how they wrote, and what sort of things their letters were.

We have seen that in the first infancy of writing, in the Cradle of Letters, nothing was wanted but a rock. Communities attained to an imposing show of material power before the notion of sending written messages was acted upon with any vigor. A fragment of rock, not too large to be carried, was then broken off and used as a material. It was the first and most natural idea; but as the arts of construction supply a pressing material want, and are advanced without much difficulty, it is easy to perceive that in many nations, moderately destitute of stone, brick-making would be a discovered art before the time when there would be felt any strong necessity for sending letters. Letters coming afterwards would, in such cases, take the form of inscriptions upon brick and tile. We find this accordingly to be the case. Among the curiosities turned up at Nineveh, by Mr. Layard, are some of the Assyrian documents inscribed on this material. Well, certainly, society could not stop there. If we were still obliged to write our letter upon bricks, and build a brick wall when we made a book, or write a novel in three stacks, instead of three volumes, we should find the literature and correspondence of the country to be a somewhat heavier commodity than it is at present. The inconvenience was felt even in those days, when there were no books, and no postmen were wanted to cart bricks to people's doors; no editors to be bricked in with correspondence: only high and mighty people sent these written messages, for they were chiefly edicts, testaments, and so forth. The Ten Commandments were written, as we

know, upon stone. Nations possessing lead—a metal scratched with ease—would find it a convenient substitute for stone or brick. In “Job,” there is allusion made to writing material of this kind. Flat shells would also suggest themselves as portable, and hard, and easy to be scratched. The Athenian practice of ostracism, by which the people inscribed the character of certain votes on oyster-shells, arose in this way. It was not for want of other materials, but for the sake of secrecy, that Histæus shaved a man's head, and engraved a message on his skull, then let the hair grow, and sent him to Miletus to be shaved and read; man himself being, in this case, used as writing material, and transformed into a locomotive letter.

The very absurd question has been raised, Who was the first letter writer? Who invented the art of letter-writing? And credit has been given on this account to Atossa, the mother of Xerxes. A letter is a message written upon something portable, and then transmitted to a distant person. It is obvious that messages of this kind would be sent, though at first very rarely, among each people, from the first month after it had passed in its development to the idea of writing on detached and reasonably light pieces of material. The idea of detached, transmissible writing having once begun to run alone and grow familiar with a people, it would soon be obvious, that the lighter the material, the better it would be for men who had to carry it about; and the more easily could a person addressed retain his information in privacy, by carrying it about his person. Leaves, especially in Oriental countries, where the leaves are large and smooth, would soon suggest themselves. The Cumæan Sibyl's prophecies were said to be inscribed on this material. Votes written upon olive leaves, instead of oyster-shells, are also mentioned. The Hindoos are known to have used leaves, and in some parts of India and Ceylon it is said that books are still occasionally found whose paging is on leaves, in the precise and strict sense of the word. Leaves, however, would soon be found a material in various ways inconvenient, and the dryer bark of trees would be preferred, especially that thin, smooth, inner bark which in some trees is exceedingly coherent, strong, and durable. The Saxons, in this country, are said to have used the bark of beech trees, called by them “*boc*,” for writing purposes; and from this fact, our word “book” is sometimes thought to be derived. The Latin for a book means, certainly, the inner bark, and points to the

use of that material. So the word "library" reminds us of the days when letters were still in their cradle. Bark tablets were prepared for use by polishing; and it was one of the amusements of a King of Persia on his travels to take bark and a knife, that he might beguile the time by rubbing them together, as an American might take a stick to whittle.

Thanks to the bees, men would not be long in finding out the excellence of honey, and the use of wax. The idea of writing upon wax, first spread over a thin board, to give to it the requisite strength, came rather late, but was extremely natural. In the time of Themistocles, these waxen tablets were in use; but we find it recorded of Themistocles himself, at the same time, that he wrote a letter to the Ionians upon stone.

Bark had been used for tablets and for writing letters, which were capable of being folded up, during the best period of the Roman world, and we find them still in use under the later emperors. The tablets were of bark on which the Emperor Commodus inscribed his list of victims, and the discovery of which led to the victimization of himself. Waxed tablets had, however, been for a long time in use, and these were written upon with an iron pointed weapon; we might say, a skewer, but the Romans said a style. From an early period, it was forbidden to wear arms within the Roman city. Tablets and styles not being interdicted, the style became (as pens have been since then in many fingers) the only weapon handy for a stab, and men attacked or offended, secured themselves by skewering their foes. Julius Cæsar, when attacked by the conspirators, wounded his first assassin with a style; and it was with their styles that the followers of Caius Gracchus killed, in a tumult, the licitor of Opimius. The well-known modern Italian *stilletto* may derive its name from such an origin.

The Egyptians arrived soon at the art of making linen; and that done, white linen would soon suggest itself as a convenient material on which to make a portable inscription. Linen was therefore used; but soon the principal idea of that age, the notion from which we derive our common name from the material on which we write, was carried out in Egypt. It was a very simple thing, an improvement on the use of tree-bark, caused by the use of peelings from a reed, called Byblos or Papyrus, then very common, and now very rare in Lower Egypt. From its name, Byblos, comes the Greek word signifying book, and through that channel our word

for the sacred volume. The papyrus grew abundantly in lakes and marshes, to a height of about ten feet. The diameter of its stem is two or three inches, and from its surface peel can be taken off, layer after layer, to the number of about twenty coatings. The use of this peel soon occurred to the Egyptians as an improvement upon ordinary bark. To prepare papyrus for use, having cut off the brush from above, and the root from below, the Egyptians cut each stem into two pieces of equal length, and then proceeded to the peeling. The layers became smaller, of course, but also whiter, as the peelers gradually approached the centre of the stem. Each strip was then extended flat, and suffered a few slight acts of preparation before another strip was placed over it, in such a manner that the fibres of the two strips crossed each other's grain, and gave strength to the whole when they were joined together; they were joined, perhaps by their own saccharine matter, or by simple vegetable gluten, beaten together, pressed and polished. A number of these prepared and strengthened slips having been gummed and beaten together at the edges, would form a papyrus sheet of any size; and the whole, having been thus prepared, was impregnated with oil of cedar to preserve it from corruption. Of the papyrus manufactured, there soon came to be several qualities. That made from the fine white strips in the middle was imperial, and called "August." The middle quality, used by the priests, was called "hieratic" until flattery named it, after the wife of Augustus, "Livia." The finest sort, however, being torn too easily by the hand, pointed reeds were improved in the reign of Claudius, by crossing with a more plebeian strip.

Papyrus could be written upon one side only. The introduction of this material by the Egyptians gave a great lift to the letter-writer, and to literature generally. It is, as Germans would say, the "name-father" to paper, and a very respectable and worthy elder. Books were copied into long rolls of sheet glued under sheet: the sheet which felt the first glue was called, on that account, the protocol, and our diplomatists preserve the term in their transactions.

The run upon papyrus being very great, that plant began to show some signs of scarcity in Egypt, and for that reason, among others, its exportation was at one period forbidden. At the same time the Kings of Pergamus began to be a literary sect, and wanted something whereupon their scribes might copy books. The skins of beasts,

which, in a rough state, had before, in various places, been occasionally used, attracted now increased attention. They were smoothed and prepared into dry substances, called, after Pergamus, Pergament or Parchment, and vellum, which is but another way of saying skin. Here was another capital, durable thing, which found its way into the world about two or three hundred years before Christ. It was dear, however, and for common purposes papyrus was so much more convenient, that the Egyptian paper never was supplanted, until the birth of a system which got paper out of cotton, certainly not earlier than seven or eight hundred years after the first discovery of parchment. The world then worked on for something like a thousand years before we hit upon the plan of making paper out of linen rags; a very lucky thing, for up to that time the monks, who could not go to the expense of much new parchment, had been industriously scraping out the copied records of antiquity, and works of its great masters, to make room for their own opinions on things in general, and saints and miracles particularly. The gradual progress of the art of paper-making to the present day, it is not necessary now to illustrate. Probably the first pen was a piece of flint, or any barbarous chisel; which would be supplanted by some kind of iron style so soon as civilization had advanced sufficiently for the attainment of an instrument in iron. These metal pens were generally found less suitable than reeds when men had come to possess the power of writing with a colored fluid upon parchment or papyrus. The first ink probably was the dark matter from the "ink-bag" of the different species of cuttle-fish; that is what the "Indian ink," made and employed in China, ought to be, though the Chinese (horrible cheats) imitate it frequently with lamp-black. Our color called sepia is the same thing, differing in character as coming from a mollusc of another species. To people with weak eyes the Romans sometimes wrote with an exceedingly black ink on ivory. But even where a letter would be written on papyrus with ink and a reed, it was first put together on wax, in most cases with an iron style: for the Romans were more clever at the sword than at the pen, and it bothered the brains of an average Roman very much to write a decent letter. It was requisite to make a rough draft in the first instance, and he did

this with a style on wax, where he could erase, interpolate, and botch with comfort, till he had struck out a composition to his liking. That iron age of writing passed away, and the great thinkers of the world stirred nations with a feather. Feather and Pen are words of the same meaning, but the age of feather-writing is upon the wane, and iron has come back into the world. In fifty years we shall be again writing with metallic instruments, and Pen will then be a word whose etymology can be explained only by the story of the past, just as we have to go back now when we explain the name of Paper.

The Roman letters in the form of rolls were fastened with a seal of soft wax, on which, from the time of the first emperors, it was usual to make an impression peculiar to the writer. The messenger by whom the packet was delivered was frequently instructed to ascertain that he made no mistake, by asking the person into whose hands the letter was delivered, whether he could tell by the impression who had written it.

As for the transmission of letters, the word "post" is a Roman word, and derives its name from people who were placed or posted at fixed distances, to run and pass from hand to hand the missives of the state. A magnificent and costly postal system was established by the Roman Emperors, but it was wholly for the use of Government, and the defence of provinces. It did not take the letters of the people, and the post-horses were only used by subjects when permission had been given by the Emperor. We have not leisure now for any connected sketch of the world's progress to (what is yet a dream) an universal postal system. But the work that has been done in this way may be estimated very fairly by any one who will turn to some details in the first pages of "Household Words," under the head "Valentine's Day at the Post Office," and remember that in this country there was little trace of any post establishment at all up to the twenty-third year of Queen Elizabeth.

Thus, then, we perceive, that although there be gentlemen among us who profess to teach the art of writing in six lessons, yet a simple invitation written to a friend, and sent by post, contains the result of human activity sustained over a period of some three thousand years.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE MARLBOROUGHS AND THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.*

THESE form a group of works that has appeared within the last twelve years, all bearing on the same great and, apparently, exhaustless theme—the Marlboroughs and their time. None of them, however, can lay claim to much originality, having all, with slight additions, emanated from one fertile source—Mr. Coxe, or Mr. Coxe's remains. The Archdeacon, as most people know, was a Brobdingnag compiler, who, during a long life of exemplary industry, concatenated numerous bulky quartos of novels, history, biography, correspondence, and archæological dissertations. Besides his published volumes, a vast gathering of MSS. remained, that was stored up in the British Museum, doubtless the overflows or *rejecta* of the rich materials that, by several distinguished families, ennobled by illustrious ancestors whom they were desirous should stand well in the estimate of posterity, were placed under his editorial management. It is from the Blenheim division of the teeming field that the above list of publications appears to have been fabricated; the elaborated product offering various degrees of excellence, according to the varying qualities of the soil worked upon, and the artistical skill of the literary craftsman.

Mrs. Thomson's gleanings evince tact and ability. She has managed to produce two interesting volumes of "Memoirs," relative to a very singular woman; more remarkable, however, for an untameable and meddlesome spirit, and the disturbing influence it exercised over great affairs, than for her moral or intellectual superiorities.

The "Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough," is probably by the same hand; like its accompaniment, it does not essentially augment the previous stock of information, and contains little for which we can compliment the *rédacteur*, unless it be for a compact and sensible prefix to the reign of Queen Anne. Indeed, the wary duchess left few heaps of papers to explore by the future literary *chiffonnier*. Voluble and unruly in tongue, she was very careful of written testimony, strictly enjoining her chief correspondents (Marlborough and Godolphin) to destroy her letters; and, besides, her longevity was such, that she had ample time to put her house in order, so that few excerpts have escaped beyond her own *ex parte*, and often not very faithful representations of herself.

The "Military Life of Marlborough," by Professor Alison, is a republication of a series of papers that appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. They are a vigorous transcript of the battles and campaigns of the Duke, colored up and revived from the Archdeacon's "Memoirs," with a sprinkling of selections from the "Dispatches," and some clever sketches of Marlborough's contemporaries. They have the characteristic faults and excellences of the historian of Europe. Animated and vivid in description to the verge of narrative fiction, they are not strictly faithful in portraiture; often turgid in style, and in facts careless of authentication, with a further drawback of a too exclusive and panegyrical admiration of the hero, and hence are frequently illogical in conclusion, and partial in their delineations.

Although placed first, we have reserved for last commemoration the "Letters and Dis-

* NOTE. 1. *The Letters and Dispatches of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, from 1702 to 1712.* Edited by General the Right Hon. Sir George Murray. 5 vols. 1846. Murray.

2. *Memoirs of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and the Court of Queen Anne.* By Mrs. A. T. Thomson. 2 vols. 1839. Colburn.

3. *Private Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, illustrative of the Court and Times of Queen Anne.* Second Edition. 2 vols. 1838. Colburn.

4. *Memoirs of John, first Duke of Marlborough, with the Original Correspondence, selected from the Family Records at Blenheim, and other authentic sources.* By William Coxe, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., Archdeacon of Wilts. (Reprinted with Notes and Illustrations for "Bohn's Standard Library.") 3 vols. 1847-8.

5. *The Military Life of John, Duke of Marlborough.* By Archibald Alison, F.R.S. Author of the "History of Europe." 1848. Blackwood.

patches of Marlborough," being the work of most apparent novelty and pretension, and demanding more full examination and explicit literary justice. They were trumpeted forth as a god-send, either to the inheritor of the glories of Blenheim, the publisher, or the public, and were ushered into life under the editorial care of Sir George Murray.

These priceless remains—for such the world has been led to consider them—of the great duke of Queen Anne's reign, are represented to have been unexpectedly discovered, not at Woodstock, but in a record-room of a house at Hensington, occupied by a land steward. The manner in which the alleged discovery was made, is thus described in the Introduction :—

"The Duke of Marlborough having, amongst other improvements at Blenheim, built a maniment room, in the month of October, 1842, I superintended, as his grace's solicitor, the removal to it of the deeds and documents from Hensington, near Woodstock. They had been deposited for a longer period than any person remembers, in a record-room in the house there, which had been appropriated to the residence of some former stewards. In the same room were three large chests, *unlocked*, placed one upon another. I was told by the person who had the charge of the rooms, that these chests merely contained old and useless accounts. I thought it right, however, to examine them myself. In the two upper chests I found old militia accounts and other papers of no value or importance; in the third and undermost I found *eighteen folio books bound in vellum*. On looking into them I discovered, to my great surprise, that they contained manuscript copies of dispatches and letters of John, Duke of Marlborough, in English, French, and some few in Latin. I delivered the books to the duke, who was not aware of their existence, nor were any of his grace's connections; and it is clear from his work that they were equally unknown to Coxe, who wrote John, Duke of Marlborough's life. J. WELCHMAN WHATELEY."

The entire number of manuscript volumes was thirty-eight, containing, besides the letters of the duke, those, almost equally numerous, of his secretary Mr. Cordonnell, and the celebrated journal of Dr. Hare, the duke's chaplain, afterwards Bishop of Chester. The whole of the volumes, in the exact state found, were placed in the hands of the editor, with full authority for their publication. Charged with this rich freightage, the rule which Sir George Murray laid down for his guidance was, that nothing should be withheld from publication that could throw any light upon any transaction of the period deserving of notice. And so deeply does the editor appear to have been

impressed with the importance of his mission, that he has certainly exceeded rather than fallen short of the limits prescribed to himself in the execution of his weighty trust.

Now supposing that in this singular occurrence no hoax or plot has been intended by his grace, or his grace's solicitor; supposing that all the parties concerned are wholly unconscious of predacious intent; that the case is ingenuously as represented, without sinister aim; that no hope has been indulged of competing in fame or profit with the "Wellington Dispatches," or any other enterprising venture; that the business as set forth is quite sincere and authentic; why then, we cannot help thinking that it affords the most memorable example of self-imposture that has occurred in literary history since the time of the Rowley manuscripts, or the Shakspeare forgeries. About the genuineness, however, of the letters and dispatches, we have no doubt; that they are what they purport to be we feel quite satisfied; in this respect there has been no mistake, or attempt at a spurious affiliation. But what we entirely dissent from is the worth or novelty of the discovery.

Mr. Whateley says that the existence of the books was unknown to the duke, and that "it is clear from his work that they were equally unknown to Coxe, who wrote John, Duke of Marlborough's life." Is Mr. Whateley quite sure that he is correct in these assertions? Has he collated Coxe's "Memoirs of Marlborough," with the "Letters and Dispatches?" We suspect not. However we have, and, by-and-by, we will inform him of the result. But this is only the solicitor's opinion, therefore let us state that of the ostensible editor.

"A regular series," says Sir George Murray, "of the correspondence of the first Duke of Marlborough, from 1702 to 1712, has been in existence ever since those times, but it is remarkable that access has never been had to that original and authentic source of information by any of the authors who have either published a life of that great man, or have written concerning the events in which he bore so conspicuous and important a part. . . . But it seems not improbable, that the anxiety felt, and the pains taken by the Duchess of Marlborough to place the best materials in the hands of the person whom she had selected to write the life of her deceased husband, may have caused the manuscripts which have lately come to light, to be separated from the general mass of original documents preserved in Blenheim." *Introd.* 7, 8.

These are the impressions and conjectures

of a gentleman, who, in his time, was deemed eminently shrewd, intelligent, and trustworthy. At least, we suppose they are Sir George Murray's opinions; but, perhaps, after all, he did not write the Introduction, and had little share in the speculation beyond the loaning out of his name, with its long appendage of honorary additions, for the authentication and embellishment of the title-page. Be this as it may, they only echo the sentiments of his grace's solicitor, as to the marvellous nature of the discovery, and of the surprising fact, that none of Marlborough's biographers had had access to the hidden treasure. Very surprising indeed—if true. But the second portion of the extract seems to solve the astounding enigma, by the happy surmise, that the duchess, in her anxiety for the memory of her husband, had put aside the "best materials" for the use of the persons whom she had selected to write his life. On this supposition the reader is left to infer, that it is only the epistolary offal of the duke that Coxe and other biographers have been feeding upon, the choicest parts having been reserved for a more sumptuous treat in these our later times.

The solution is ingenious and plausible. It is borne out even by an anecdote of the duchess in the last year of her life, which seems to have escaped the editor. In the month of September, previous to her death (she was then in her 84th year), the tenacious old lady describes herself (*Memoirs*, ii., 486) as having entered into a "new business," which entertained her exceedingly; "tying up great bundles of papers to assist very able historians to write a life of the Duke of Marlborough, which would occupy two folio volumes with the appendix." Now who can tell but one of these "great bundles of papers, to assist very able historians," may be the identical fasciola with which Mr. Murray has enriched the literary world. Unhappily the best hypotheses are apt to fail on application, and the climax having risen to this pitch, it is fit the bubble should burst. It is, we are convinced, a mare's nest of the first water. We are convinced that the "Letters and Dispatches," are no discovery whatever; that their existence was well known to Archdeacon Coxe; that he, or some one for him, had had access to them, took from them whatever they thought worth taking, and that the five volumes now given to the world, are nothing better than the rejected rubbish of that pains-taking historian.

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How they came to be preserved up to this time it is hardly needful to inquire, since the circumstances under which they were found, appear satisfactorily to unravel the mystery. All that we shall suggest on this head is, that it may have arisen from the natural reluctance of the Churchill family to lose any scrap of paper, however worthless, pertaining to their illustrious predecessor. That no great importance, however, was attached to their preservation, and that they were deemed *waste*, may be indubitably inferred from the place, state, and company in which they were found, and from the fact, that they were deposited, with other lumber, in unlocked chests. In lieu of being wheeled off to the trunk-maker's or pastry-cook's, they seem, for the reason just stated, to have been taken to an outhouse, in which obscurity, we suspect, without serious loss to the world, they might have been left to perish in the suitable companionship of the old militia accounts.

For these decided conclusions on the value and originality of the Hensington refuse it is fit we should adduce proofs: they are at hand. We have only to bring into parallelism a copy of Coxe's "*Memoirs of the Duke*," and a copy of the "*Dispatches*;" examine and compare them; see what Mr. Coxe has used and what he has judiciously omitted; and by this comparative assortment we shall speedily find that the works separate into two distinct portions, in which there is the sterling ore on one side, well arranged and digested, and on the other the veriest dross, in fragments and disorder.

Take for illustration the battle of Blenheim. Of this, the greatest of Marlborough's victories, Mr. Coxe gives an able and elaborate description; he collects information from every available source; from the official letters of the duke; no memoir or military detail, English or foreign, appears to have escaped him; whatever could throw a particle of light on the great battle and the memorable campaign it signalled, he has woven into his narrative; and having done this he then finishes the picture by giving the collateral private correspondence with the duchess and her friend Godolphin. Now it is some unpublished private letters of the duke that could alone be of any value or rarity; his official letters to England and the princes of the Continent could be of no importance, as they are public documents that have long since appeared in a thousand channels. But of the private correspondence to which we allude, and which could,

alone be of worth, none of any consequence has been found in the imaginary *treasure-trove* of Hensington. In Coxe, beside the famous pencil note to the duchess, written on the field of battle, and the original copy of which continues to be preserved at Blenheim, not at Hensington, there are several other interesting private notes written the day after the battle, on the 14th of August—one to the minister Godolphin, and another to the duchess. Are the originals or any copies of these found in the "Letters and Dispatches" now published? Certainly not. How should they, Coxe or his assistant, the Rev. Mr. Maty, having already carried them off? There is, in truth, no very intelligible or complete account of the battle, or of the previous action at the Schellenberg, in the "Dispatches," or of the movements by which they were preceded, except in the details incorporated by the editor from official letters and the journal of Hare; neither of which can have any claim to novelty, the originals of both being preserved and accessible to Coxe or anybody, the former in the State Paper Office, and the latter in the British Museum.

Compare any other portion of the duke's history and similar evidence is afforded, that the "Dispatches" had been overhauled by Coxe, and that he had extracted from them the portions suited to his purpose. For example, in the "Dispatches" (vol. i. p. 439,) is a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, stating the immense loss incurred by the French at Blenheim and in their retreat. Coxe has not thought fit to insert the whole of this letter, but it is evident that he had seen and abstracted it, as he gives precisely the same figures and verbatim statement in the "Memoirs," (vol. i. p. 313.) In Coxe are two extracts from letters addressed to Mr. Secretary Harley, dated August 21st and 28th, the first is given entire in the "Dispatches," but there is no trace of the second. Again, in the "Dispatches," (vol. iv., p. 599,) is published the duke's letter to Mr. Secretary Boyle, describing the steps he had taken to relieve the miseries of wounded French officers and soldiers, who after the dreadful battle of Malplaquet had crept into the neighboring hovels and woods. This letter Mr. Coxe has not given at length, but his narrative ("Memoirs," vol. v., p. 71.) is manifestly compiled from it, with the aid of sundry other letters, addressed to the duchess, the lord treasurer, and Lord Sunderland. None of these, however, are contained in the "Dispatches," though extreme-

ly interesting from the picture they exhibit of the bodily and mental state of the duke from over-fatigue, and the horrible sights he beheld of carnage and suffering left by the late frightful slaughter. These are the choice pieces of the correspondence; they are the plums which Coxe had taken out and incorporated in his pages, leaving only that which he did not want—details of frivolities, chiefly consisting of letters of compliments and etiquette, or repetitious accounts of the same transactions, forwarded to the vast circle of his European correspondents.*

In his preface Mr. Coxe gives a description of the immense mass of papers placed at his disposal, and which apparently included all now published, and a vast deal more. The "mere titles of which," he says, "would fill a volume." He went to Blenheim to make his selections; all the family papers and everything else pertaining to his task were submitted to him; a large portion he doubtless took home to Bemerton, leaving the rest to be extracted, sifted and assorted by the Rev. Mr. Maty, to whom he particularly expressed his acknowledgements "for selecting the papers from the archives of Blenheim, and for his continued and zealous aid during the progress of the work." (Preface, xviii.)

From this extract it is manifest that a selection was made; that the entire mass of Blenheim papers was not removed by Coxe or his assistant; that portions were taken and the rest left. The volumes of "Dispatches" now published and represented as never having been accessible to the duke's biographers, doubtless form the residue which Mr. Coxe and his assistant put aside as useless to their undertaking, or of which the more authentic originals could be seen in the State Paper Office. Thus does the mystery appear to be explained, both as to the intrinsic worth of the Hensington papers

* In the "Dispatches" is a letter addressed to Mr. Stanhope, dated September 11, 1709. Of this letter eleven copies appear to have been preserved in the manuscript volumes at Hensington, addressed to as many different individuals, namely, the King of Prussia, the King of Portugal, the Duke of Savoy, the King of Poland, the Elector of Hanover, the Elector Palatine, the Landgrave of Hesse, the Electoral Prince of Hanover, the States General, the Duke of Lorraine, and the Earl of Galway. ("Dispatches," v. p. 593.) With the exception of Lord Galway these were members of the grand alliance, to each of whom, as generalissimo, Marlborough had to make a special communication of his movements, and it is this duplicate correspondence that makes up a large portion of the contents of the five volumes of the "Dispatches."

and the motives to their ignominious extrusion, in meet fellowship, to the condemned hole of the steward's room.

But if such be a true unravelment, what can be thought of the extraordinary oversight—hallucination, it may be termed—of Professor Alison? It must, we presume, be classed among the follies of the wise. Able and eloquent the historian undoubtedly is, but more remarkable for strength and facility than logic or a nice discrimination; and to these defects may be ascribed his notable mistake on the value of the Marlborough dispatches, and his astounding certification that "more useful and momentous materials of history were never presented to the public!" If periodical criticism has any useful judicial function, it is in checking a delusion or misrepresentation of this import; in preventing a mass of the veriest lumber being held up as the inestimable elements of national history. However, we are glad of the occasion to which we shall now turn, afforded by this needful exposition, briefly to touch on an eventful epoch, and on the characters of the more conspicuous personages by which it was honored or desecrated.

It is remarkable how little is authentically and fully known of recent British history. Generally and biographically it has to be written even from the commencement of the last century: neither events nor men have been truly commemorated. Panegyric or vituperation has too often obscured the media through which we behold them, for either to have attained their true place in the public calendar; nor can any sanguine hopes be indulged that this chasm in the national literature will be speedily filled up. Factions never die, nor sects, nor their sympathies and aversions. Under a different nomenclature, or different atmosphere of light and heat, they have always existed, and seem hereditary in human society. How slender, then, is the hope that a Daniel will rise to the judgment-seat; that any great spirit will appear, so divested of the disturbing influences of birth, rank, and connexion, as to sit impartially on the *manes* of the past, or even on a single batch of contemporaries—upon the age of Pitt and Fox, for example, or that of Voltaire and Rousseau, or of the Revolution and Napoleon. We should be thankful for this instalment of historical justice, without ascending to its antecedents of the Middle Ages, the Universal Church and the Reformation, though the last form links of the story in the evolution of one category

of agencies. Like material nature, the moral history of man is wonderfully simple in its elementary constituents, so that the entire European narrative, from the days of King Pepin to Queen Victoria, is resolvable into a few predominant or conflictive forces—spiritually into the struggles between the popedom and private judgment, and secularly into the strife between feudalism and commerce, serfage and equal rights.

For proof of our indistinct appreciation of a recent generation we may take the subjects of the present article. The reign of Queen Anne almost touches on our own age, yet the impressions received of its principles and *dramatis personæ* are vague and inaccurate. The most we certainly know of it is, that, though a brief term of national history, it was instinct with life, with stirring interests and characters. War, politics, religion and literature, which constitute the chief excitements in the progress of states, were all energetically abroad under the Queen's government. What relations they bore to existing analogues, it may be useful to inquire; first prefacing a remark on the stability of the monarchy itself.

It is doubtful whether the English government ever existed in a state of greater strength, compactness, and unchallenged absolutism, than Charles II. left it. Only one spirit was abroad, that of submission to the sovereign's will. Loyalty was the universal faith among the gentry, the clergy, the towns and corporations. Three short years, however, wrought an entire change, and James II. was deposed by as simultaneous a national defection as history records. Notwithstanding, by many of the chief actors, the Revolution of 1688 was looked upon more as a change than a settlement; a temporary expedient to meet the temporary emergency created by the insane efforts of the king to re-establish popery. Had James recovered his senses, which he never did, there would have been little difficulty pending some years after his withdrawal, in effecting his restoration. Few thought of irrevocably dethroning him, only of vicariously filling up the regal chasm during his mental alienation. The dynasty itself had ceased to be hated; it was its infatuated Romanism that was abhorred. Protestantism was felt to be in danger; and the Prince of Orange, being a good Protestant, was invited to its rescue. England had rendered the same service to Holland, in a similar juncture, almost a century earlier. As *locum tenens* of his father-in-law, not as the usurper of his crown, the Prince accepted the invita-

tion. In this light was the transaction viewed by Marlborough and other accessories, if not the principals, of the movement, who accepted the Prince of Orange, as the regent, not the permanent sovereign of the realm. King William appears to have entertained a like impression, considering his English connexion not indissoluble, and subsequently, when irritated by the factious, repeatedly threatened to retire to Holland, leaving England a prey to Popery and the Stuarts.

He held on, however, till his death. By the accession of Anne the Jacobite interest was strengthened, the queen being a high Tory, and consequently approaching nearer, both from sentiment and personal relationship, to the exiled family. Moreover, King William had left her a Tory ministry, from which, however, she was speedily alienated by its arrogance and violence, as her predecessor had been by the same qualities in their opponents. But the queen was too deficient in education and natural abilities to be capable of independent volition; and though necessarily leaning on others for counsel and direction, she never swerved as a Jacobite-tory. For the Hanover family she cherished an inveterate dislike; and towards the close of her reign had formed determinate schemes for defeating the Protestant settlement, by leaving the throne to her brother, the Pretender. Her sudden death, and the violent rupture between Harley and Bolingbroke, frustrated this wild speculation. Under other circumstances, it was not likely to have been successful. The Protestant feeling of the country, if not its attachment to civil liberty, was too fixed and pervading to allow of a reaction towards the church of Rome. It is probable this feeling most influenced the Duke of Marlborough, as his military profession and Toryism must have made him indifferent to the absolutism of the Stuarts; but through life he was firm in his attachment to the Church of England.

It was the extraordinary martial genius of this eminent person that gave the greatest lustre to the reign of Queen Anne. Associated with him in the government of the country, was the Lord Treasurer, Sidney, Earl of Godolphin. An indissoluble friendship subsisted between the warrior and statesman, strengthened by a family alliance. Like Marlborough, Godolphin had been a Jacobite-tory; he was an amiable man, of strict integrity and exemplary disinterestedness, and possessed considerable judgment and abilities, especially in finance, but greatly inferior to his talented colleague in firmness, de-

cision, and energy of character. These deficiencies were partly supplied by the third Triumvir, Sarah, the first Duchess of Marlborough, known through all time for her fiery temper and imperiousness. This celebrated woman had been an attendant on the queen while Princess Anne, and by her address, strength of intellect, and resoluteness, had obtained unlimited control over her. Unlike her royal mistress, her own husband and their mutual friend, the lord treasurer, the duchess was a determined Whig, and unceasing agitator for the interests of her party. It was mainly through her influence that the character of the ministry was changed, and the Whigs admitted to a share in the administration. This, however, belongs to a later period. The grand epoch of the duke's history commences with the government entirely in his hands, both at home and abroad; either directly through his own vast capabilities, or indirectly by the co-operation of his clever countess, and the minister of Godolphin. Virtually, Marlborough was the sovereign, and exercised the functions of sovereignty as they were wont to be exercised in past times—leading the armies and directing the public councils and civil administration of the realm.

Ere the duke reached this apex, a glance at his previous history is necessary to comprehend his character and position. His superlatives as soldier, statesman, diplomatist, and courtier, were of the transcendental order; but personally and in proportion to his deserts he is inadequately known to the world. It is often eccentricity more than true greatness that makes men's names familiar; and of this Marlborough had little to distinguish him. For startling anecdote and apothegms his biography is not remarkable. His eminence above others mainly consisted in native vigor and grasp of intellect, in unerring judgment, firmness of purpose, and undeviating prudence. The last is not usually associated with genius, but distinguished examples show that it is not alien to force and originality of intellect. Shakespeare appears to have been so gifted: Sir Walter Scott offers another instance. Like the duke, too, the author of "Waverley" evinced a corresponding eagerness for exaltation and hereditary perpetuity, by access of riches, honors, and aristocratic connexions. Were it not invidious, if not superfluous, living and illustrious names might be cited, of the association of the homely conservative virtues with extraordinary mental endowments.

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Marlborough was born in 1650, at Ashe, in Devonshire. He belonged to a family of repute long settled in the county, that had suffered great losses by taking the royalist side in the great Rebellion. These sacrifices were partly compensated at the Restoration, by the Churchills being favorably received at court. At the age of twelve, the future hero of Blenheim was the favorite page of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., from whom he received an ensigncy in the guards. His first essay in arms was at the siege of Tangier, in 1666, when he signalized his prowess against the Moors; but his earliest and most successful fields were, doubtless, about St. James's, where his good looks and good manners interested *les dames*. His sister Arabella had already become the mistress of his patron;* and the Duchess of Cleveland, the favorite beauty of Charles II., became enamored of the young guardsman. By a contrivance of Buckingham, the king had ocular proof afforded him of this petty treason, and to remove out of the way so dangerous a rival, sent Churchill to the Low Countries.

However disreputable his connexion with the king's mistress, it proved the turning point of Marlborough's fortunes. At this period, England was in disgraceful alliance with France, for the subjugation of the Dutch provinces. Her armies were led by the celebrated Condé and Marshal Turenne; and it was under these eminent teachers that the future conqueror of the Bourbons learnt the art of scientific warfare. He was five years in Flanders, and his talents and gallantry won for him deserved distinction. At the siege of Maestricht, Louis XIV. thanked him for his services, and Turenne, who constantly called him "the handsome Englishman," was so impressed by his martial abil-

ities, that he predicted he would be a great man.

Besides training in the highest military school, another advantage resulted to Churchill from his connexion with Cleveland, and which somewhat militates against the alleged bootless issue of ill-gotten gains. As a token of regard, the duchess had made Marlborough a present of £5,000, with which the provident soldier bought a life-annuity; and upon the strength of this provision, aided by his colonelcy of a regiment, he was determined in the most important step of his life: this was his marriage, in 1678, after a courtship of three years, with Sarah Jennings. The nuptials were private; but as might be expected from the contracting parties, a poor match in respect of fortune, pedigree, and prospects. Miss Jennings was then the confidential attendant of the Princess Anne; shrewd, clever, and accomplished, though not held to be equal in beauty to her elder sister, Frances—*La Belle Jennings*, of Grammont—of superior personal attractions. She proved both the bane and blessing in her husband's career; but whether she contributed most to make or mar his ambitious schemes, it is hard to decide. In one thing she was eminently successful, in fixing through life the undivided attentions of her partner, and weaning him from the licentious habits he had been wont to indulge in a dissolute court.

Marlborough was ten years older than his consort. But the chief disparity between them was in temper. The duke's was first-rate: in battle, council, or debate, his equanimity was ever undisturbed. Inflexibly intent on his own ends, he suffered no idle quarrel, no unprofitable misunderstandings or jealousies, to interfere with their attainment. But his partner was differently constituted. She was a Marplot; meddling, capricious, and uncontrollably irascible. In other respects they had extraordinary resemblances. Both were distinguished by personal attractions, and both were entirely people of the world, trained and accomplished in its ways, and greedy of its possessions. In the materiality of their aspirations there was a remarkable coincidence, the solid gifts of fortune realized in some positive entity of wealth, power, or influence, being the common aim; and neither was remarkable for refinement of taste, elevation of sentiment, or intellectual culture.

It was under the direction of these clever, but somewhat vulgar and intensely selfish persons, that the queen began her reign. In

* Mr. Macaulay, who has conceived a strong dislike of Marlborough, and who in our estimate has not given him fair credit for the great and good qualities he undoubtedly possessed, has the subjoined depreciatory notice of Arabella Churchill and her family:—"The young lady was not beautiful, but the taste of James was not nice, and she became his avowed mistress. She was the daughter of a poor cavalier knight, who haunted Whitehall, and made himself ridiculous by publishing a dull and affected folio [Coxe calls him 'a man of letters,' and, like Mr. Macaulay, author of a History of England, entitled *Diui Britannici*] long forgotten, in praise of monarchs and monarchy. The necessities of the Churchills were pressing, their loyalty was ardent, and their only feeling on Arabella's seduction, seems to have been joyful surprise that so plain a girl should have obtained such height of preferment."—*History of England*, vol. i. p. 459.

natural and acquired abilities, but chiefly the former, she was inferior to her guardians. When Marlborough represented Queen Anne to foreign courts as "a good sort of a woman," he very happily set forth her true character. She would have formed an excellent citizen's wife, or perhaps a gentle-woman; but she had no gifts for a throne, unless it was her deportment, which was eminently gracious. Her virtues were of the household order; affectionate, and prone to indulge the sympathies of the heart in the endearments of connubial life and the relations of family and friendship; but to govern transcended her sphere, and became to her an oppression and torment. Conscious of her inadequacy, she had the usual infirmity of persons mistrustful of themselves, in being jealous of the aids she needed, and the appearance of being controlled by them.

Such are the hardships of hereditary rule; without either the ambition or capacity for sovereignty, the queen was compelled to bear the yoke, and that too during one of the most trying periods of history, when the country was a prey to inveterate factions, engaged in one of its greatest wars, and when the succession to the crown itself was in peril. All these evils would doubtless have been averted or lessened under the sway of a more competent ruler; and Anne's reign offers a forcible illustration of the calamities resulting from the weakness of the executive. Under an able and energetic prince, the succession would have been promptly assured, the ascendancy of parasites and factions rebuked, and the exhaustion of the war, chiefly arising from a lavish and unchecked expenditure for individual gain, curtailed.

Anne reigned but governed not. Favoritism bore absolute sway. The Marlboroughs had first possession. But the duke's uncommon abilities made his ascendancy no unworthy preference. In civil and military transactions he was unequalled by the greatest of his contemporaries; joining to first-rate statesmanship all the amenities that adorn society and make it agreeable. Nature had made him for active life and great affairs—to govern men, win their esteem, and sway their councils; but it is as a warrior that he is most renowned. His administrative abilities were vast, and what he did in a civil capacity is both important and interesting; but it is his martial exploits that form the most lustrous portion of his annals. He may have erred in the conflicts of politicians, or in his personal predilections, but as a general he made no mistakes. In

this he was unrivalled, always self-possessed, without weakness or oversight; indefatigable in effort, unerring in conception, resistless and inexorable in execution.

For proof of Marlborough's extraordinary genius in war, it is sufficient to contemplate his brilliant campaign in Germany in 1704. History hardly offers a parallel to it in boldness and originality of design, vigor and success of execution, unless it be General Bonaparte's first triumphant career in Italy. In both were displayed the same untiring activity, the same varied and masterly abilities in the field, the council, and the cabinet; and both were distinguished by equally splendid military achievements. The attack on the Schellenberg by the Confederates was as daring an exploit as the storming of the Bridge of Lodi by the Republicans. Both enterprises savored of recklessness of human life, if not rashness. Had they failed, mankind would have denounced them for temerity; but they succeeded, the audacity of the generals being seconded by good fortune and the resistless valor of their troops. But it may be doubted whether Napoleon in this his first burst on the world, gained any victory more complete than that of Blenheim. Doubtless, after winning a battle like that of Blenheim in August, he would have spent his Christmas at Brussels. And so would Marlborough, had he been left to the bent of his own daring and energetic combinations, unfettered by confederate councils and the military usages of his time, that would only allow a country to be conquered by instalments. From such checks Bonaparte was not wholly free; he had the Directory to manage, and to begin the campaign with an army destitute of everything save courage; but the difficulties of Marlborough were more numerous and obstructive. His army was a heterogeneous host, and some of its constituents not of the first quality. His British troops might be depended upon, having been well trained in the wars of King William; but their prowess was partly neutralized by phlegmatic Dutchmen and Hanoverians, and the reluctant contingents of Germany—with the further drawback to contend against of having his movements impeded by the impotent misgivings of Dutch deputies, German princes, and British ministers.

Marlborough was past middle life when he entered upon this eventful period of his history. He was still robust and indefatigable, but a martyr to distracting maladies. From dimness of sight, head-ache, fever, or ague, he was hardly ever free; disorders

doubtless aggravated, if not produced, by fatigue, and the anxious spirit that had to watch over the vast and complicated machine he had in motion. Despite of these disturbances, how much he did and endured! What clouds of letters and dispatches to every court in Europe! what treaties he signed or negotiated! what toilsome diplomatic missions he performed in winter—what forced marches in the heats of summer! what splendid victories he won, and what grand schemes of military combination he organized and executed! Except during the Crusades or the Reformation, Europe had never, before the war of the Succession to the Spanish Throne, been so generally excited, so expanded in force and movement; and the omnipresent soul and arm of the British general was felt in every vibration. Where Marlborough was not, the machine stopped or went wrong—whether it was among the factions of the court of St. James's, the wavering and calculating Dutch States, the sluggish and mercenary Princes of Germany, or among his own generals—for even in his camp he had those who felt oppressed by his ascendancy, and reluctantly yielded to the lustre of his genius—at home, as on the Continent, the pivot of all great affairs rested on him. He was at the head of the moderate Tory party in England, and upon his impulse and direction it mainly depended. Over all these interests the duke presided with marvellous address; dexterously harmonizing them into energetic action, for the accomplishment of the main object of checking the disturbing ambition of *Louis le Grand*, and humbling his pride by the overthrow of his legions, propelling them in dismay from the Danube to the Rhine, and from the Rhine almost to the gates of Antwerp.

All the great qualities of Marlborough, public and private, had one signal abatement—he was intensely self-seeking. Individual amplification in some shape, by increase of power, riches, or family alliances, appeared his sole aim. Hence his duplicity, and alleged endeavors to prolong the war needlessly to fill his pockets. The double-dealing he practised towards James II. and his successor is indisputable; but towards the first his conduct admits of extenuation. James himself was a great dissembler, and did his utmost to deceive both Marlborough and the English nation, by the encouragement he gave to Popery under the illusive pretext of universal toleration. In dealing with a detected dissembler dissimulation is allowable; and this was precisely the position in which

the duke was placed, ere he transferred his allegiance to the Prince of Orange.

Before joining the prince at Axminster, he addressed a letter to the king, vindicating his defection. Of this letter of Churchill, Mr. Macaulay says it was "written with a certain elevation of language, which was a sure mark that he was going to commit a baseness."—('History,' p. 443.) Of course, the historian will hereafter enter fully into the duke's history, but this stigma in passing is too bad. If many eminent private virtues, still more unquestionably the highest intellectual gifts of the warrior and statesman, can give titles to human greatness, Marlborough possessed them. For proof it is sufficient to refer to the concurring testimonials left by Chesterfield, Bolingbroke, Lord Chancellor Cowper, and the author of the 'Wealth of Nations.* For his duplicity to James we have offered an explanation; but in truth he can hardly be said to have practised deceit towards that "savage bigot," as Macaulay truly paints him. He had never been in favor with the king after his accession, had kept aloof from his court, received no favor from him, and had unreservedly declared to Lord Galway before the death of Charles II. that if James attempted to change the national religion and constitution he would "instantly quit his service."† At the mesmeric farce of touching for the cure of scrofula in the Cathedral of Winchester, in 1687, James being alone in the garden with the general, the king said, "Well Churchill, what do my subjects say about the ceremony of touching in the church?" "Truly," replied Lord Churchill, "they do not approve of it; and it is the general opinion your majesty is paving the way for the introduction of Popery."—(Coxe, *ib.*) This was candid at any rate. But nobody could stop the Stuart in his mad career.

We have, however, no apology to offer for Churchill's second defection. He deserted James, and then, from pique or disappointed ambition, tried to betray his new master, by opening a clandestine correspondence with the abdicated prince, in order to effect his restoration. This second treason seems to admit of no relief. King William had not, like his predecessor, given just cause for mistrust, or pretext for duplicity. All that the king can be charged with was his natural, if not excusable preference of his Dutch followers to his English adherents, in

* 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' vol. ii., p. 158.

† Coxe's *Memoirs of Marlborough*, vol. i., ch. 3.

the distribution of public emoluments, honors, and offices. Mr. Coxe thinks the duke had no other object in his reactionary movement than to provide impunity and security for himself and possessions in the eventuality of James's restoration; a defence, if defence it be, more creditable to the duke's prudence than his honor or magnanimity.

Swift has so anathematized Marlborough's avarice that it need not be dwelt upon. It may be easily believed that he begrudged Prince Eugene four candles pending a nocturnal interview; and that he preferred risking his life rather than have a pair of wet stockings cut from his legs, since Spence relates seeing him scramble home on foot from the pump-room at Bath rather than spend sixpence in the hire of a chair. Acquisitiveness, as the phrenologists term it, was the duke's cardinal infirmity. It was this which seduced him into those greedy military exactions, if not peculations, that have deprived an otherwise noble name of half its glory in the estimate of posterity; for there is nothing of which mankind are so intolerant as selfishness in a sordid shape.

Contrary, however, to what is usually observed in the self-engrossed, Marlborough had generous qualities. He was susceptible of friendship and the domestic affections. In poverty, disgrace, and old age, he sheltered under his roof till death the ex-minister Godolphin. Not less honorable to his nature was the chivalrous attachment that subsisted between him and Prince Eugene. The illustrious Savoyard was worthy of his regard, and, next to the duke, was the leading statesman and warrior of his time. Brave as a lion, frank, candid, and conciliatory, he was above all disguise, meanness, or perversity. Alike eminent in civil and military affairs, the same ascendancy which Marlborough held in the government of England, Eugene exercised in that of Austria; and together, apart from the sway of the French king, they presided over the destinies of Europe. We are not so sure of Marlborough's devotion to the duchess. That he was uxorious in words to an intense degree his letters attest; but it might be fear as well as love. Another warrior of no ignoble fame is known to have quailed before a termigant. General Monk used to admit that the roar of a whole park of artillery was not so terrible to him as the vituperative ire of the washerwoman's daughter he had ennobled by a nuptial alliance. Even sages of the law have been known to recoil before this dread tribunal;

and the late Lord Stowell is understood to have frequently indulged in a digressive dinner in the Temple rather than encounter it.

The irate temper and indiscretion of the duchess were the overthrow of Marlborough, his ministry, and the grand alliance. Her relations with the queen afford one of those common lessons of which every day's history gives an instance—of the perils of success. Sarah could not bear, any more than superior minds, the license of unbridled power. Intoxicated by the exercise of the royal prerogatives, the haughty "vice-roy," as she was fitly termed, indulged in such fantastic tyrannies that her benefactress was constrained to rebel. Had the primitive relations of the parties continued, the cordial friendship that had been formed between them might have remained undisturbed, but the accession of Anne opened seductions of authority that the favorite could not withstand, while the jealousy of the queen became awakened by the open and arrogant usurpation of regal functions.

As Miss Jennings, the duchess had been about the court from twelve years of age; like Marlborough, she belonged to a cavalier family of note, that had been impoverished in the civil wars. In the household of the Duchess of York, she was noticed by the Princess Anne, then three years younger than herself. An affectionate disposition on the part of the princess, and on that of her youthful associate the most captivating vivacity, soon made them inseparable companions. In the irksome dilemma that followed, when the princess had to choose between the allegiance and the Popery of her father, and her own Protestantism, Lady Churchill was her confidential adviser, and as such, uninterruptedly continued during the subsequent reign of her brother-in-law, the Prince of Orange. So intimate became the union, that the restraints of rank and etiquette were set aside, and at the desire of the princess they assumed feigned names, Anne adopting that of Mrs. Morley, and Lady Churchill that of Mrs. Freeman, "as most suited," says the duchess—for we always try to pass off our foibles with good names—"to the frankness of her disposition."

In this style of civic equality they continued mutually to address each other after Anne's accession. It doubtless made the intercourse free and easy to both parties, for the maintenance of etiquette is hardly less irksome than its observance; but it was a

levelling down pregnant with perils; and from the characters of the fond pair, that which happened might have been foreseen. Anne was indolent and unambitious; more under the action of the heart or the stomach than of the head. Her favorite was the reverse. The queen's enthronement in consequence became more the enthronement of the Marlboroughs than herself. The ascendancy of the duke might have been tolerated, for his abilities were unrivalled, and the juncture demanded them; but equal claims could not be urged for his partner. She got, however, the lion's share of the regal office, and poor Anne became much less of a sovereign than a servant in her own palace, and an ill-treated servant too.

To the usurpation of royal rights, arrogance in the exercise of them was superadded. Unlike favorites in general, the mistress of the robes was not oily and insinuating in her domination, but abrupt, dictatorial, and contumacious. In performing her offices of duty, such as holding the queen's gloves, the duchess did it, Cunningham says, "with a haughty, contemptuous air." Upon the occasion of an altercation between them relative to the duke, the favorite abruptly commanded her majesty to be silent, lest they should be overheard—indignities these which the queen might endure, owing to the familiarity she had incautiously tolerated, but was not likely to forgive.

At this point, indeed, Sarah's tyranny had reached its climax, and then, as tyrannies are apt to do, fall to pieces under the weight of their unbearableness. In the height of prosperity the Marlboroughs reaped a splendid harvest, £100,000 per annum being the calculated amount of their gains in offices, gifts, and emoluments. Naturally affectionate, the queen could not bear a vacant heart, and somebody or something must fill it. The needful substitute was not far or long to seek. Sarah's arbitrary rule had become too generally offensive not to make many watchful to abate the nuisance and open the queen's eyes, had she not herself become sensible of her degradation. What made the new favorite more distasteful to her predecessor was the fact that she was a creature of her own making and introduction into the world. Mrs. Masham, or Abigail Hill, as first known at court, was an humble retainer and distant relative, whom the duchess had taken up out of charity. Her father had been a Turkey merchant, but failed and left a large family destitute. In their obscurity the Marlboroughs had lost

sight of them, "had forgotten," the duchess says, "their existence;" but apprised of their forlorn state, she resolutely set herself to assist them. For Abigail she got the appointment of *rocker* in the nursery of the Princess Anne, her younger sister being made laundress to the Duchess of Gloucester; and their brothers were not neglected, the eldest, afterwards known to the bottle-men as "honest Jack Hill," she found a tall, ragged boy, whom she clothed and sent to school, and next brought under the notice of Marlborough, who made him his aide-de-camp, and afterwards gave him a regiment, though the duke declared he was "good for nothing." Bound by such affinities, the duchess could hardly anticipate treason in her own camp. Ample cause of offence she had doubtless given to her royal mistress, but the Hills were not the persons whom it might have been expected would, by insidious arts, widen the breach between them. But the ascendancy of the Churchills was undermined by treachery—by the ingrates whom they had cherished and brought out. Harley and St. John, and the other chiefs of the faction that supplanted the duke and reversed his policy, had been his fulsome adulators, and owed to him their first helps to notoriety and office.

Mrs. Masham had advantages, though apparently against her, favorable to her mission. Too lowly in office and pretensions to excite jealousy, she made a substantial progress before she was suspected. The duchess could not expect that the humble dependent she had so markedly favored would aspire to supplant her, though it was exactly the turn Madame Maintenon served her predecessor, Montespan, in the favor of Louis XIV.

Averse to the restraint of constant attendance, the duchess had sought to lighten the fatigues of office by placing a confidential friend near the queen's person, and for a time her relative answered all her expectations, being a faithful and vigilant observer of the transactions of the court. The duchess therefore relaxed still more in her duties, and, proud of her husband's great services, gradually became more presumptuous and domineering. The appointment of her son-in-law, the Earl Sunderland, to the secretaryship of state, had been forced upon the queen; but an apt dissembler, Anne preserved undiminished the appearances of friendship; while the duchess was too lofty in spirit and confident of her sway to think it could be endangered by so inferior

an agent as her cousin, whose office and abilities she looked upon with indifference, if not contempt. Confident in her empire, she committed the error ascribed to certain married ladies, in neglecting to preserve their dominion by the same little attentions by which it has been acquired. Abigail was not unobservant of these omissions, nor of the violent altercations that had commenced and were of constant occurrence between the queen and the favorite. By the confidential complaints which frequently burst from the queen, Mrs. Hill found herself growing into consequence, which the candidates for court favor were not slow to perceive, and gradually she aspired to a higher degree of consideration. Besides that suppleness of temper natural to dependents seeking advancement, which formed such a contrast to the dictatorship of the duchess, the political principles of Mrs. Hill, of high church, and aversion to the Hanover family, were in unison with those of the queen. Such congeniality of sentiment, joined to the most flattering humility and watchful attention to the queen's wishes, enabled her to make a rapid progress in Anne's affections.

Her advances were seconded by Secretary Harley, to whom she was related in the same distant degree as to the duchess, and of whom Harley was also a distant relation. It was this relationship that first introduced him to Marlborough, to whose interest he had been mainly indebted for the Speakership of the House of Commons, over which he exercised great influence by his talent for business, conciliating manners, and dexterity in debate. Unlike his patron, Harley was not covetous; in other respects a Joseph Surface, well calculated to win his way through the crooked paths of political intrigue. He had hitherto figured as a Whig or Tory, as it suited his interests; and under the guise of moderation, had gradually acquired a considerable body of adherents, to whom his parliamentary abilities gave strength and consistency. To great plausibility and adroitness in flattery, he added uncommon discernment of character, a cool and calculating head, profound dissimulation, and an exterior of familiarity, courtesy, and candor, which deceived the most wary. Marlborough, open and unsuspecting, was so won by these qualities, that when Harley was accused of duplicity, he became a pledge for his sincerity, and advised Godolphin to employ his influence with the queen. Knowing the Tory partialities of Anne, her growing dislike of the duchess, and her

anxiety for peace to free herself from Whig thralldom, the secretary skilfully formed an attack against the chiefs of the ministry. By his own official access to the court, and still more through the channel of Mrs. Hill, he found means to inflame the queen's indignation against the duchess, to work on her high prerogative notions, and to represent the treasurer and general as favoring the design of the Whigs by the monopoly of offices, to reduce her to a state of dependence unworthy of a sovereign. At the same time the artful secretary fomented the discontent of the Whigs against Godolphin and the duke, by insinuating that the two ministers were lukewarm in their cause, and the only obstacle to their advances in power.

Plotters naturally disguise most carefully their designs from those most affected by them, and who are, of course, the last to suspect or discover them. This was exemplified in Harley's intrigues. None of the *Triumvirs* suspected the pit he was digging for them. For a long time the duchess refused to listen to the friendly representations of Maynwaring on the rising influence of Mrs. Hill, but expressed her joy at the relief she had given her, and was convinced no danger could arise from the machinations of her relations. At length the evident favor of Harley and Hill with the queen dissipated the impression, and she communicated her apprehensions to Godolphin and the duke. It is surprising that the cabal had escaped the matured sagacity of the lord-treasurer, and still more that of Marlborough, who was acquainted with the secrets of all the courts of Europe, except his own, in which he was most interested. It is still more extraordinary that, after being informed of the predominance of the new favorite, the duke should think that her progress could be checked by a remonstrance of the duchess. He evidently mistook the altered position of his partner, that she was the chief enemy against whom the plot was directed, and from whom counsel, of course, would not be taken. The attempt, however, was made; the duchess not only remonstrating with her cousin, but assailing Anne with reproaches for suffering her political antipathies to be inflamed by the insinuations of a dependent, who conversed only with Jacobites and disaffected Tories. The queen replied in a cajoling epistle, in which real sarcasm was mixed with affected humility, and deprecating harsh constructions; "for," said she, "I would not have any one hardly thought of

by my dear Mrs. *Freeman*, for your poor unfortunate, but ever faithful Morley's notions or actions."

If the duchess could have penetrated hearts, she would already have found that her fate was sealed. That which the new advisers labored unceasingly to impress upon the queen was that she was in "leading strings," and that she ought to "go alone;" which disparaging intimations naturally sank deep into the mind of one not over-confident of her powers, and of course suspicious of any semblance of external support. But though the sway of the duchess was irrevocably doomed, it seems to have been determined to lighten the oppression of the viceroy by degrees, and not to rouse her ire, and thereby frustrate ulterior designs by too abrupt or manifest a demonstration.

The first unmistakable sign of rebellion was the secret marriage of the new favorite with Mr. Masham, whom the duchess had likewise introduced into the royal household. This match, concluded without her privity, in the presence of the queen, was a thunder-stroke of evidence. No reason has been assigned for the concealment of the marriage of Mrs. Hill, except that her husband was a relation of Mr. Harley. But to solemnize it without consulting the duchess, evinced that Mrs. Masham had not only renounced her vassalage, but had acquired the highest degree of confidence. On the first intelligence of the nuptials, the duchess burst into the royal presence, upbraiding the queen with bitter reproaches, which were the more provoking because partly just. The mortifying replies of Anne, who warmly vindicated the favorite, imputing it to the fear of offending, inflamed still further her rage, and from this period any hope of cordial reconciliation was abandoned, and their intercourse became one of dissembled humility or acrimonious resentment.

In this emergency Marlborough and Godolphin acted with dignity, but without address and decision. They neither resolved to join cordially with the Whigs, and, by their assistance, to crush the rising cabal, nor did they yield to the prevailing disposition of the queen, and coalesce with the Tories. "They continued," says Coxe, "to maintain their moderate but imprudent principle, to be swayed by neither party," and childishly endeavored to alarm the queen with threats of resignation, which, like the cry of the "wolf," had been too often repeated to produce the desired effect.

Meanwhile the war had not been more

auspicious to the ministry than domestic politics, and the paucity of stirring incidents in 1707 presented a contrast to the glittering throng of achievements that signalized the campaigns of Blenheim and Ramillies. It arose, however, from no failures of the duke, but he was mastered by adverse circumstances. France had rallied, as she is wont to do, after great reverses, in an extraordinary manner, and presented on every side an undismayed front. One of her best generals she had pitted against Marlborough in Flanders, and so cleverly did the Frenchman take up his defensive positions, that the duke could never get a blow at him. Vendôme was the most skilful of the enemy's tacticians, and managed the movements of his brigades like a game on the chessboard. The cautious resolves of the Dutch deputies too were in his favor; they had obtained their chief object—a strong barrier against French aggression—and were determined to risk no more hazardous battles. Indeed, the grand alliance was in heart already dissolved; it was no longer united for a common object, and each member of the confederacy was (England excepted) intent on some separate interest. Under such altered conditions, the reverses and short-comings of the year may be easily explained; and of which the most signal were the failure of the enterprise against Toulon, and the entire defeat of the Anglo-Spanish army at Almanza.

Both at home and abroad the less brilliant course of Marlborough was mainly caused by the recreancy of allies. On the continent, his masterly schemes were crippled by Dutch councils, or the jealousies and backwardness of Bavaria, Hanover, or other members of the confederacy. In England, his brother, Admiral Churchill, a Jacobite-tory, was a frequent source of annoyance, either from sheer imprudence, or direct hostility, and coupled with the perversity of Sunderland, and the wilfulness of his duchess, made his family troubles extremely perplexing, exclusive of Harley's intrigues, and the somewhat wavering support of Godolphin, and his Whig colleagues. Overpowered at length by his representations, joined by those of the treasurer, of the double dealings of Harley, the queen was reluctantly constrained to accept the secretary's resignation. But this put no check to his wiles, his back-stair influence continuing unabated, and the cabal did not relax in their schemes for the emancipation of the queen, by the humiliation of the Marlboroughs. Anne had already begun to display her independence,

by the pertinacious appointment of Tory bishops, in defiance of her usual advisers. Her next move was still less equivocal. The death of Lord Essex had vacated two military preferments, that of lieutenant of the Tower, and a regiment, both of which were usually bestowed at the recommendation of the commander-in-chief. Without consulting him, the queen gave the first to Lord Rivers, and the regiment to Colonel Hill, the brother of Mrs. Masham. Tame submission to these slights would have lowered the duke in the opinion of the army, and he respectfully remonstrated with the queen, but Anne listened to him with indifference, and said drily and peremptorily, "You will do well to advise with your friends." Ascribing this rebuff to its real cause, the influence of the favorite, Marlborough in the first impulse of his resentment, withdrew with the duchess from London, without the usual ceremony of taking leave, and the fixed resolution to resign, unless Mrs. Masham was removed. From his retirement at Windsor Lodge, he forwarded a representation to the queen, of the mortifications he had received, the abuse that had been heaped upon him by the favorite, and her interference in military promotion, concluding, "I hope your majesty will dismiss her or myself."

Had Marlborough remained firm in his resolve to remove Mrs. Masham, all might have been well, for so long as she continued at court, the confidential agent of Harley with the queen, she would always find means to give effect to his subtle contrivances for the embarrassment of the ministers. But the duke yielded the main point and accepted a compromise. At a private interview, the lord president, Somers, having forcibly represented to the queen the injury to public affairs, should the duke persist in his threat of resignation, Anne expressed her intention not to insist on the disposal of the vacant regiment to Colonel Hill, conferring upon him in lieu a pension of £1,000. After this concession, the principal Whigs held a meeting at Devonshire House, and reluctant to hazard the permanence of the ministry, arrived at the conclusion that this sacrifice on the part of the queen, ought to satisfy Marlborough; and that for him to persist in the dismissal of the queen's bed-chamber woman, would be ungracious if not unconstitutional. In this conclusion, the duke after some demur acquiesced, since he had no desire, any more than Somers, Godolphin, and the rest of his colleagues (with the exception of Sunderland), to coerce the queen

into any repulsive alternative. The usual consequences of half measures followed—a temporary convenience at the price of aggravated future mischief. The design to remove the favorite, offended the queen as much as if it had been enforced, and the abandonment of it only apprised her of the discordance in the ministry, of whose control she became more resolved than ever to free herself. On the part of Mrs. Masham, she was fully awakened to the danger she had so narrowly escaped, and with increased ardor inflamed the resentment of Anne, to destroy the power that she was fearful might be turned against her with greater effect. Harley was prompt to seize these auspicious aspects, coupled with the other conditions favorable to his grand aim, resulting from the change in popular opinion, occasioned by the less dazzling results of the war, and the impolitic course adopted by the impeachment of the contemptible incendiary Sacheverel. Another fatal consequence of Marlborough's compromise was, that it increased the coolness between him and the Whigs. He found that he could not depend on their vigorous support, except where their own interests were concerned, and they, sensible of his coolness and of his decline in royal favor, together with his duchess, began to listen to a party likely to be predominant, and which they did not choose to offend.

The duke's subsequent career was a series of mortifications. The first and most fatal was the dismissal of the duchess, after twenty-seven years of royal service. This would have appeared ungrateful, had it not been palliated, if not justified, by circumstances. The Marlboroughs had absorbed the majesty of the throne, and exercised directly, or through relatives and dependents, all its prerogatives. Intoxicated by success, this overtopping family had become arrogant and tyrannical. One of the leading steps to emancipation was, to plant a new favorite in the heart of the queen, and this lodgment had been dexterously effected by the seduction of a rebel-vassal of the Churchill confederacy. After this acquisition, ulterior proceedings became easy, and the steadiness with which the queen lent herself to the successive blows, intended to humiliate an oppressive ascendancy, evinced the deep sense to which she had been awakened of her past thralldom. Her last interview with the duchess is, of course, generally known from the narrative of Coxe, but is so interesting that it will bear repetition.

Both the duke and his wife, foreseeing an

end to their reign, had, with characteristic prudence, sought to provide for the future, the former having made the unusual request to the queen, to be appointed captain-general for life; and the latter had solicited, in the event of her resignation, that her own daughter should succeed to her offices. The first application was objected to on constitutional grounds, and to the second the queen returned an evasive answer. It was to clear up this last point, as well as to disabuse Anne of some reports, alleged to have been circulated by the duchess to the queen's prejudice, that the former sought an interview with the queen.

"On the third of April (1710)," says Coxe, "she waited on the queen, and solicited a private audience, for the purpose of making some important communication before her majesty quitted London for the summer. The request was, however, received with the most repulsive coldness. She named in vain three several hours in which she knew the queen was accustomed to be alone, and at length was told to present herself at six in the ensuing evening, the time which was usually set apart for the royal devotions.

"Unwilling, however, to be importuned with so disagreeable a visitor, the queen retracted, and not only ordered the duchess to make her communication in writing, but hinted that she might immediately gratify the inclination she had expressed of returning into the country. Notwithstanding this ungracious repulse, the duchess renewed her solicitations, and declined imparting the subject of her application by letter. The queen, therefore, was obliged to appoint a new time, but before it arrived, again deferred the interview, under the plea of dining at Kensington, and repeated her desire for a written communication. On this second refusal, the duchess wrote a letter requesting permission to repair to Kensington, and declaring that the information she was about to afford related solely to her own vindication, and would neither give rise to any misunderstanding, nor oblige the queen to make an answer, or admit her offender than was agreeable.

"On the same day she went to Kensington without waiting for a reply. The queen had just dined, and no one being in waiting to announce her, she asked the page of the backstairs if he did not occasionally make a signal at the queen's door, to apprise her when any person was to be introduced. The page replying in the affirmative, she requested him to make the usual sign, and sat down in the window, she says, 'like a Scotch lady with a petition, expecting an answer.' After a long interval, which she conjectures was employed in consulting Mrs. Masham, she was admitted.

"On her entrance, the queen evinced some embarrassment, and said to her, 'I was just going to write to you;' and as the duchess was preparing to speak, interrupted her by observing that,

'Whatever you have to say you may put it in writing.' The duchess, however, remonstrated against such cruel treatment, and urged the justice of hearing her reply to the calumnies with which she had been assailed. She added, 'There are those about your majesty who have charged me with saying things that I am no more capable of than I am of killing my own children; for I seldom mention your majesty in company, then always with respect.' During this address the queen contemptuously turned aside, and replied briefly, 'There are many lies told.' The duchess requesting to know the particulars with which she was charged, the queen alluded to the expression in her letter, that she did not wish for a reply, and several times interrupted her with the exclamation, 'I will give you no answer.' Notwithstanding further solicitations she still continued to repeat the same words, adding at last, 'You desired no answer, and you shall have none.' The duchess proceeding, 'I am confident your majesty would not treat me with such harshness if you could believe that my only wish is to do myself justice, and not to ask a favor;' the queen moved towards the door, impatiently exclaiming 'I will quit the room.'

"The duchess followed and burst into a flood of tears. The queen appeared to be affected, and the duchess, after a pause to recover from her emotion, proceeded to recapitulate the reports spread to her disadvantage, and implored her majesty to state the particulars without naming the authors. The queen replied as before, 'You said you desired no answer, and I shall give you none.' The duchess, however, continued her vindication with great warmth and volubility. The queen heard her sullenly for some minutes, and then rejoined, 'I shall make no answer to anything you say.' Notwithstanding this repulse the duchess asked 'Will then your majesty make me some answer at any other time?' She received only the same reply, and in the agony of indignation, after a second flood of tears, more violent than the former, she said, 'You know, madam, how much I despised my interest in comparison with your service, and you may be assured that I would never deny anything which I was aware was true, conscious as I am that I have done nothing to displease you.' She could however, only extort the former reply, 'You desired no answer, and you shall have none.' Perceiving it fruitless to persist, she made her obeisance, and exclaimed with a degree of violence, which she herself does not attempt to justify, 'I am confident that you will suffer in this world or the next for so much inhumanity.' The queen was roused to indignation by this unpremeditated insult, and replying 'That is my business,' withdrew into the closet.

"The pertinacious duchess, still unsatisfied, lingered for more last words. After quitting the royal presence she sat down in a long gallery to wipe away her tears and compose her agitation. She then returned to the closet and scratched at the door; and when the queen opened it, said, 'As I sat in the gallery I thought your majesty would not be easy to see me when you come to the castle at Windsor, whither I understand you

are shortly to remove. Should that be the case, I will refrain from going to the lodge, that I may not be charged with a want of respect for omitting to pay my duty to your majesty when so near. To this the queen quickly replied, as if anxious to be freed from her visitor, 'You may if you please come to see me at the castle, it will give me no uneasiness.'

The spell was broken. From this time all personal intercourse between Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman ceased, after a further abortive effort next day on the part of the latter to renew it. Anne rejoiced in her liberty as freed from a tyrannical gouvernante, and the favorite became as much an object of aversion as she had once been of affection. The duchess had been the keystone of the arch, and so far as it rested on the royal will, her fall involved in the sequel that of the duke, Godolphin, and the entire ministry. Mr. Harley, however, was too wary to attempt over much at once, and having a powerful foe to combat with an inferior force, his tactics were not to unmask his entire design or risk a general engagement, but master and strengthen one position at a time.

The next step in advance was the appointment of the Duke of Shrewsbury to the office of Lord Chamberlain, without the knowledge or even the suspicion of any member of the ministry. Shrewsbury was in himself a host, and in the promotion of no other could Harley have more evinced his consummate craftiness. From the part Shrewsbury had taken in the revolution, he was looked upon as a Whig, but thinking that settlement precarious, he had latterly kept up friendly relations with both parties, and only took decidedly the part of Harley and his partisans on being assured of the ascendancy of Mrs. Masham. Although of a timid, versatile, and interested temper, he was deemed a man of honor and probity, and incapable of acting a double part. King William used to say of him that he was the only minister that pleased both Whig and Tory, and his general suavity of manners had made him so popular, that he was designated the "King of Hearts." The grasping monopoly of the Marlboroughs it is likely determined him, as many others, to enter the lists against them. The indecision of Godolphin made him acquiesce in this appointment, though made without consulting him;—it showed that he was a safe subject for a victim himself: but his dismissal was preceded by that of Sunderland. If anything could aggravate the insult offered to the Whigs by the removal of Sunderland, it was the appointment of a zealous High Churchman, Lord Dartmouth,

his successor. The untractable temper of Sunderland had alienated from him some of his own party; but he was a nobleman of great firmness and public spirit, and on being offered a pension had the manliness to declare that if he could not serve his country he would not plunder it!

The dismissal of the lord treasurer summated the dissolution of the ministry. Of all the queen's servants, Godolphin had borne his honors most meekly, but more than any of his colleagues he seems to have been removed with the least regret or ceremony. Anne, indeed, in parting with her confidential advisers, seems to have indulged in a secret, not to say spiteful satisfaction, by practising towards them a needless and contemptuous dissimulation. Barely a few hours before his removal, the lord treasurer had had an audience of the queen, when he categorically put the question "Is it the will of your majesty that I should go on?" Anne replied without hesitation "Yes." With this answer the minister was satisfied and withdrew. Next morning he was surprised by a note, brought by a servant in the royal livery, and left with his porter, directing him to break his staff of office. Like Marlborough, Godolphin had been bred in courts, but had not, in an equal degree, been corrupted by them. His financial government was subjected to a severe parliamentary scrutiny, after the accession of Harley to the premiership, but nothing could be established against him tending to impeach the integrity of his administration. He was exemplary for his love of truth, amiability, and disinterestedness. After an anxious and toilsome official life, he died poor, leaving hardly enough to defray the expenses of his funeral.

Anne was the first to announce to Marlborough the dismissal of his friend. When it was too late, the ministry discovered their error. With the ablest soldier in Europe to command them, they had suffered themselves to be out-generalled—to be cut off in detail. After the dismissal of the treasurer, no post was left worth defending, and the remaining ministers made a voluntary surrender of their places. The duke only was sought to be retained, his influence on the continent, and military abilities, making a longer continuance of his services desirable to the new ministry. But his yielding to the solicitations used for this purpose, only reserved him for fresh insults. Like the rest of his colleagues, his removal had been resolved upon, and only waited the fit opportunity. Indeed, the conclusion of the war, which was the ultimate aim of the Tories, as the best

means of strengthening their position, and weakening that of their adversaries, was hopeless, so long as Marlborough continued to hold his employment. Hostilities had been to him the source of his fame, his power, and vast riches, and that he would forego these for the sake of peace, neither consisted with his innate selfishness, nor his antecedent manifestations. Peace offered to him no seduction, no more than to his great companion in victory, Prince Eugene; it was not their occupation, and no toper was more pertinaciously addicted to another bottle, than the two warriors to another battle or campaign. It was this passion that had doubtless prompted the humiliating terms offered to France by the two commanders in the fourth year of the war. Wisely then acted ministers in not trusting pacific overtures to Marlborough, but, without consulting him, confiding the negotiation to Lord Halifax.

It was only one among a number of annoyances to which, about this time, he was subjected. Mr. Cresset was sent on a secret mission to Hanover, the object of which was concealed from him. Although ostensibly at the head of the army, he had no longer exclusive control over its operations, but was liable to be thwarted in his plans by the intervention of a secret council. Three officers, whom he highly esteemed, were, unknown to him, abruptly dismissed on account of a convivial toast they had drunk, honorable to himself and disparaging to the ministry.

The duke's diminished influence was certainly not without reason; except to himself the war had become objectless, profitless, and hopeless. The last great battle, that of Malplaquet, was pregnant with fearful recollections. In valor, science, and conduct, the combatants had been equal, but the results of the "murderous conflict," as Marlborough termed it, bore no proportion to its magnitude, and, in looking over the ensanguined field, the duke himself sickened at the useless waste of life, (Coxe's 'Memoirs,' p. 70.) Owing to the strength of their position, the French suffered less than the allies, though beaten and forced to retire. In England there was no exultation over so equivocal a triumph, especially when it was found that the capture of the paltry town of Mons would be the only prize of so costly a sacrifice. The victory, however, had one advantage, in giving rise to a more fixed desire for peace on both sides, from the hopelessness of entire mastery by either. France, though repeatedly beaten, and her own frontier in Flan-

ders wrested from her grasp, appeared exhausted in resources, and after every reverse was ready to renew the contest with unabated spirit. All, therefore, became impressed with the futile character of the war, and the desirableness of terminating the uncompensated slaughter of brave men, and the waste of the resources of every European nation. In privately entering upon a separate treaty with the common enemy, before the main object of the alliance, namely, the exclusion of a Bourbon from the Spanish throne had been attained, England has been accused of treachery; but many circumstances may be alleged in extenuation of the peace of Utrecht. The burden of the war had been unfairly thrown on England, by the allies having long failed to contribute their stipulated quotas for carrying it on. The object of the war itself had changed during its progress. In consequence of the death of the emperor Joseph, and the election of his brother, the Archduke Charles, to succeed him, the consolidation of the Spanish monarchy with the empire had become as perilous to the balance of power, as the union of the crowns of France and Spain. But even against this last contingency, both Spain and France offered guarantees by a solemn renunciation on the part of Philip and his grandfather Louis XIV., of the junction of the two crowns under one head. By the last settlement, the danger was averted, though the nominal principle of the grand alliance was thereby abandoned. But as a conclusive inducement to peace, it had been clearly ascertained that a French, not an Austrian prince, was the choice of the Spanish people.

Marlborough denounced the terms of the treaty as ruinous to Europe, by leaving Spain and the West Indies to the Bourbons. But his name was no longer a tower of strength, nor his voice potential. His opposition was ascribed to personal motives. Up to the present he had continued to act with his new colleagues, Harley and St. John, with much apparent cordiality, but no real sincerity on either side; but as they were necessary to each other, both were content to dissemble. The inducements of the duke to amity were three-fold—his continued direction of the war—the renewal of the treasury warrants, which had been stopped for the completion of the works at Blenheim—and the aid of the ministry to screen him from the accusations that a committee of inquiry had prepared against him. The last included grave inculpations, which were pressed against him with bitterness and some unfairness by the House of Commons. That

he made an indirect emolument in the bread contract for the army, and had received a deduction from the pay of the foreign troops, in the queen's service, could not be denied; but they were perquisites to the generalissimo sanctioned by usage. His predecessors had done the same. His magnanimity would doubtless have been greater, had he shunned or checked undoubted abuse by a better example, instead of following it; but sordidness was the infirmity of his nature. The duchess shared his weakness, and in this respect the congeniality between them was wonderful. Like him she was accused of peculation in the robe department, and the sale of court places. Her defence showed she had not been officially worse than others; but "cheating," as the queen remarked, "was not the fault of the duchess," though her meanness was unquestionable. In the heyday of their friendship, Anne had lavishly offered her a pension of £2,000 a-year out of her privy purse, which she then refused to accept; but after their rupture she reminded the queen of her offer, and sought and obtained the full amount as arrears. Compelled, after her dismissal, to relinquish her apartments in the palace, she tore off the locks placed on the doors at her expense, removed the marble slabs from the fire-places, and threw away the keys, saying, "they might buy more for ten shillings." Well might Anne exclaim, on hearing of these petulant dilapidations, that "she would build no house for the duke, since the duchess had pulled hers to pieces." This resolution was kept, and the monumental pile of Blenheim had to be finished out of the private revenues of Marlborough.

For a long period both parties had hesitated to proceed to extremities. The duchess ceased her personal attendance on the queen, but did not resign, nor was she dismissed from her employments. For this reserve reasons existed on both sides. The duchess was loth to give up all hope of a return to favor, and through the medium of Sir David Hamilton, the royal physician, continued to address such reminiscences of her former connection with the queen as appeared likely to appease or avert her resentment. To prove to the world she was not wholly in disgrace, she offered on one occasion to renew her attendance, by assisting to try on the robes which the queen had ordered for some public ceremony. This advance her majesty evaded, but did not openly reject, from apprehension of the violent temper of the duchess. That which Anne most dreaded was the publication of her pri-

vate letters; those tender and confidential epistles that had been addressed to Mrs. Freeman in the fulness of confidence and affection. In this perplexity the queen was reduced alternately to soothe and threaten the discarded favorite, and resorted to the aid of Hamilton, as well as other persons, to obtain the suppression of her unguarded effusions. The duchess long continued inexorable, and held in *terrorem* the threat of publicity; but this last outrage against her benefactress seems to have been averted by the intervention of Shrewsbury and Maynwaring.

The catastrophe was only postponed. At the close of the campaign of 1710, the duke returned to England. The charge of peculation had not then been published, and the populace gathered round his carriage, exclaiming, "God bless the Duke of Marlborough!" "No wooden shoes!" "No Popery!" To avoid an uproar he went to Montague House, and, after waiting till the crowd had dispersed, repaired privately in a hackney-chair to the palace. His first interview with the queen was a mere audience of ceremony, and the weather, the roads, and the fatigue of his journey formed the common-place topics. At the next there was less reserve; and Anne, with unusual decision and even harshness, intimated her wish that he would not suffer any vote of thanks to him to be moved in parliament this year. His reception from her ministers was not more gracious. Harley was more reserved than usual, and with Mr. Secretary St. John he had to listen to a political lecture, delivered with much affectation of candor, on the superior advantages of the duke's present connexions, to his former one with the Whigs. But these indignities were trifles to the great evil he had anticipated, the disgrace of his duchess. To avert this blow was the object of his anxious solicitude, especially as he had publicly announced, long before, that her removal would be the signal of his own resignation. His friends, both at home and abroad, wished him to retain his post notwithstanding, and ministers were not yet prepared to lose him. In this struggle of contending passions and interests the duke's health suffered; and to shorten suspense or avert the threatened mortification, Shrewsbury recommended him to try the effect of his own personal solicitations with the queen before the key was delivered. The juncture seemed favorable, as at the moment a note arrived from Sir David Hamilton, recommending the attempt without delay, and stating how he had prepared the way by telling the queen "how ill my lord duke was,

how deeply grieved about the affair—that his expectation is from the queen's compassion to the duchess," &c., &c.

The audience ensued, and extraordinary it was. Marlborough began by presenting a letter to Anne from the duchess, couched in very humble terms. It began with stating "that the duke could not live six months if some end was not put to his misery on her (the duchess's) account; that she was really very sorry that she had ever done anything to make her majesty uneasy; that she knew there were only two things in her whole life that she ever did that were disagreeable, and that she would never again mention them, or do anything that could give her the least disturbance." This contrite appeal was coolly received and for a considerable time the queen refused to open it; at the importunities of the duke she at last read it, but only observed "I cannot change my resolution."

"Marlborough," says Coxe, "then addressed her in the most moving terms, and besought her not to renounce the duchess till she had no more need of his services, which he hoped would be the case in less than a year, by the termination of the war, when both might retire together. He dwelt on all the topics likely to recover her affection towards her former favorite and towards himself. He expatiated on the regret and sorrow of his wife for any mistakes she had ever committed, and her willingness to avoid every act or discourse which might render her majesty uneasy for the future. He concluded with observing, 'For your own sake as well as for ours, your majesty ought not to adopt a harsher proceeding than any prince ever used towards persons of less faithful and long continued services, who had been guilty of greater faults, when pardon was requested, and a formal promise of amendment made. Still more would it reflect on your generosity to deny so trifling an indulgence to one who has been honored by your friendship, and has given no substantial cause for so harsh a proceeding.' The queen having rejoined that her honor was interested in the removal of the duchess, he respectfully observed, 'What this expression means I never could learn, any more than what faults she has committed.' She, however, far from listening to his representations, peremptorily insisted that the gold key should be delivered to her within three days. On this the duke threw himself on his knees, and, with the most moving eloquence, earnestly entreated for an interval of ten days to concert some means of rendering the blow less mortifying and disgraceful. But he obtained no other answer than a positive repetition of the demand, limiting the term to the shorter space of two days.

"Finding the queen inexorable, he rose, and, turning the conversation, adverted to the mortification which he had experienced by the dismissal

of the three officers for drinking his health. But this topic was no less galling than the preceding, and she abruptly broke off the conversation, exclaiming, "I will talk of no other business till I have the key." He still lingered, though the audience had lasted an hour, but finding no prospect of softening his royal mistress he took his leave with the deepest emotions of indignation and sorrow."

In this singular scene one is somewhat at a loss at which to be most indignant—the sullen obstinacy of the queen, or the humiliating supplication of the duke for mercy. It was the most disastrous of all Marlborough's fields, yet he seems to have contested his suit with the same tenacity that he would a battle, and with hardly less science. The appeal to compassion by a preliminary sickness, duly reported to the sovereign—entering the royal presence with a deprecatory epistle from the duchess—protestations of conscious innocence, with fervent promises for future amendment—and when these had failed, the final *coup-de-main* of the hero on his knees, present a union of tact and combination scarcely inferior to those displayed in his most famous campaigns. Still we must repeat, that both the style of performance and its result, are painful to contemplate. The idol bowed to was only of clay; for Anne was an ordinary person, who in the part she acted, except in the indulgence of a fierce resentment against those who had abused the easiness of her nature, was a mere puppet, the wires of which were pulled by Harley, St. John, and Mrs. Masham. No doubt the prize contended for was great, the duchess being the duke's trump card, and had he succeeded in reinstating her, by his last desperate effort, all the ground lost would have been recovered. But the queen proved immovable, and the Marlboroughs, finding the game up, assumed an air of offended dignity by delivering up the key the same night.

Despite this disgraceful repulse, Marlborough did not redeem his pledge by resigning. Overcome by the persuasions of his friends, his own love of power, or baser motives, he clung to office till he was fairly kicked out. For this last mortification the charge of speculation afforded ample opportunity, and enabled his bitterest enemies to wreak upon him their utmost vengeance. It reduced the hero to the dead lion, whom any one might insult with impunity. On the same or following day he appeared at court, but was treated with marked contempt. Without waiting for further inves-

tigation of the charges,* which were afterwards proved in the most material parts to be false, the ministry profited by the impression which they conceived the commissioners' report had made on the public mind. The victim had been prepared, and there was no danger in the sacrifice. That the queen might enjoy the full gratification of her triumph, she was induced to appear at a cabinet council, and order an entry to be made in the books that the duke had been dismissed from all his employments. The next day she communicated this minute to him in a note in her own hand, which is not extant, because the duke, in a transport of indignation, threw it into the fire.

The remainder of Marlborough's life was a succession of vexations. Glory he had won, but the pecuniary taint made men begrudge him its accustomed rewards. In the House of Lords he was exposed to the cruel aspersion that he had, in reckless enterprises, sacrificed the lives of his officers, to fill his pockets by the sale of their commissions. The press was bitterly hostile to him; both he and Godolphin had too much neglected to tune the crowd of writers who began to give a new impulse to the direction of the national sentiment. The consequence was a rapid increase of that prejudice which had been excited against the general, and a contempt for those victories which had before been hailed with universal enthusiasm. Instances were everywhere repeated of his fraud, avarice, and extortion; of his insolence, ambition, and misconduct. Even his courage was called in question, and this consummate leader was represented as the lowest of mankind. From this storm of libels he sought refuge on the Continent. Here, too, he encountered proofs of ingratitude. For saving Austria from ruin by his victories in 1705, he had been created a prince of the empire, with the territory of Mindelheim annexed; but after the peace of Utrecht the principality was resumed by the Elector of Bavaria. Marlborough could never obtain from the emperor any indemnity for his loss. The accession of the Hanover family did not mend his fortunes in England. George I. made him captain-general of the army, but did not include him in the regency government, a share in which Marlborough had expected. A successful venture in the South

Sea bubble was the chief set-off to the vexations of his latter days' afflictions; having speculated largely, and sold out, at the suggestion of his duchess, at the first turn of the market, he thereby made a considerable addition to his immense wealth. Frequent attacks of paralysis, aggravated by domestic bereavements, from the premature deaths of his daughters, made up the sequel of a history that had been gallant and chivalrous in the commencement, splendid in its meridian glory, but futile, perplexed, and unhonored in conclusion.

Thus Marlborough failed to realize the most enviable climax to a triumphant life. It was not intellectual defects or prudential weaknesses, that obscured his fame and shipwrecked his happiness, but yielding to dominant passions. Too exclusively self-seeking, it deprived him of the magnanimity of soul inseparable from true heroism. Absorbed in the pursuits of ambition and avarice, they perverted his course into ignoble ways. Hence the treasonable arts and duplicity that attach to his memory—the inconsistency of his political predilections—the meanness with which he clung to office after repeated indignities—and the ignominious concessions by which he sought to regain his lost influence—together with his disregard, if not contempt of literature, and every generous aspiration unconnected with the acquisition of money and power.

His history is associated with other incidents not unworthy of note, and which help to explain the qualified admiration identified with his name. Examples are constantly occurring in human affairs, of men not only being the instruments of evil, but its punishment. Napoleon's life is an example of these two-fold missions, effectually laying the anarchy of France by replacing it with an hardly less revolting military domination. In like manner Harley and St. John rendered useful services in Queen Anne's reign, but perverted their success to unworthy uses. By supplanting one royal favorite by another, the country was rescued from an exhausting war, the Queen emancipated from an odious subjection, and the ascendancy acquired by an engrossing family over a generous princess, abated. But here their utilities ended. As conquerors are wont, they quarrelled over the spoils of victory. Like the Girondists and Jacobins in the overthrow of the French monarchy, or more aptly, perhaps, like Robespierre and Danton in the destruction of the Hebertists and Cordeliers, they had no sooner overwhelmed the common enemy in

* "The Duke of Marlborough appeared at court, and no one spoke to him."—*Swift's Journal to Stella*.

the Marlboroughs than they became jealous of each other, and bitter competitors in their intrigues to engross the displaced usurpation. Secretary St. John had insinuated himself into the confidence of Lady Masham, whom Oxford had offended by the refusal of a pension, and sought to convert the former confederate of his rival into an instrument of his disgrace. The Queen inclined to the more bold and plausible course of St. John, especially as the supple secretary had not hesitated to join in her dislike of the Hanover family and preference of her brother, the Pretender. For a moment Bolingbroke appeared to have reached the height of his ambition, by the fall of his opponent. But the sudden death of the Queen made his triumph short lived, and frustrated, by the promptitude of the Whigs in consummating the Protestant settlement, all his wiles, either for the restoration of the Stuarts, or the perpetuation of his power under the Electoral dynasty.

Anne, less fortunate than Queen Elizabeth, had not the happiness during her reign, of a firm, honest, and enlightened statesman to direct her councils. Godolphin, who served her longest, could hardly pretend to this description; the rest were parasites or adventurers bent on selfish ends, through the infirmities of her character. Their broils hastened her Majesty's death. Oxford and Bolingbroke had become so exasperated against each other, that they could not refrain from the most violent altercations in the royal presence. After an indecorous scene of this kind, the Queen's feelings were so excited, that she declared "she should never survive it." Her presentiment was just; for two days after she sank into a stupor, from which she only recovered sufficiently to signify her approval of the nomination of Shrewsbury, by the council, to the vacant treasurership. After this effort she expired.

The tenacious Duchess of Marlborough outlived her mistress twenty-eight years, and her lord twenty-two; not dying till 1744,

at the advanced age of eighty-four. She survived all her children, except the youngest, the Duchess of Montague. Her desolation brought no alteration in her character, nor abated the least her worldly sympathies. To the last she continued a vehement politician; in place of Harley and St. John, Sir Robert Walpole and the queen of George II. became the fixed objects of her hate and vituperation. Next to politics, her most constant passion was the desire to heap up acre upon acre, and thousand upon thousand. The widow of Marlborough had £40,000 per annum; but that was not enough to satisfy her cravings. She baited the minister with complaints and petitions about a paltry salary of a few hundreds, to which she thought herself entitled, as Ranger of Windsor Park. At the age of eighty she went into the city to bid for Lord Yarmouth's estate.

As the darkened day drew nigh, she was fain to be contented to amuse herself by writing in bed. In that shackled position she penned, or dictated, an account of her first coming to court. She frequently spoke six hours a-day, in giving directions to Hooke, her amanuensis. Next she had recourse to a chamber organ, the eight tunes of which, Mrs. Thompson says, "she was obliged to think much better than going to the Opera or an assembly." Society afforded her little pleasure. Like many disappointed or discontented persons, she became attached to animals, especially to her dogs, which she fancied had virtues in which human beings are deficient. Nothing can more completely show her disgust and weariness of life than her own confession. "It is impossible," she writes, in 1737, "that one of my age and infirmities can live long; and one great happiness that there is in death is, that one shall never hear of anything they do in this world." She was a woman of great natural shrewdness and vigor of will, but of ignoble preferences, and not eminent for moral worth, or great intellectual gifts and culture.

A CHEAP PLACE TO LIVE IN.—The *Literary Gazette*, in a notice of Mr. Neale's work on Syria, says:—"People who love to live well and cheap at the same time should go to Antioch. Mr. Neale tried to be extravagant there, but found it to be impossible, 'house-rent, servants, horses, board, washing, and wine included,' to spend more than

40*l.* a year. Oh, that Antioch were London! Fancy 7½*lb.* of good mutton for 1*s.*!—fat fowls, for 2*d.* a-piece!—70*lb.* of fish for 1*s.*! and all possible fruits and vegetables sufficient for one's household, for 2*d.* a-week! If we remember aright, the garden of Eden was somewhere near this place."

From Hogg's Instructor.

VERGNIAUD.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

ELOQUENCE, like many other powers of the human mind, lies often dormant and unsuspected, till it be elicited by circumstances. The quantity of *silent* eloquence awaiting deliverance in a nation is only to be calculated by those who can compute the amount of undeveloped electricity in the earth or sky. Genius is *natus haud factus*; but eloquence is often *factus haud natus*. Rouse ordinary men to the very highest pitch, and they never even approach to the verge of genius, because it is the unsearchable and subtle result of a combination of rare faculties with rare temperament; but any man, touched to the quick, may become, for a season, as eloquent as Demosthenes himself. The child, when struck to a certain measure of brutality, utters screams and words, and assumes attitudes, of high eloquence, and every sob of her little heart is an oration for the crown. How eloquent the pugilist, when his blood is up, and the full fury of the fray has kindled around him, and made his very fists seem inspired! What speeches have sometimes come from the gutter, where a drunk Irishman is leaving Curran far behind in the grotesque combinations of his maddened fancy and the "strange oaths" of his infuriated passions! And how many dull men has the approach of death stirred up into an almost superhuman tide of eloquence, as if both soul and tongue were conscious that their time was short. Perhaps the most eloquent words ever spoken by man were those of the Irish rebel, who having swallowed poison ere his trial commenced, called his advocate to his side when the pleading was over, and gasped out, as he dropped down dead, in a whisper which was heard like thunder (using the language of Pierre, in "Venice preserved"), "*We have deceived the Senate.*"

Upon this principle, we need not be surprised that revolutions, while developing much latent genius, have inspired far more of genuine eloquence. A collection, entitled the "Oratory of Revolutionists," would contain the noblest specimens of human elo-

quence. What the speeches of Cicero, compared to those of Catiline or Cethegus! What poor things in *mere eloquence* the long elaborate orations of Pitt and Fox, to the electric words, the spoken signals, the burning gasps, the sudden lightning strokes, to even the mere gestures, of Mirabeau and Danton! And has not the recent Italian revolution—quenched though it has been—roused one orator worthy of any age or country, Gavazzi—the *actual* of Yendys' ideal and magnificent "Monk," the tongue of Italy, just as Mazzini is its far-stretching and iron hand?

Such remarks may fitly introduce us to Vergniaud, the most eloquent of the "eloquent of France," the *facile princeps* of the Girondins—that hapless party who, with the best professions, and the most brilliant parts (*parts not powers*—the distinction is important, and so far explains their defeat), committed an egregious and inexcusable mistake: they mistook their *age* and their *work*, and, as they did not discern their time, their time revenged itself by trampling on them as it went on its way.

The most misplaced of this misplaced party was Vergniaud. But no more than his party was he fitted, as some would have it, for those Roman days to which he and they incessantly reverted their gaze. Sterner, stronger spirits were then required, as well as in the times of the French Revolution. The Girondins were but imitative and emaculate Romans at the best. Vergniaud would have been in his element in the comparatively peaceful atmosphere of Britain. There, a Charles Grant on a larger scale, he might have one-third of the day "sucked sugar-candy," the other third played with the children, and in the evening either sat silent or poured out triumphant speeches, as he pleased. But, in France, while he was playing at marbles, others were playing at human heads. His speeches were very brilliant; but they wanted the point which Robespierre's always had—the edge of the guillotine. And for want of that terrible

finis, they were listened to, admired but not obeyed.

"Slaves," says Cowper, "cannot breathe in England." We may parody his words thus, "*Whigs* cannot breathe in France." Britain has for long been their element; but France demands either colder or hotter spirits. And because the French Whigs, the Girondins, were lukewarm, they were vomited out of its volcano mouth. That balancing of opinions, that avoidance of all extremes, that reverence for the past modified by respect for the present, by the exercise of which party differences have been so frequently reconciled in this country, seems mere trifling or impertinence to the torrid revolutionary hearts in France, or even to those extreme royal natures in her, of whom we may say that the "ground burns froze, and *frost* performs the effect of fire." And such a French Whig was Vergniaud: possessed of an impetuous and ardent nature, a fiery eloquence, and an impulsive intellect, all running in the narrow channel of his party. In Britain he would have been counted a "Whig and something more." In France, he was reckoned a "Revolutionist, and something less;" in other words, a *weak* Revolutionist—the most fatal and miserable of all forms of weakness. A timid flash of lightning, a remorseful wave in an angry ocean, a drivelling coward among a gang of desperadoes, a lame and limping wolf among the herd descending from the Apennines upon the snow-surrounded village—such are but figures for the idea of one who pauses, halts stammers, and makes play, amid the stern, earnest, and rushing realities of a revolution.

The Girondins were, we suspect, as a party, a set of fantastic fribbles, filled with a small fallacious thought, and without the unity or the force to impose even a shred of it upon the world. In the fine image of Grattan, "after the storm and tempest were over, they were the children of the village come forth to paddle in the streamlets." Barbaroux seems a brilliant coxcomb. Brissot was an unarmed and incapable ruffian, "who," said the dying Danton, "*would* have guillotined me as Robespierre will do." Condorcet was a clear-headed, cold-hearted, atheistic schemer. Roland was an able and honest *prig*. Louvet was a compound of sentiment and smut. The only three redeeming characters among the party were Madame Roland, Charlotte Corday, and Vergniaud; and yet, sorry saints, in the British sense, any of these make, after all:

being nothing else than an elegant intriguing, with a brave heart and a fine intellect within her, a beautiful maniac, and an orator among a thousand, without the gifts of common energy or common sense.

"They sought," says Carlyle, "a republic of the virtues, and they found only one of the strengths." Danton thought otherwise when he said, "they are all Brothers-Cain." His robust nature and Cyclopean eyesight made him recoil from the gingerbread imitation of the Romans, the factitious virtues, the elegant platitudes of language, and the affected refinements of the saloons of the Girondins. He smelt blood with his large distended nostril, amid all their apocryphal finery. Had they succeeded, they might have tossed about their gore in more artistic forms than the Jacobins—they might have gilded the guillotine, or substituted some more classical apparatus of death; but no other cement than blood could they or would they have found for their power at that crisis. At this they aimed; but, while the Jacobins fought with bare rapiers, the Girondins fought with buttoned foils; while the one party threw away the scabbard, the other threw away the sword, and used instead the jewelled sheath.

Vergniaud lives on account of the traditional fame of his eloquence; his eloquence itself can hardly be said to be alive. The extracts of which remain are, on the whole, diffuse and feeble. Even his famous prophecy, Ezekiel-like, of the fall of thrones, is tame in the perusal. What a contrast between his sonorous and linked harangues, and the single volcanic embers issuing from the mouth of Mirabeau or Danton, or even the nasal "I pronounce for doom," which constituted the general oratory of Robespierre! Vergniaud neither attained to the inspired monosyllables of the one, nor to the infernal croakings of the other. His speeches were as powerful as mellifluous. It was a cataract of honey which poured from his lips. Their effect for the time was irresistible; like the speeches in Pandemonium, they, for a season "suspended hell, and took with rapture the thronging audience;" but it was only for a season. When the orator ceased to be seen and heard, his words ceased to be felt. Hence he was only able to pronounce the funeral oration of his party, not to give it any living or permanent place in the history of his country. He had the tongue, and perhaps the brain, but he wanted the profound heart and the strong hand to be the deliverer of France.

He broke at last, as breaks a wave of ocean—the most beautiful and eloquent of the deep, starred with spray, large in volume—upon a jagged rock, which silently receives, and repels, and extinguishes the bright invader. The echoes of his eloquence still linger, like ghosts amid the halls of history, but his name has long since faded into partial insignificance, and, in comparison with his manlier and stronger foes, has not even the sound which that of Eschines now bears beside that of Demosthenes. He fell, and being the weaker, he deserved to fall, in the death and life struggle.

The account of his and the other Girondists' last night in prison is pronounced by Carlyle "not edifying." And yet, as with all last scenes, noble elements are mingled with it. They sing "tumultuous songs;" they frame strange satiric dialogues between the devil and his living representatives; they discourse gravely about the happiness of the peoples; they talk, too, in wild and whirling words, of the immortality of the soul, and the scenes, so near, beyond the guillotine and the grave. Vergniaud, like Hannibal, had secreted poison, but, as it is not enough for his friends as well as himself, therefore "to the dogs—he'll none of it."

His eloquence, too, bursts out, like an expiring flame, into glorious bravuras. If not edifying, surely this was one of the most interesting of all scenes. Who can or dare reproduce it to us in words? Where the North capable of this "Noctes?" We think Carlyle himself might, twenty years ago, have given it us, in a rough and rapid manner. As it is, "for ever undescribed let it remain."

It was intensely French. *They* never die like the fox described by Macaulay—

"Which dies in *silence*, *biting hard*,
Among the *dying hounds*."

They must go out either in splendor or in stench, but both must be palpable and ostentatious. A Vergniaud, quiet serene, meditative, lost in contemplation of the real-

ities before him, or even saying quietly, like Thistlewood to Inga, "We shall soon know the great secret," is an incongruous conception. He must carol and curvet, speak and sing, laugh and speculate, upon the brink of the abyss. Might not, by the way, a panoramic view of *national deathbeds*, and how they are met and spread, tell us something about national character, and about things more important far?

Having been compelled, shortly but severely, to express our notion of Vergniaud and his abortive party, we are not, at the same time, disposed to part with either in anger. They did their best; they did their *no work* in an elegant and artistic manner; and now, like the Gracchi of ancient Rome, they are honorable, more for what they were reputed to be than for what they effected. Let the hymn of the "Marseillaise," which the Girondists sang at the foot of the scaffold, in ghastly gradation, waxing feebler and fainter, till it died away in *one* dying throat, be their everlasting remembrancer and requiem!

"Such an act of music! Conceive it well! The yet living chant there—the chorus so rapidly wearing weak! Samson's axe is rapid; one head per minute, or little less. The chorus is worn *out*. Farewell, for evermore, ye Girondins! Te Deum! Fauchet has become silent; Valaze's dead head is lopped; the sickle of the guillotine has reaped the Girondins all away—the eloquent, the young, the beautiful, and brave! O Death, what feast is toward in thy ghastly halls?"

"Such," says Carlyle, "was the end of Girondism. They arose to regenerate France, these men, and have accomplished *this*. Alas, whatever quarrel we had with them, has not their cruel fate abolished it? Pity only survives. So many excellent souls of heroes sent down to Hades—they themselves given as a prey to dogs and all manner of birds! But here, too, the will of the Supreme Power was accomplished. As Vergniaud said, "The Revolution, like Saturn, is devouring its own children."

From the Edinburgh Review.

MIRABEAU'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

THE Revolution in France of 1848 has revived our interest in the causes and consequences of the greater Revolution of 1789, and in the conduct and character of the persons who took prominent parts in the transactions of that most eventful period of modern history.

There are undoubtedly great differences in the Revolutions of 1789 and 1848, but they are by no means destitute of resemblance. The chief point of similitude is, that at both periods the political and social organization of France was broken up into its component elements; in the Revolution of 1789, perhaps with inevitable precipitancy, in that of 1848, in a spirit of unnecessary change, and with reckless conceit. On both occasions the monarchical form of government was overthrown, after a desperate struggle in 1789, and without resistance in 1848. In truth the old and corrupt monarchy which fell with Louis XVI. had more blood in its veins, and died harder than the recently embodied royalty of Louis Philippe. The foundations of the former had been deeply laid in the traditions and habits, if not in the affections, of the people; while the latter had but a slight hold on the surface, and yielded to the first puff of the revolutionary tempest.

So many political problems had been solved between 1789 and 1848, and so many results had been obtained favorable to the best interests of society, and to the rights of the people, that at the latter period, there was little more to do in the way of organic improvement, than to extend the electoral franchise, so as to make the elected body a real representation of the French people. A reform of Parliament was required, and not a change in the form of the government itself. Louis Philippe, by obstinately resisting the first, was the principal agent in bring-

ing about the latter. It cannot be said that he was ill-advised, for, though his ministers agreed with him, he was his own counsellor; he had not, like Louis XVI., a family to influence him, or courtiers to mislead him; he himself was convinced that the French people possessed as much liberty and political power as could be safely entrusted to them, and he would not even entertain the question of further extension. In this respect Louis XVI. appears to comparative advantage; he felt that great administrative changes were required, and he was ready, *salvâ regiâ dignitate*, to make them. His task, even if he had been honestly and effectively supported by the National Assembly, and well counselled by his ministers, would have been most difficult; nor was that of the National Assembly itself less so. Master spirits were required at once on the throne and in the Assembly. The reigning Bourbon was altogether unfitted for the exigencies of the occasion. A master spirit did appear in the Assembly, but under such unfavorable circumstances, and for so short a time, that the benefits to have been derived from the commanding influence of a man, uniting in himself the opposite qualifications of a tribune of the people, and of a minister of the Sovereign, remain the object of mere speculation, and do not belong to the records of history. That man was Mirabeau.

Mirabeau's youthful immoralities had exceeded the license permitted to his age and station, so that, the first time he appeared in the hall of the States-General he was received with murmurs of disapprobation. Nor was this surprising; he stood there a convicted adulterer, and a betrayer of official confidence.* He is reported to have met this reception with a smile of disdain; feeling, as he must have done, an irresistible

* *Correspondance entre Le Comte de Mirabeau et Le Comte De La Marek, pendant les années 1789, 1790 et 1791. Recueillie, mise en ordre, et publiée, par M. Ad. De Bacourt, Ancien Ambassadeur de France, près la Cour de Sardaigne.*

* We allude to his adulterous connexion with Madame Monnier (Sophia Ruffey), and to the sale by him to a bookseller of the manuscript of the "Secret History of the Court of Berlin," which was in fact a publication of his official despatches to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, during his secret mission at Berlin.

conviction, that his success in the career just opened to him would soon cause the vices of his private life to be overlooked. We may also add a belief that the consciousness of the public good, which he felt himself capable of achieving, gave him an honorable confidence in his power of self-redemption.

The great question was immediately brought under discussion—"Were the *Etats Généraux* to deliberate in one body or separately?" The *Tiers Etat* contended for the first, while the orders of the nobility and of the clergy claimed the right of separate deliberation for each of the three orders. Mirabeau, though a member of the *Tiers Etat*, was far from at once adopting their pretensions; and he applied, through Malonet, who was personally acquainted with some of the ministers, for an interview with Monsieur Necker. That interview took place, and we have the authority of Malonet, in his *Memoirs*, for the fact, that Mirabeau, after explaining his views regarding a constitutional monarchy, pressed upon Necker the importance of the Government overcoming the resistance of the orders of nobility and clergy to a union with the *Tiers Etat*, in order to avoid the evils which would inevitably follow from its continuance. Necker was cold and disdainful, and made no reply to the suggestion. Mirabeau left the minister in great irritation, and is reported to have said, "*Je ne reviendrai plus, mais il aura de mes nouvelles.*" Malonet admits that from the opening of the *Etats Généraux* Mirabeau evinced a fixed determination to support the royal authority, provided it were founded on constitutional principles; but from the first, also, he had a double character to sustain—he endeavored to be at the same time the supporter of order and kingly government, as well as the eloquent tribune of the people, whose force rested on his personal popularity, and on that only.

Mirabeau was a party with Sieyès and others in persuading the *Tiers Etat* to assume the title of the National Assembly, and to give to its members that of Representatives of the French People—titles which were resumed in the Constitution of 1848. The occurrences at the meeting of the National Assembly, held in the Tennis Court, when the usual hall of their sittings had been shut up, under pretence of repairs, are well known to our readers; and it may be truly said that, with the language of Mirabeau to the Marquis de Brézé, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, who had called upon the Three Orders to separate, in conformity with the

commands of the King, given at the Royal Seance of the 23rd June, 1789, the Revolution began, and was at once completed. We believe the following to be the most correct record of what Mirabeau said on that ever-memorable occasion:—"Oui, Monsieur, nous avons entendu les intentions qu'on a suggérées au Roi; et vous qui ne sauriez être son *Organe* auprès de l'Assemblée Nationale; vous, qui n'avez ici ni place, ni voix, ni droit de parler; allez dire à votre Maître qui nous sommes ici par la volonté du peuple, et que nous n'en sortirons que par la force des bayonnettes." No words can convey a more energetic and dignified assertion of the independence of the representative body, and they at once annihilated the pageants of absolute monarchy.

Here then begins that Constituent Assembly, which in its origin and functions, was in some measure the prototype to that of 1848. Although the Constitution framed by the Constituent Assembly in 1791 had little duration, the reputation of the Assembly itself, far from diminishing, has rather increased with the progress of time. Much of the framework of the present organization of France was then prepared, and the principles of its internal administration were definitively laid down. We cannot but admire the great capacity and various talents displayed by the members of that Assembly, brought more prominently forward by the contrasts of their political opinions. Mirabeau shone with greater brightness than any other individual, but he did not eclipse his distinguished colleagues. Barnave, Maury, Cazales were powerful rivals in eloquence, and the political metaphysician, Sieyès, scarcely yielded to Mirabeau in sagacious anticipations and energetic decision at critical moments.

The Members of the Committee appointed to prepare the Project of the Constitution by the Constituent Assembly were Talleyrand, Sieyès, Monnier, Chapelier, Lally Tolendal, Clermont Tonnerre, Champion de Cicé (Archbishop of Toulouse), and Bergasse. Let our readers compare these names with those of the Committee that framed the Constitution of 1848; Cormenin, Marrast, La Mennais, Vivien, Tocqueville, Dufaure, Martin (de Strasbourg), Woirhaye, Coquerel, Corbon, Thouret de l'Allier, Gustave de Beaumont, Dupin, Vaulabelle, O. Barrot, Pagès de l'Arriège, Dornès, Considérant. From these two Committees emanated the Constitutions of 1791 and 1848, and the Members are respectively responsible for their works. It is painful to see

the names of men so eminent in the present day, attached to the concoction of that of 1848, which, before the ink was dry upon the Constitutional Act, some of them declared to be contradictory in its provisions, unsuited to the people, and impracticable in execution.

The papers which form the subject of the present Article, collected, arranged, and edited by Monsieur Bacourt with great care and impartiality, are divided into three parts. The first part from page 4, to page 173, of the first volume consists of notices by the Comte de la Marck himself on the principal personages of the Court of Louis XVI., and of a narrative compiled from other less complete notes left by him, giving a detailed account of his intercourse with Mirabeau, and explanatory of the correspondence. To this narrative the editor has added some very useful notes of his own. We are inclined to think that readers in general will consider this the most interesting part of the work. The second part contains the correspondence with Mirabeau from the 28th of December 1789 till the 24th of March 1791; he died on the 2nd of April of that year. This correspondence occupies a portion of the first volume, the whole of the second, and the first 113 pages of the third volume. In the last portion of the third volume the reader will find several letters from the Comte de la Marck, to the Comte Mercy d'Argenteau and to other persons, together with a few notes drawn up by Monsieur Pellenc, Mirabeau's private secretary, after the death of Mirabeau.

The sketches of character and observations contained in the original notes of the Comte de la Marck are full of interest; and we regret that our limits restrict us to a few extracts, and to an abridgment of the narrative. We particularly recommend to our readers the Comte de la Marck's remarks on the relations of Marie Antoinette with the Duchesse de Polignac, and on the leading persons admitted to her intimate society.

The Comte de la Marck, describing Marie Antoinette, says:—

"I will endeavor to bring together some notices of various circumstances, in which I was personally placed in a situation to become acquainted with the Queen, and to appreciate her character. She had, above all, great goodness of heart, and a strong inclination to oblige those who sought her good offices, and too often this kindness of disposition was imposed upon. Marie Antoinette did not possess much reach of mind, but she readily perceived and comprehended what

was brought before her. The gayety of her character gave her an inclination to jest, which she sometimes carried to the length of ridicule. This was a fault in a person placed in her station, and those around her were apt to encourage her in it. I can, without hesitation, assert that the Queen was not in the habit of exerting her influence with the King in the choice of his ministers; the only exception was the nomination of the Marquis de Segur to the Ministry of War. I will even go farther, and say, that the Queen, so far from having any taste or desire to meddle in public affairs, had a positive repugnance for doing so, probably arising from the usual levity of the female character."

The Comte de la Marck supports this assertion by citing various instances in which measures were adopted without her knowledge in opposition to her opinions and wishes. At the same time, the irresolution of the King in the midst of the dangers with which they were surrounded, forced the Queen forward, in order to supply the deficiencies of her royal husband.

The Comte de la Marck saw much of La Fayette before the latter embarked in the war of American Independence, and he describes him as an awkward imitator in fashionable life of his brother-in-law, the Vicomte de Noailles. This spirit of imitation suggested to La Fayette the desire to join the American insurgents, which the Vicomte de Noailles had already asked permission to do. Monsieur Bacourt, the editor of the correspondence, gives an extract from the memoirs of La Fayette, in which the latter assigns much higher motives for his joining the American cause. There is nothing, however, contradictory in the two statements. Imitation may have first suggested the idea to La Fayette's mind, and the determination once taken, he may have worked himself up into enthusiasm.

Speaking of the Duke of Orleans, (p. 81.) the Comte says:—

"Equity and impartiality compel me, in finishing this imperfect sketch of the character of the Duke of Orleans, not to pass over in silence, the good qualities which I have observed in him. He was most scrupulous in performing his promises, and he considered himself irrevocably engaged even by a word hastily uttered; he was extremely shy, but this is a fault generally connected with goodness of heart. The Duke of Orleans never so far overcame this timidity as to be able to speak in public. When at one of the sittings of the Parliament he had to read a paper containing a few remarks in opposition to the commands just delivered by the King, he stammered and was nearly inaudible. On a still more important oc-

casion, when he had undertaken to read a short address, urging the majority of the Noblesse to join the Tiers Etat, he fainted, and the windows were thrown open to revive him."

The introduction of the Comte de la Marck to Mirabeau was effected at the desire of the Comte, through Monsieur Senac de Meilhan, ex-Intendant of the province of Hainault; and the occasion was a dinner at the house of the Prince de Poix, Governor of Versailles. The party consisted, besides, of the Comte and Comtesse de Tessé, Monsieur de Thun, and the Vicomte de Noailles, who had all expressed a wish to become acquainted with Mirabeau. The following are the Comte de la Marck's first impressions of his future intimate friend. (P, 81.)

"He was tall, squarely and heavily built; his head, large beyond the usual proportions, was further increased by a large quantity of hair, curled and powdered; he wore a plain coat, with buttons of enormous dimensions of colored stones; his whole dress was an exaggeration of the fashion, and very unlike that of the Court. His features were disfigured by the small-pox, he had a downward look, but his eyes were full of fire. Meaning to be polite, he exaggerated his salutations, and his first words were absurd compliments sufficiently vulgar. In short, he had neither the manners nor the language of the society in which he then happened to be; and although by his birth he was equal in rank to his hosts, it was quite evident he was entirely deficient in the ease of manners that belongs to good society. It was not till Monsieur de Meilhan turned the conversation to general politics and administration, that everything ridiculous and vulgarly affected in Mirabeau's manner and conversation disappeared. All then remarked the abundance and clearness of his ideas, and he enchanted his hearers by his brilliant and energetic manner of expressing them."

The Comte de la Marck relates the following anecdote in connexion with this dinner: "The Prince de Poix, who read but little, and was not at all *au fait* of public affairs, having said, on Monsieur Necker's name being mentioned, '*Ah! there indeed, is a man!*' Mirabeau, surprised by this burst of eulogy, drew back a few steps, and, bowing with great gravity to the Prince, replied, 'Yes, he is a great player at cup and ball.'"

The result of this first meeting was a mutual expression of a wish, by the Comte de la Marck and Mirabeau, to continue the acquaintance. The Duke of Orleans, on finding that the Comte de la Marck was in habits of intercourse with Mirabeau, intimated a desire to become acquainted with him, and

they met at dinner at the Comte's. Mirabeau was not pleased with the Duke, who, he remarked, did not inspire him with any confidence.

The Comte de la Marck being elected a Deputy of the Noblesse for the Bailliage of Quesnoy, in which the estate of Raismes, which he possessed in right of his wife, was situated, was present at the opening of the Etats Généraux; and he and Mirabeau met in the Assembly three days after the union of the Three Orders. Comte de la Marck had adhered to the measures of the majority of the order to which he belonged. Mirabeau went up to him, and said, "Ne reconnaissez vous plus vos anciens amis; vous ne m'avez encore rien dit?" The Comte proposed their dining together, which was accepted by Mirabeau. On that occasion Mirabeau said, "You are no doubt dissatisfied with me." "And with many others," was the reply. "If that be so, you ought to be discontented with the inhabitants of the Chateau.—*Le vaisseau de l'état est battu par la plus violente tempête, et il n'y a personne à la barre.*" These words are remarkable, for they contain the formula of all Mirabeau's subsequent communications with the Court and the Ministers. Mirabeau felt, even at that period, that he was wanted at the helm. We would willingly transcribe the whole of this conversation between the Comte de la Marck, for in it Mirabeau briefly but completely developed his views respecting the future government of France. "The fate of France," he said, "was decided. The words Liberty and Taxes voted by the people, had been uttered throughout the kingdom, and there is no issue out of the difficulty, but by a Constitution, more or less similar to that of England: the day on which the Ministers of the king will agree to discuss the state of affairs with me, they will find me devoted to the royal cause, and to that of Constitutional Monarchy." This sentiment was at the bottom of all his plans and opinions until the day of his death. The conversation took place at the end of the month of June, 1789.

The Comte de la Marck, in his intimate intercourse with Mirabeau, became convinced that it would not be difficult to secure his parliamentary support of the royal cause, as his principles were sincerely monarchical. The Comte opened himself on the subject to Monsieur de Cillé, Archbishop of Bordeaux, and Keeper of the Seals; the latter was ready to adopt the Count's views, but declared that Monsieur Necker could never consent to any such proposition. The violent language too

often held by Mirabeau in the Assembly, and in the Revolutionary Societies, drew from the Comte de la Marck a very strong remonstrance, which was well and patiently received; but Mirabeau said in his defence that "it was impossible for him to act otherwise, without risking the loss of his popularity, which was his strength." "The armies," said he, "are in the face of each other, negotiation or conflict must take place. The Government will adopt neither, and is playing a very dangerous game."

Droz, in his History of the Reign of Louis XVI., asserts that Mirabeau, about this time, received a sum of 300,000 francs through Le Clos, from the Duke of Orleans, to purchase his services in the Assembly. This accusation, so often brought against Mirabeau, is utterly denied by the Comte de la Marck, who truly says, that it was very unlikely that, if Mirabeau had just received so large a sum from the Duke of Orleans, he should have applied to him for a loan of 50 louis, which he did the same month. Even Droz admits that Mirabeau would not have taken money on condition of acting contrary to his principles; and La Marck emphatically says, "Non, jamais Mirabeau ne sacrifia ses principes à ses intérêts pécuniaires." Mirabeau's own expression regarding the Duke of Orleans was, "On prétend que je suis de son parti; je ne voudrais pas de lui pour mon valet." However, Mirabeau's language to the Comte de Narbonne, recorded by Droz, might lead to a less favorable conclusion. "Un homme comme moi peut recevoir cent mille écus, mais on n'a pas un homme comme moi pour cent mille écus." A distinction almost as dangerous as that attributed to Bacon, between selling justice, but not injustice.

The Comte de la Marck, anxious to explain to the Queen the reasons of his intimacy with Mirabeau, employed the Comtesse d'Ossun, the Dame d'Atours (p. 99.) to convey to Her Majesty that his object was to moderate Mirabeau's revolutionary outbreaks, and to make him useful to the King, in concert with the Ministers. The Queen granted the Comte an audience, at which, while she admitted his good intentions, she added, "Nous ne serons jamais assez malheureux, je pense, pour être réduits à la pénible extrémité de recourir à Mirabeau." The Queen had afterwards recourse to the services of Mirabeau, but the reluctance with which she did so, prevented her from ever giving him her entire confidence. The Comte was much disappointed at this failure, for daily inter-

course had increased his own confidence in him, and had brought conviction to his mind that the formidable tribune possessed estimable qualities of head and heart. Mirabeau on one occasion, full of repentance for the past, exclaimed, in a tone of deep affliction, "Ah! que l'immoralité de ma jeunesse fait de tort à la chose publique!" Memorable words, containing a practical lesson to public men, that the highest talents will be deprived of their natural influence by reckless disregard of morality.

The sagacity of Mirabeau led him to anticipate some catastrophe, such as took place on the 5th and 6th October; for some days before he said to La Marck, "Tout est perdu! le Roi et la Reine y périront, et vous le verrez; la populace battra leur cadavres." The events of the 5th and 6th October were the beginning of the accomplishment of this terrific prophecy. The Comte gives a short account of the occurrences of the 5th and 6th October, of which he was an eye-witness, not very favorable to Monsieur La Fayette, and quite exculpating Mirabeau from having any connection with the movement of the populace of Paris upon Versailles.

The day after the King was dragged, as Comte de la Marck very justly expresses it, to the Tuileries, Mirabeau urged him to press upon the King and Queen the necessity of leaving Paris; otherwise that "they and France were lost." He further asked the Count, if he were in a position to give their Majesties an assurance that they might rely upon him. A few days afterwards Mirabeau placed in the Count's hand a memoir on the subject, dated the 5th of October, 1789. This memoir is found in the "Correspondence." Mirabeau, while he recommended the King and Royal Family to quit Paris and to go to Normandy, deprecated any intention of leaving France, which he characterized as an irreparable act of imprudence. The King's total want of energy prevented the adoption of this plan, which, if carried out at that time with all the concomitant measures recommended by Mirabeau, might perhaps have arrested the progress of the Revolution.

Mirabeau had personally a very low opinion of La Fayette's abilities, and great distrust of his political conduct; still he felt the importance to the royal cause of their acting together, and made advances to La Fayette for that purpose. They were unsuccessful; for Monsieur La Fayette, neither then nor at any period of his political life, had quite made up his mind as to what was best to be done

for the public interest, or indeed for his own. Whereas Mirabeau was decision personified. He sought the establishment of a Limited Monarchy for France, and the position of Prime Minister for himself. La Fayette had probably at this time some vague notion of a Monarchy with Republican institutions, of which he meant himself to be the Protector; but he never dreamt of giving to the Sovereign the degree of independent authority which is absolutely necessary for the efficiency of the Executive Power. This vague and contradictory notion of a Republican Monarchy seemed about to become a reality in 1830, but was dissipated by the dexterity and determination of Louis Philippe. La Fayette had not changed—he still had more vanity than ambition, but had not perspicacity nor resolution sufficient to save his vanity from mystification, nor to work out for himself the place which would have satisfied his ambition. His probity obtained for him the confidence of Louis XVI.; but he was an impracticable counsellor for a King; on the contrary, Mirabeau had no object of personal ambition which was not compatible with the vigorous exercise of the royal authority within constitutional limits; indeed his personal success depended upon that very condition. In this view of the comparative utility of the two men to the royal cause, the immorality and pecuniary embarrassments of Mirabeau were a very subordinate consideration; and yet with Louis XVI. they outweighed all others.

If Mirabeau held La Fayette cheap as a statesman, La Fayette did not set a very high value on the parliamentary services of Mirabeau; for he rather insiduously proposed to him a sum of 50,000 francs from the king's civil list (of which he disposed), and an embassy that might eventually lead to a ministry. Mirabeau rejected these offers, feeling himself to be the only man who could save the entire political fabric from falling to pieces. When Necker retired from the ministry, if it had not been for the decree of the 7th November, 1789, which excluded the King's Ministers from seats in the Assembly, Mirabeau might possibly have been placed in a position which would have enabled him, as Minister, to make head against the revolutionary storm; but that fatal decree of exclusion disqualified him for all public authority in the direction of affairs, and limited his services to private counsels, which, however, were only given to be neglected.

The Comte de la Marck left Paris on the

15th of December, 1789, and did not return till the 15th of March 1790. During his absence from Paris he corresponded with Mirabeau, and was so dissatisfied with the course taken by him in the Assembly—violent, and very contrary to the opinions expressed by him in private, that their intimate communications, at least on political affairs, would probably have ceased, if the Comte de Mercy, the Austrian ambassador, had not, at the command of the King and Queen, given to the intercourse with Mirabeau a more positive character than it had hitherto possessed. An interview took place between Mirabeau and the Comte de Mercy, at which Mirabeau again urged the necessity of the King quitting Paris, but not the kingdom. They parted well satisfied with each other: the Comte de Mercy was convinced that Mirabeau was able to render most important services to the cause of Royalty, and thought that no further time ought to be lost in securing them.

The reluctance of their Majesties to come into direct intercourse with a man of so bad a private character, and who had done so much in the first instance to bring on the Revolution, is apparent throughout, and it was clear that although employed, he was not trusted. The King was ashamed of the intercourse, and enjoined the strictest secrecy on the subject. Meantime, he paid Mirabeau's debts, amounting to 208,000 francs; and a million of francs in bank notes were placed in the Comte de la Marck's hands to be given to Mirabeau at the end of the session, if the King was satisfied with his services. He was to receive besides a monthly allowance of 8,000 francs. The bank notes were returned by the Comte to the King after the death of Mirabeau.

On the 3rd of July, 1790, the Queen, at the suggestion of the Comte de Mercy, admitted Mirabeau to a personal conference at the Palace of St. Cloud, where the Court then was. The Queen, as she told the Comte de la Marck a few days after this interview, became satisfied of the sincere attachment of Mirabeau to the Monarchy and to the persons of their Majesties. Mirabeau as might have been expected from the feelings or prejudices of his caste, in which he largely participated, was charmed with the personal grace and affable manners of Marie Antoinette. His solicitude to repair the injuries that he had done was increased, and his expression to the Comte de la Marck was, '*rien ne m'arrêtera : je périrai plutôt que de manquer à mes principes.*' (P. 190.) The

Comte de la Marck tells us that he believed the King and Queen had as much confidence in himself, *as it was possible* for them to have in any one, but that in truth they gave their confidence to no one. A most unfortunate withholding, for it produced uncertainty and vacillation.

The Comte de Mercy was at this time called to other duties by the Emperor Joseph, and the Comte de La Marck himself had, in September, 1790, intended to give up his seat in the Assembly, and to leave Paris, but was induced by the Comte de Mercy to abandon the intention, and to enter into correspondence with him during his temporary absence. As the King could not be persuaded to change his Ministers, and as it was indispensable to make some one of them privy to the intercourse between Mirabeau and the Court, the Comte de Montmorin was, on the advice of the Comte de Mercy, selected for the purpose, and from henceforth took part in the confidential communications between the parties.

Mirabeau, encouraged by the direct coalition between him and the Comte de Montmorin, the only one of the last Ministry who had remained in office, drew up a Memoir, which is found in the Correspondence under the date of the 23d, December, 1790, entitled, "View of the state of France, and of the Means of reconciling Public Liberty with the Royal Authority." This Memoir was given by the Comte de la Marck to the Queen, who was much struck with it, and especially with that part which pointed out the personal danger of the Royal Family: not so the King, who, whether, as the Comte says, from resignation even to such a fate as that of Charles the First, or from apathy, could not be roused to any vigorous resolution by the first perusal of the Memoir.

Mirabeau's parliamentary career now drew to a close. We will not attempt to abridge the account of his last illness and death, but refer our readers to the work itself for the interesting details. His bodily sufferings, which he bore with fortitude, were very great, and he expired in the arms of the Comte, at half-past eight o'clock on the morning of the 2d of April, 1791. The Comte thus concludes the account of the last hours of Mirabeau: "I have already said, one must have known him in intimacy to do justice to his great and noble qualities, and to understand how great was his power of attraction. Notwithstanding the differences of character which existed between us, I know not how to express the irresistible

charm which drew me towards him—it was a charm which he exercised on all who knew him intimately. Those who were united to him by ties of affection, cherished the most tender recollection of him."

Three days before his death, and when there was no hope of his recovering, he himself proposed to La Marck to take charge of his papers, in which, he said, there was much to compromise different individuals, and to enable ill-disposed persons to mislead public opinion; he at the same time called upon the Comte to promise that they should be, at a fitting time, published in vindication of his memory. The Comte readily gave the promise required; and, assisted by Monsieur Pellene, Mirabeau's private secretary, after destroying, in a very hurried manner, some papers which the Comte admits were of importance, made a selection which forms the correspondence which is now before us.

The Comte de la Marck says, that Mirabeau, although possessed of great quickness of perception, vigor of thought, and felicity of expression in conversation, and in the tribune, was very slow in written composition; that he found great difficulty in expressing his ideas, and that he added and erased so much, as to render his manuscripts illegible. This was undoubtedly the reason that he so constantly employed others, and particularly Dumont and Pellene, to prepare notes, and even complete memoirs, which formed the substance of his more elaborate speeches; but these documents were comparatively inanimate bodies, until vivified and set in motion by the eloquent genius of Mirabeau. La Marck enumerates most of the persons thus employed by him.

Within a fortnight of the death of Mirabeau, the King, after having been prevented by the populace from going to St. Cloud, and being thereby literally confined to the Tuileries, determined to escape from Paris, in execution of a plan framed by Monsieur de Breteuil; Montmedy was the place to which the King and Royal Family were to have gone, but they were stopped at Varennes, and brought back to Paris. The Comte de La Marck saw the King and Queen frequently after their return, and rendered to them such trifling services as were in his power. After the acceptance of the Constitution by the King, in September, 1791, and the termination of the cabals of the Constitutional Assembly, the Comte thought the time had come when he might with propriety quit France; and accordingly he left Paris in the

beginning of October, 1791. On going away, he made arrangements to continue his correspondence, whenever practicable, with the Comte de Montmorin, and he received several letters from him, published in the "Correspondence." The letters, from precaution, were forwarded in the hand-writing of the Comte de Montmorin's daughter, the Comtesse de Beaumont, to whom the secret of the correspondence was entrusted.

Before we enter upon an examination of the correspondence of Mirabeau with the Comte de La Marek, we must call the reader's attention to the letter of Marie Antoinette to Comte de Mercy, dated August 16. 1791, and republished in a note by M. de Bacourt, from the "Retrospective Review."

The unfortunate Queen began this remarkable letter on the 16th of August, but did not finish it till the 26th. The principal topics are, the acceptance of the Constitution by the King, the conduct of the emigrant Princes and Nobles, and the intervention of Foreign Powers in restoring the King's legitimate authority.

The Queen expresses her conviction that the King had no alternative, in accepting the Constitution which was about to be presented. Her Majesty had the same opinion of the Constitution of 1791, as the majority of those who voted for it, had of that of 1848. She thought it so full of defects and contradictions, that it could not work, and must necessarily fall under the general reprobation of the people. The King, she writes, should in accepting it, refer to his declaration of the 29th of June, and maintain his opinion as to the impossibility of governing well with such a Constitution. When once accepted, the King should rigidly adhere to it, because his so doing would accelerate the expression of universal disgust. He ought "*marcher in quelque sorte toujours la loi à la main.*" Is not this counsel well adapted, *mutatis mutandis*, to the position of the present executive power in France towards the Constitution of 1848? She adds that, to succeed in this line of conduct, a ministry must be formed, composed of able and devoted men, ready to be disowned by the courtiers and aristocrats, who, however indignant, could never, at least by their own exertions, recover the position which they had lost.

The Queen, in the first part of her letter, utterly rejects the advice of the Princes to refuse acceptance of the Constitution, and to rely entirely upon the assistance of Foreign Powers. She criticises the conduct of each

of those Powers, points out the indifference of the Emperor; the insidious policy of England, directed to the encouragement of all parties for the purpose of weakening all; and the steady selfishness of Prussia. Even union among these Powers would come too late to save the King from the immediate danger of refusing his acceptance. Still she thinks that much good might be done by a manifesto from all the coalesced Powers, as it might induce the leaders of parties in the Assembly to come into terms of accommodation. Great dissatisfaction is expressed at the conduct of the Princes, and of Monsieur Calonne, their principal adviser; and great bitterness at the report that the Allied Powers entertain a notion of acknowledging Monsieur regent of the kingdom, and the Comte d'Artois lieutenant-general. She treats the project as absurd, and ascribes the notion of it "*à quelque tête Française.*" This was her opinion on public affairs, but she "*doubted whether it would be followed,* for the Comte knew the character of the person (meaning the King) with whom she had to deal, who, even at the moment when she might have supposed him to be convinced, would be changed by a single word or a single argument, without her being able to perceive that the alteration had taken place. This was the reason why many useful things could not be undertaken." Marie Antoinette concludes this part by saying, that the Count may be assured that although "*she may be compelled to yield to circumstances, she will never consent to any act that is unworthy of her, c'est dans le malheur qu'on sent d'avantage ce qu'on est.*" A sentiment well befitting the daughter of Maria Theresa.

In the last postscript to this letter the Queen gives up all expectation of personal freedom, under the continued degradation of the royal authority by the National Assembly; and owns that no resource was left, but to lull the enemies of royalty into a false security by feigned submission; with this feeling she has no hope now but from the assistance of Foreign Powers. The letter ends by an entreaty to the Emperor that he would put himself at the head of the coalition, and bring the united forces to their help. On him alone, she says, depended the happiness and the very existence of the King, of herself, of her children. She insists, that in giving this indispensable aid, the French Princes, and all the emigrant French, but especially the former, should be kept in the background, and not be allowed to show themselves.

We have devoted some space to the contents of this letter, as it may not be known to the generality of our readers, and because we ourselves think that it far exceeds in interest any letter in the "Mirabeau and La Marck Correspondence." On reading it, it is difficult not to come to the conclusion that if Marie Antoinette had been sovereign, either royalty would not have perished in her hands, or she would have died in the field, and not on the scaffold. Too much compassion cannot be bestowed on Louis XVI., but that compassion is not free from reproach; for his irresolution at critical moments actually accelerated, if it did not produce, that political and social convulsion, in which the throne, the altar, and the whole frame of civilized society in France, became one common ruin.

The first letter in the series is one from Mirabeau, dated 28th December, 1788, to the Comte de Montmorin, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, and is remarkable as containing the first expression of Mirabeau's scheme for meeting the political and financial difficulties of the time, by establishing a constitution which might preserve the country from the "plots of the aristocracy, the excesses of the democracy, and the complete anarchy in which the royal authority itself, by aiming at being absolute, was placed."

The publication of the "Secret History of the Court of Berlin" had evidently taken place in the interval between this letter and one from Monsieur de Montmorin, dated 26th Feb., 1789. The minister's letter was cold and guarded, as might well be expected, after such an occurrence. Mirabeau's answer is more remarkable for shameless audacity than for ingenuity. We must confess our surprise that the editor, in a note upon these letters, should attempt to excuse Mirabeau for the breach of trust committed by him in publishing the work in question; Mirabeau's story to Talleyrand, that the wife of a bookseller, who was his mistress, had abstracted the manuscript, and sold it to pay her husband's debts, did not satisfy the then Bishop of Autun, nor does it us; for even if the story be true, the breach of trust receives no palliation.

The correspondence between the Comte de La Marck and Mirabeau begins with a very short note full of friendship and confidence, and proposing an interview. From the expression "*ils ne font rien et viennent ici ce soir*," it is evident that the Comte was already in communication with a knot of persons enjoying the confidence of the King, and employed in forming a party in the Na-

tional Assembly, sufficiently numerous to control the extreme Democrats. Talon, the Procureur du Chatelet, and Monsieur Semonville, were two of the most active agents in this project. Mirabeau, who had played so much the part of an extreme democrat at the opening of the *Etats Généraux*, was not taken into their counsels at first; but the Comte brought Talon and him into communication in the month of October, 1789. La Fayette, notwithstanding the events of the 5th and 6th of October, seems at this time to have possessed much of the King's confidence; and, in fact, the clique pretended to do nothing without consulting him. He and Mirabeau were therefore necessarily brought to concert measures together; and La Fayette, as representing the wishes of the King, discussed with Mirabeau himself, and with the Comte de La Marck, the pecuniary assistance and official position which were to be the recompense of Mirabeau's exertions. The correspondence during the month of October is chiefly directed to this point; we must, however, except the memoir drawn up by Mirabeau, and put into the hands of Monsieur, the brother of the King, by La Marck.

This memorandum, dated the 15th of October, recommended (p. 364.) that the King should with all publicity leave Paris, where he was no longer a free agent, and fix himself at Rouen, and that he should call upon the Assembly to accompany him. Mirabeau discusses at some length the question of the time when this part of the plan should be carried into execution, and he decides that it should be so without delay. He recommends that successive proclamations should be issued by the King, explaining to the people their real interests, and that arrangements should be come to with the public creditors through agents duly appointed by them. There is nothing in this memoir, except the departure of the King from Paris, which is of importance; that measure was however capital, for upon it rested the personal freedom of the King, and the independent action of the executive authority.

The negotiation with La Fayette for pecuniary assistance and official employment came to nothing, and there is a letter from Mirabeau to La Fayette, dated 1st December, 1789, full of reproach and bitterness which, for the time at least, broke off all intimacy. (P. 433.) In this letter Mirabeau does not hesitate to tell La Fayette, "that the intellectual giddiness produced by his position, and the indecision of his character,

made him blind to the impossibility of maintaining a state of things, that nothing but success could justify. How often have I told you, while doing ample justice to your good qualities, that your liking for inferior men, and your miserable weakness for your own fancies, would destroy the noblest prospect, compromise yourself, and the public interests also."

La Fayette had, we conclude, affronted Mirabeau, by attending to some scandalous reports which were in circulation about him: whatever these were, Mirabeau treats them with contempt, and even presses La Fayette to be more explicit. He avows that he has many debts, though not in the aggregate of a large amount,—“I have many debts, and this is the best answer that circumstances can make to the gossip of slanderers; but there is not an action of my life, even among my errors, which I cannot justify in a manner to make my enemies die of shame, if they had any.” Mirabeau had certainly a very loose notion of moral accountability.—The conclusion of this letter is sufficiently menacing. “Believe me, Monsieur le Marquis, that I am not to be stayed by this behavior. My race is not run, for I am rather bored than tired, I am rather discouraged than hurt, and if the means of moving are refused me, I will answer by going on.”

In this page (p. 427.) commences a letter from the Marquise de Saillant, Mirabeau's sister, to his wife the Comtesse de Mirabeau, who seems to have written to the Marquise a letter expressing great anxiety on the subject of Mirabeau's political conduct and intentions. The Marquise gives, in her letter, Mirabeau's reply to his wife's inquiries on these points. As this letter contains Mirabeau's statement of his feelings and views, written in all the freedom of family intercourse, more complete credit may be given to the truth of its language, than even to the correspondence with La Marek; and certainly there is no discrepancy to be traced between the one and the other.

“The Comtesse de Mirabeau errs in supposing him ambitious in the vulgar acceptance of the term. He does not covet office, decorations, or dignities; but he has tried to prepare, to accelerate, and to establish a great revolution in human affairs, for the benefit of mankind. I have, assisted by the spirit of the age and unhelped-for circumstances, succeeded up to a certain point, indeed more than an ordinary mortal could have expected, against whom his own faults and those of others had raised so many obstacles.

“The ignorance and the perfidy of the Government, and the unskillfulness of the party hostile

to the Revolution on the other hand, have pushed me more than once further than I intended, but I have never deserted my principle, which is to return to, or remain in, the *Juste Milieu*. What remains to be done? To give life to the Executive Power, to regenerate the royal authority, and to reconcile it with national liberty; but all this cannot be done without a new Ministry, and the enterprise is sufficiently noble and dignified to make me wish to belong to it.

“No good ministry can be formed while the King's ministers are excluded from the legislature—the decree on that subject must be reversed, or the Revolution (we presume from Absolute to Constitutional Monarchy) can never be consolidated.

“This fact will be acknowledged when the reign of the Charlatan (Necker) is at an end. Madame de Mirabeau is right in attributing the check I met with on this point to him. I am more sorry for the public than for myself, for I have long said, *Malheur, malheur, aux peuples reconnaissants*.”

The Marquise de Saillant concludes her letter to her sister-in-law, with a judicious and touching appeal to the latter, on the possibility of a reconciliation with her husband. The editor remarks, that this letter, of which a minute in the hand-writing of Mirabeau exists among the papers, was written undoubtedly at his instigation; and if so, it is much to his credit, and places him in a new and favorable point of view.

Mirabeau's correspondence with La Marek, which occupies the concluding pages of the first volume, referred generally to the commencing difficulties of the situation of public affairs, caused by the incapacity of Necker, the pretensions and irresolution of La Fayette, the weakness of the Court, and the growing violence of the Democrats. Mirabeau at this time entertained the project of placing the direction of affairs in the hands of Monsieur, the King's brother; the project, however, which received little countenance from the Queen, and probably even less from the King, for both were jealous of the comparative popularity of Monsieur, soon fell to the ground. These letters are full of spirited sarcasm, and are the most amusing in the collection.

In the letter dated 23d of December, 1789, is this passage (p. 436)—“The atmosphere of the country is still the same; the mephitic influence of indecision and weakness, of envy and bad faith, corrupt, defile, and dissolve everything; at the Luxembourg, (where Monsieur lived) they are afraid of being afraid; at the Tuileries the King is accustomed to everything, except the *inconvenience of his residence*; the Queen remains

within her retrenchment, 'je ne me mêle de rien!'—the General (La Fayette) is the luckiest and most immovable player at hazard in the world."

On the 4th of January, 1790, (p. 447), he writes: "'Les cartes sont tellement mêlées dans ce tripot,' that it is very difficult for the most skilful player to make a good hit. This empire still sustains itself by its mass, but there is no movement in it; and although the natural principles of life may be good, without possessing all the energy supposed, it will die from decomposition, if not put, by some means or other, into motion."

The following passage is curious as a speculation: "You view the Belgians as a Belgian. As for me—who am convinced that no great empire can be well governed but by a division into small confederating states, and that ours will either be dissolved or so administered—I feel assured that if our Government becomes wise, and our Constitution be matured, all the populations of the banks of the Rhine, beginning with your provinces, will range themselves under it, and then we shall at last see how far the conquests of liberty, and human reason can proceed."

Mirabeau in this letter (p. 486), continuing the vein of sarcasm on men and things, says, "La Fayette treats us with little evolutions, and Montmorin with little intrigues. St. Priest has more serious intentions, while the Tuileries and the Luxembourg alternately surpass each other in cowardice, carelessness, and versatility."

In his last letter of this series, he says, "Monsieur La Fayette conspires in favor of royalty from gallantry. Our virtuosos do the same from corruption, while our democrats assist royalty, by their internal divisions and the miserable trickeries of their personal interests." Mirabeau—although, with the exception of the attempt to make Monsieur minister, he did not, during Comte de La Marck's absence from Paris, take any part in ministerial measures or arrangements—was very active, even to the injury of his health, in the Assembly; and, in the discussions on the internal organization of the country, and on the various revolutionary outbreaks and resistance to the decrees of the Assembly which occurred in different parts of France, he made some of his best speeches.

No notice is taken in the "Correspondence" of Mirabeau's brilliant and successful exertions in the Assembly on the 22d of May,

in combating the attempts of the Lameths, of Duport, and Barnave to place the right of declaring war and making peace exclusively in the Assembly. He obtained this success, too, at the moment when a pamphlet was hawked about the streets of Paris, entitled the "Grande Trahison du Comte Mirabeau." Barnave entered on this occasion the lists with Mirabeau, and was fairly beaten: La Fayette supporting Mirabeau, but apparently without any previous concert.

The first note addressed by Mirabeau to the Court, or rather to the Queen, as appears from his alluding to the daughter of Maria Theresa as his august auxiliary, is dated on the 1st of June, 1790, and relates entirely to the absolute necessity of reducing the influence of Monsieur La Fayette, with whom, however, Mirabeau had not ceased to communicate; for he says on the 4th of June (p. 34), "I yesterday saw the man of indecision." He in this letter strongly remonstrates against any clandestine escape of the King (of which a project was then entertained), "un Roi ne s'en va qu'en plein jour, quand c'est pour être Roi."

The second note of Mirabeau,—nominally addressed to the Court, but, like the first, really to the Queen,—again reverts to La Fayette; but instead of seeking altogether to remove him, he recommends that the Queen should see La Fayette, and insist upon his publicly uniting himself with Mirabeau, and acting in entire concert. "All must be arranged by the Queen. 'Le Roi n'a qu'un homme, c'est sa femme. . . . The time will come, and that soon, when we must try what a woman and child can do on horseback; with her it is a family act.'" Mirabeau proposes that he should take the direction of the press, including pamphlets and newspapers, conduct all the correspondence, and exercise an influence over all appointments.

Mirabeau's great object at this time was to be elected President of the Assembly, as the Festival of the Federation of all the National Guards of France was to take place on the 14th of July. The King and Queen endeavored to persuade La Fayette to support his nomination. The Queen was indiscreet in her language, pressing Mirabeau upon La Fayette, so much so, as not to conceal her preference of the former. In fact, she could not conceal her dislike of La Fayette, "whom," Droz says, "she always looked upon as the King's jailor." It is not surprising that such indiscreet urgency failed; and by La Fayette's assistance, the Marquis de Bonnai, a man generally esteemed by all

parties, was chosen president. The fifth note of Mirabeau is full of invective against Monsieur Talon, then Lieutenant Civil au Châtelet, and deprecating his appointment to the office of Privy Seal to the King, and to the direction of the Civil List attached to the office.* He describes him as altogether deficient in talent, and though wealthy, avaricious to the highest degree.—“A man,” he says, “who has Senef as his treasurer, Semonville as his wit, Saint Foix as his counsel, La Fayette as his patron, the Affair Favras as his masterpiece, Brinville as his satellite, and Boucher d’Argis as his instrument.” Such personal attacks were not calculated to increase either the esteem or confidence of the Court, for the individuals named were all persons more or less trusted, as well as Mirabeau, if not by the Queen, yet certainly by the King.

Mirabeau, in his seventh note, gives very good advice on the manner in which the King should receive the Duke of Orleans on his return from England, which he recommends to be courteous and cordial. The eighth note is dated the 3d of July, which was the day on which the interview between the Queen and Mirabeau took place at St. Cloud, at eight o’clock in the morning. Mirabeau, in this note, compares the state of the royal authority under the ancient regime and under the actual one. He considers it highly advantageous to be without parliaments, without *pays d’état* (or provinces with representative assemblies), and generally without privileged bodies. The notion of having only one class, would have pleased Richelieu.

Our readers will with ourselves regret, that neither the Comte de La Marck nor Mirabeau give any details of the interview of the latter with the Queen. The editor, to supply the deficiency, gives an extract from the “Memoirs of Madame de Campan,” who had the little she relates of the interview from the Queen herself. The Queen on approaching Mirabeau, said to him:—“With an ordinary enemy, and with a man who had sworn to destroy the Monarchy without ap-

preciating its usefulness to a great nation, I feel that I should be now taking a most imprudent step, but I know that I am speaking to a Mirabeau.” This language was very adroit, for Mirabeau was essentially an aristocrat, and would have been mortified by being treated as one of the *tiers-états*. He wielded democracy as a club, but the weapon of his choice was the sword of the gentleman. According to Madame de Campan, Mirabeau left the Queen, saying, “*La Monarchie est sauvée.*” In another account we learn that Mirabeau solicited the honor of kissing the Queen’s hand, observing, that Maria Theresa, whenever she honored a subject with an audience, gave him her hand to kiss.

Mirabeau writes on the 17th July, to the Court, recommending the King and royal family to go to Fontainebleau, and suggests all the details of military escort on the route, and of the composition of the Guard of Honor during the residence there. He recommends that the utmost publicity should be given to the King’s intention by a message from the King to the Assembly, and that La Fayette’s support should be insisted upon. The journey to Fontainebleau, thus strongly recommended by Mirabeau, and which must have greatly improved the personal position of the royal family, never took place. The fifteenth note to the Court is a short and masterly sketch of the points of foreign policy that demanded the special attention of the French Government. Of this sketch, short as it is, England occupied the principal portion. Mirabeau, however willing to adopt the framework of the British constitution for France, partook largely of the vulgar suspicions of the English Government entertained by his countrymen.

Two notes are devoted to a better organization of the Swiss regiments in the French service. We pass to the eighteenth note, and to a remarkable passage in it, evidently blaming the undue confidence which Mirabeau more than suspected was still given to La Fayette, and expressing his own increased discouragement. He dwells particularly upon engaging in a foreign war (arising out of the alliance with Spain) at a moment when the state of affairs at home required undivided attention; he ends this note thus:—“I will wait till a clap of thunder breaks the lethargy which I cannot but deplore. In a conference easily concocted, many things upon which I am neither guessed at nor understood, might be explained.” That conference was never granted.

* Mons. Talon left Paris after the 10th of August, and returned in 1801, was imprisoned for a short time during the Consulate in the Chateau d’If, and afterwards disappeared altogether from public life.

Monsieur Semonville was employed in the diplomatic service: he was arrested by the Austrian Government, and exchanged in 1795 against Madame the daughter of Louis XVI. He became Referendaire of the House of Peers, from which office he retired in 1834.

In the twenty-first note (p. 149), Mirabeau discusses the financial embarrassments of the Government, he treats the measures of Necker as wholly inadequate to the crisis, and comes to the conclusion that an issue of paper on the security of the property of the clergy is the only means of preventing national bankruptcy. The following passage is worth notice:—"It is impossible to entertain too much apprehension of a bankruptcy—the most vigorous despotism could hardly stand the shock, but despotism is for ever ended in France. The Revolution may miscarry, the Constitution may be overthrown, and royalty torn into tatters by anarchy,—but the nation will never retrograde to despotism." Mirabeau's sagacity here was at fault, for he did not take into account what might be achieved by a successful general when the country had become weary with the successive phases of anarchy. In our day the eventualities propounded by Mirabeau have occurred, and the question is still to be solved—"Will France again retrograde to despotism? or will the absence of a successful general prevent it?"

In Mirabeau's opinion Necker would never be able or willing to execute the measures of regulating the issue of the assignats, and he therefore recommends his friend Clavière (who was, in fact, the author of the scheme) for the direction of this particular operation. There is a passage in Necker's work on his own administration, which shows that he was quite aware of the immediate convenience of a large issue of paper money, for he says, at its 142d page: "If the question of morality be excluded from an examination of the two great measures of the National Assembly, the seizure of Church property, and the payment of the debts of the State on the security of the saleable value of certain landed property, it is not to be denied that the combination of the two is the greatest and most rapid financial operation that can be imagined." Necker, in forming his financial measures, thought of that day of reckoning, which must come sooner or later, while Mirabeau sought to get over the present difficulties, which so much impeded the political organisation of the Government. Necker retired from the ministry soon after the debate on the large issue of assignats.

The press was, in Mirabeau's opinion (p. 162), the only resource left to the Government for influencing public opinion, and he proposes, in the twenty-third note, the getting up a cheap newspaper for the purpose. He

remarks, "that public opinion is not always the result of the general enlightenment of a nation. Some men anticipate this opinion, their contemporaries follow them, and hence it happens that the multitude blindly adopts errors as truths. At the epoch of a great revolution public opinion is formed suddenly, and almost accidentally. The more universal it is, the less it is enlightened, and it becomes the more dangerous because it assumes the character of the general will, and of the law." Is not the justice of these observations confirmed by the Revolution of February, 1848, and the instantaneous establishment in France of a Democratic Republic?

We find in Mirabeau's twenty-ninth note (p. 209) to the Court, two passages so applicable to the present state of affairs in France, that we think them well worth extracting.—"Whatever be done, the charges of the new will be greater than those on the ancient regime, and on the whole the people will judge the Revolution by this fact only—Will more or less money be taken from the pocket? will there be more work? and, will that work be better paid? Again: we must act, not to excite opposition against bad laws, inevitable and necessary evils, but to direct opinion to an useful end, and that end is the legal and not violent reformation of the vices of the Constitution, whether in this Assembly, if the general discontent breaks out before it is replaced, or in a second legislature, by showing the necessity of assigning to it a constituent and ratifying authority."

The Comte de La Marck had an interview with the Queen on the 9th of October, and his note of the 10th to Mirabeau gives the following brief account of the result (p. 221):—"The Queen then gave assurances that she would communicate with La Fayette, as if the ostensible concert still existed. The importance of spreading correct information in the provinces was felt; the means of doing this would be supplied, and the persons to be employed should be pointed out. He (the King) attached but little importance to the alliance with Spain." Probably the King's indifference arose from the family compact being the act of Choiseul, for whom he had an hereditary aversion.

Mirabeau was again disappointed in the presidential election (p. 225). Merlin was chosen; and he says the act threw more ridicule upon the Assembly than upon him. In his thirtieth note, Mirabeau, answering questions propounded to him by La Marck, lays down the fundamental principles of the

Constitution in these terms:—"Hereditary royalty in the Bourbon dynasty. A legislature periodically elected and permanent, limited in its functions to framing laws. Unity and very extensive power in the supreme Executive; authority over all matters belonging to the internal administration, to the giving effect to the law, and the command of the armed force. Taxation to be vested exclusively in the legislative body; a new division of the kingdom; justice free of charge; liberty of the press; responsibility of ministers; sale of church property; the re-establishment of a civil list; no distinction of orders; no privileges or pecuniary exemptions; no feodality; no parliaments; no nobility or clergy as separate bodies; no *pays d'états* or no provincial bodies. These are what I understand to be the fundamental principles of the Constitution. They only limit the royal power to strengthen it, and are perfectly reconcilable with monarchical governments." Mirabeau may have been, as La Fayette says, sold to the Court, but he certainly might have avowed such principles as these in the tribune of the Assembly.

Mirabeau recommended the Court to send literary men as agents into the provinces; and he says of them, that they are "a class of citizens independent in character, but wise and sagacious from a long study of men and things." He proposes a salary of 1,000 livres a month for each agent; an outlay of 8,000 livres for works directed to the guidance of public opinion; he takes 100,000 livres as the total of the expenditure for four or five years. The patronage of this service would necessarily have fallen into Mirabeau's hands. We apprehend that the commissaires sent after February, 1848, into the departments by the Provisional Government, did not perform their work as cheaply; and certainly not in the same principles or spirit.

The report of the diplomatic committee on the meeting of the squadron at Brest, contained the project of a decree requiring that the national color, the tricolor, should be used on board ships of the royal navy instead of the white flag, and insisted upon the dismissal of the ministers; it led to a very violent debate. Monsieur de Montmorin was, on an amendment, excepted from the vote. Mirabeau did not speak on the subject of the Ministers, but he made—probably under feelings of great vexation at the intervention of Bergasse in the confidential communications with the Court—a very violent speech on that part of the decree relating to the tricolor flag, and he proposed as an addition that the sailors should, instead of "Vive le

roi!" cry "Vive la nation! vive le roi! vive la loi!" He also accused the Côté Droit of being counter-revolutionists.* Such language gave great offence to the Court, and drew upon Mirabeau a strong remonstrance from La Marck. Mirabeau's answer (p. 251) must have been written under feelings of great irritation, for he persists in the same tone of violence which had marked his speech, and is quite Jacobinical in his menaces. The only words of apology, or rather moderation, are these:—"Je suis l'homme du rétablissement de l'ordre, et non de l'ancien ordre." The Archbishop of Toulouse was in utter dismay on the perusal of this note. In writing to La Marck, he says:—"I return to you Comte Mirabeau's note, which I must own inspires me with horror."

In the thirty-fourth note to the Court, Mirabeau endeavors to excuse his not speaking on the dismissal of the Ministers, by saying that he did not choose to support the motion for a partial dismissal, when the minister excepted, Comte de Montmorin, was especially commended as the friend of Monsieur La Fayette,—a cogent reason for dismissing, and not for retaining him. Mirabeau, with his accustomed assurance, treats very lightly the question of the flag. "They will undoubtedly reproach me with having preferred the tricolor to the white flag, which their party wishes to maintain." He is altogether silent on the most offensive part of his speech—the change in the rallying cry of the sailors. This note is mere evasion, and could not have lessened the just displeasure of the Court.

The thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth notes show that Mirabeau felt he had gone too far (pp. 257 and 262), and he clothes his excuses in more submissive and palatable language. At the conclusion of the latter note, he says, "My zeal was never so pure, my devotion more unbounded, my desire of being useful more constant, I might say more obstinate. It is not for myself, but for the success of the great object in view, that I court confidence, and those who may deprive me of it shall not tear from my heart, neither my gratitude, nor the oath I have taken to defend the royal authority, even if I combat alone, and fall in this noble struggle. I shall have Europe as a witness, and posterity as a judge." These expressions, extravagant as they are, coming from Mirabeau were sincere. He was really anxious for the main-

* It was on this occasion that he used the expression, "La Cocarde Tricolore fera le tour de l'Europe."

tenance of the monarchy, and he had enthusiasm and courage sufficient to make every personal sacrifice, even that of life itself, in defending it. Had he not been somewhat lowered in his own estimation by being an unavowed and secretly paid adviser, he would probably have been less irritable and inconsistent.

The dissatisfaction produced at Court by Mirabeau's outbreak in the Assembly on the 19th did not last long, for on the 27th Comte de La Marek writes to him that the Queen had no other reason for not seeing him but the fear of being compromised by it; circumstances had rendered her more manageable on the point, and if he persisted in thinking that minor objections should give way, it would be possible to obtain her consent to an interview.

The two letters from Comte de La Marek to Comte de Mercy d'Argenteau (pp. 281 to 289,) contain a summary of recent occurrences at Paris, and reflections thereon full of impartiality and good sense. The most interesting passages contain his opinion of Mirabeau. In the first letter he says, "For this man is by turns very great and very weak,—he may be very useful and also very hurtful; in a word, he is often far above and far below other men." And in the second, "What a being that man is,—always on the verge of running wild or of being discouraged; by turns imprudent from excess of confidence or enervated from distrust. It is very difficult to guide him in affairs which require perseverance and prudence." La Marek might well say that he had great difficulty in managing him.

From the time that the decree of the Assembly had excluded the King's ministers from the Assembly, and deprived Mirabeau of the great object of his ambition, all his recommendations to the Court tended to the establishment of confidential agents throughout the provinces, who should be named and directed by himself, independent of the nominal ministry. In the thirty-ninth note he goes a step farther, and at the moment of forming a new ministry, he suggests that there should be attached to each minister a man of superior talents, who, without the title, would be the real head and moving power in the preparation and execution of all important measures. Mirabeau, as he had done before respecting the provincial agents, professes to be acquainted with men fit for these duties, or in other words, he is ready with agents of his nomination, who should be the real ministers.

It must be painful to those who feel an

interest in the reputation of La Fayette to read the following passage in La Marek's letter to the Comte Mercy. "He (La Fayette) had a few days since a long conference with the Queen: in it he employed the most odious language to alarm her; and he went so far as to say, that in order to obtain a divorce, she would be prosecuted for adultery. The Queen answered with the dignity, the courage, and the firmness of which you know her to be possessed. But one is filled with indignation in thinking of such behavior from such a man as Monsieur La Fayette." The statement of what passed at the conference must have come from the Queen herself, and one really cannot see any sufficient reason for misrepresentation on her part.

The correspondence from the 9th to the 22d of November is occupied with the alleged appearance of Madame La Motte at Paris, the pillage of the Hôtel de Castries by the Parisian Mob in revenge for the Marquis de Castries having wounded Charles La Motte in a duel, and the application from the inhabitants of Avignon to be annexed to the French territory. Mirabeau is most vehement in the expression of his determination to defend the Queen against the base attempts of her enemies to injure her, by reviving the affair of the diamond necklace. Assuming the report of the appearance of Madame La Motte at Paris to be true (which he believed it to be), he suggests that the Garde de Sceaux should take the ordinary course of having her arrested, as having escaped from the house of correction, where she had been confined by a sentence of the Parliament. Mirabeau suspected that the Duke of Orleans had caused Madame La Motte to be brought to Paris for the purpose of injuring the Queen in public opinion, and that La Fayette was not indisposed to use the occurrence for his own purposes. The Comte de La Marek did not share Mirabeau's suspicions respecting the Duke of Orleans. Mirabeau's zeal on this occasion, as might be expected, was very gratifying to the Queen, and increased her confidence in him. Droz, who is in general observing and accurate, does not mention Madame La Motte's appearance in Paris, and certainly the supposed intrigue had no tangible result.

The language held by Mirabeau in the debate on the pillage of the Hotel of the Marquis de Castries, and the duel with La Motte, was that of a violent Jacobin, approving, or at least not condemning the conduct of the mob. We learn from the letter of the Archbishop of Toulouse to Comte de La Marek, that the impression produced at Court was

most unfavorable to Mirabeau; and that his speech on the 13th of October was regarded as "an outbreak" from "a tribune of the people," who sought to justify its atrocities and to excite popular fury against those who notoriously were the friends of the King and of the monarchy.

Pethion de Villeneuve made a report to the Assembly in the name of the Avignon Committee, recommending compliance with the application of the inhabitants for annexation to France. Mirabeau succeeded in carrying the following amendment:—"The National Assembly, after having heard the report of the diplomatic committee, postpones the consideration of the application of the people of Avignon, and decrees that the King shall be requested to send a body of troops to Avignon, to protect, under his orders, the French establishments, and to maintain, in concert with the municipal officers, the public tranquillity:" thus substituting temporary occupation for permanent annexation: the latter was decreed on the 14th September, 1791, some months after Mirabeau's death. La Marck was not satisfied with Mirabeau's amendment; but as some days afterwards the minister for Foreign Affairs and the Pope's Nuncio most pressingly urged upon the diplomatic committee the sending French troops to Avignon, Mirabeau, in communicating this fact to La Marck, was enabled to write, "Comment vous etes justes, vous autres! En verité vous deviez vous accorder." This is the only instance in which he was right when he differed from his prudent friend, and we allude to it on that account.

Mirabeau was not more dissatisfied with the conduct of the Court than was the Comte de La Marck, who writes to Comte Mercy on the 24th of November, that "the torpor of the Court seems to increase daily. The ministry has been renewed without the Queen having brought into it any one person devoted to herself. However great my zeal, the relations that I have established can lead to nothing, if they remain as they are now; for it is useless to give good advice, if no means exist for carrying it into effect."

The manner in which La Marck, as well as Mirabeau, speaks on all occasions of the Queen, shows that their sole reliance was upon her, and that the King was, unaided by her superior energy, unconsciously a mere tool in the hands of La Fayette.

The Comte de Montmorin, in the early part of December, made great advances to Mirabeau, and proposed a coalition. This

proposal produced the forty-fifth note to the Court, dated the 4th of December, in which, while he gives his opinion that advantage might arise from the measure, he hesitates to accept the interview proposed by the minister, because Talon and Duquesnoy were cognisant of the plan, and they were distrusted by Mirabeau as adherents of La Fayette. It is to be recollected that the Comte de Montmorin himself had been distasteful to Mirabeau from the same cause. Mirabeau, as far as appears from the Correspondence, did not wait for instructions from the Court, but had an interview with Montmorin. Nothing could be more unreserved than his explanations to Mirabeau. He, as the most important point, disclaimed at once all connexion with Mons. La Fayette, of whom he says, that "he (La Fayette) has no other ambition than that of being praised; and as to power, he rather seeks the appearance of it than the reality; and as to constancy in friendship, he only loves himself, and that only for himself." He described the influence of La Fayette over the Court, as caused by fear. He (Montmorin) and his colleagues were all tired of La Fayette's interference; for "the pretension to be a prime minister, independent of the ministry, and prime minister without functions, destroys the royal authority, and it is that authority which requires to be established."

Montmorin asserted that La Fayette was bound to the Lameths and Duport (leaders of the Democratic party) by written engagements, and that he had been at certain times their accomplice. All La Fayette's other adherents had been gained by the minister; and in the dilapidated state of his fortune, unless funds were supplied by the Court, he could not even retain an aid-de-camp. The course to take, was to leave him in the command of the National Guards till a loyal and trustworthy successor could be selected.

The Comte passed from this capital point, as regarded the intended coalition, to the comparative advantages of his own position, in not being suspected by the Assembly, nor by the different parties therein, nor by the public, and therefore he was in a situation to be an useful intermediate agent between the King and the nation. Montmorin complained, that, nevertheless, the persons about the Queen had always prevented him from enjoying her confidence, and consequently he had never possessed that of the King. The Comte de Mercy had given hopes of a favorable change towards him, and by his advice he had seen the Queen

and assured her of his devotion to her majesty and to the King; and that the Queen had replied, "She had no doubt of his attachment to the King, to whom he was under the greatest obligations." Comte de Montmorin told Mirabeau that he had seen Barnave and Menou, but as they had always come together, he had not been able to open himself to Barnave. He said he was sure of the Bishop of Autun, of Chapelier, and of Thouret. His object in all these statements was, through Mirabeau (of whose communications with the Court he was aware) to gain the confidence of the queen, and thereby to fix himself as prime minister. The decree of the Assembly had excluded Mirabeau as a Deputy, from the ministry, and Montmorin had, therefore, no objection to the secret confidence that the Queen might repose in him. He left it entirely to Mirabeau to trace a plan for bringing the Assembly quietly to an end, for changing public opinion, for managing the next elections, and for restoring the Queen's popularity. Altogether, Comte de Montmorin showed great dexterity in this interview, and he succeeded in gaining Mirabeau's confidence.

We pass to Mirabeau's forty-seventh note to the Court. This is by far the most important document in the Correspondence; but it is of too great length, and enters into such detail, that we can not pretend to give even an abstract of the whole; we can only point out its most important suggestions. Mirabeau thus enumerates the obstacles to the formation of any systematic plan for establishing the royal authority, and saving the commonwealth from destruction. "The indecision of the King, the prejudices existing against the Queen, the mad democracy of Paris, the bad spirit of the National Guards, the irritability of the Assembly, the little hold upon it on account of its mass, the insurmountable unpopularity of one section of it, the palliatives in preparation by the Committee of Revision, the impossibility of making use of a great portion of the discontented, from the divergence of their various interests, the direction which public opinion is taking towards party spirit, the fear of exciting a general conflagration if violent measures were employed, and above all, the order of things already established, already in motion, and the impossibility of obtaining any paramount result without retrograding, that is, without abrogating several decrees of the Assembly."

The indecision of the King could only be surmounted by the private influence of the Queen, and in the Council, by concert among

the ministers. Mirabeau says of Paris, that it was the town of France in which public tranquillity would be restored the last, and that every effort should be made to destroy its influence in the provinces, and to produce a general desire that the next Legislature should meet in some other town, where its independence and the personal liberty of the King would be better protected. The National Guard of Paris is described as a most serious obstacle to the restoration of order; most of its chiefs were members of the Jacobin Club, and they would teach their soldiers to look upon the people as the first authority. Mirabeau proposes to establish a popularly organized household body of troops, as a rival to the National Guard, and to interest the provinces in the formation of this armed force, to induce the Assembly to refuse its assent to the measure, and thereby to make evident the influence of the city of Paris; thus separating the capital from the rest of the kingdom.

It did not seem desirable to raise the question of ratification in the existing National Assembly, but to leave it to its successor. In the difficulty of determining at what period or periods the Constitution was to be revised, Mirabeau was of opinion that each succeeding Legislature should have constituent authority. Mirabeau was prepared for a great personal sacrifice; for he proposed that none of the deputies in the National Assembly should be qualified for re-election, or at least that their qualification should be confined to the department in which they had their domicile.

It was of importance to push the Assembly to acts of irregularity in assuming executive and administrative authority, but it was at the same time necessary to resist all decrees positively encroaching on the royal authority. The Assembly had shown itself dissatisfied with the conduct of some municipalities, and Mirabeau wished that it should be encouraged to destroy the rural municipalities, and to alter the local administration in towns, so as to spread a general feeling of dissatisfaction. The popularity of the Royal Family should be restored by the King and Queen frequently appearing in public, attending the reviews of the National Guard, and the debates in the National Assembly, where they might occupy the Tribune of the President; they should visit the hospitals and charitable institutions, and judiciously make pecuniary donations. No object would be gained by hastening the dissolution of the present Assembly. On the contrary, it was better to give it time for self-destruction.

The Ministers might add to the embarrassments of the Assembly by overwhelming it with Reports, pointing out the difficulties of executing decrees that were contradictory and ill-digested.

Should the Assembly be compelled from the loss of all influence, to dissolve itself, the King ought immediately to call another, and declare himself the guardian of all the advantages gained by the people; failing this self-dissolution, every exertion must be made to obtain an interval between the dissolution of the one, and the meeting of the other Assembly. In the interval, the royal authority would derive strength and consideration. Mirabeau erroneously assumes as a parallel case, the increased power of the Crown in England, while the House of Commons is not sitting. To obtain influence over the National Assembly, he proposes a committee of twelve deputies,—Bonnay, L'Abbé Montesquion for the Côté Droit, Clermont Tonnerre, D'André, Duquesnoy, L'Evêque D'Autun, Emmery, Chapelier, Thouret, Barnave, and himself, for the Assembly generally. They were not all to be equally trusted, nor to be brought together at any one time. The Côté Droit, Clermont Tonnerre, and D'André were not to be made acquainted with the concert of the others; nor were Chapelier and Thouret to know that Mirabeau and Barnave were their auxiliaries; nor was Barnave to be made aware that there was any coalition between Mirabeau and any other deputy. He (Barnave) should always be seen alone. Duquesnoy* was considered the best channel of communication between the twelve deputies and the Minister Comte de Montmorin. The several deputies were to use their influence with their personal friends, and thus secure a general support. Bribery might be successfully employed to gain the votes of deputies. Mirabeau recommended that the secret police of Paris should be entrusted to Talon and Semonville. The faithful devotion of the former might be secured by the promise of a great office, a person whose name is left in a dotted line was to be gained by money, and such promises must be most strictly kept. "It was not, however, necessary, that the whole scheme should be known to Talon and Semonville; prudence required that entire cognizance of it should

be confined to Montmorin and Mirabeau. Unanimity in the council of Ministers was indispensable. Forty agents were to be despatched into the departments, two to be attached to each, and a commission for the circulation of useful political pamphlets was to be established, under the management of Clermont Tonnerre. Mirabeau concludes by saying, "If this plan be followed, every thing may be hoped for; if it be not,—if this last plank slips from under us, there is no misfortune from individual assassination and pillage, from the overthrow of the throne to the dissolution of the empire, that may not be anticipated."

Under this plan Comte de Montmorin was not to have a sinecure. The following is the tableau of his regular conferences:—

Monday, with the Chief of the Office for Political Works, from nine to eleven; with Mirabeau, from eleven to one. *Tuesday*, with Messrs. Talon and Semonville, from nine to eleven; with Mirabeau from eleven to one. *Wednesday*, with the Head of the Correspondence Department, from eight to ten; and Mirabeau from ten o'clock to midnight. *Thursday*, with Mirabeau, and the persons to whom the plan is known, from ten o'clock to midnight. *Friday*, with Monsieur Duquesnoy and Mirabeau, from nine till midnight. *Saturday*, with Messrs. Talon and Semonville (we presume at night), from nine to eleven; and with Mirabeau from eleven to one. *Sunday*, with the Head of the Correspondence Department and Mirabeau, from ten o'clock to midnight.

This memoir was communicated to Malouet, and a conference took place between Mirabeau and him, at the Comte de Montmorin's. Malouet has left a Report of this conference, which is found in Droz (vol. iii. p. 340). The following is the most striking passage in this Report: "His voice thundering as in the Tribune, his animated gestures, the abundance and justness of his ideas, electrified me. I threw aside all my prejudices, all my doubts, and I found myself sharing his conviction, praising his project and his courage, exalting his means of success; but my peroration vexed him,—You will repair better than any one the mischief you have done." Mirabeau vehemently denied the imputation, and threw the blame upon the "*modérés*" like Malouet, who had not appreciated him, upon the Ministers, who had never moved without making a false step, and upon the stupid Assembly, which never rightly understood what it said or did.

We have before said that Mirabeau had an

* Duquesnoy became subsequently a violent Terrorist: was on the cessation of the Reign of Terror brought to trial, and condemned: he put himself to death on his way to the scaffold. He must be the Duq . . . , one of the several bribed deputies of whose visits M. Montmorin was so much ashamed. (*Mémoires de Mallet du Pan*, vol. i. p. 23.)

intuitive aptitude for dealing with a revolutionary crisis, and it is difficult to determine whether he were more fitted to set up a Revolution, or to guide it when once put in motion. No other scheme could possibly have been propounded at the time, when the memoir was given in, which would have had a greater chance of success; but we believe that the revolutionary spirit was then too universally explosive to have been kept down by pamphlets, newspapers, or personal agency, however ably written or dexterously exerted. The excited populace of Paris in those days, as in the present, could only be controlled by a large army, and the royal authority was wholly unprovided with military means of self-defence, or for the maintenance of public tranquillity.

The memoir is very defective on this point, and does not go beyond the mention of a body of household troops for the personal protection of the King and the Royal Family. It seems to us, that the most practical part of the scheme was the means to be employed for managing the Assembly; and as this branch would have been conducted under the immediate superintendence of Mirabeau, there was reason to have anticipated success; but without that superintendence the result was always problematical, and so, indeed, it turned out.

The Queen very reluctantly consented to give her confidence to Comte de Montmorin, and used against the employment of Messrs. Talon and Semonville the language which had been held by Mirabeau himself against them. Mirabeau's great objection to these individuals had been their devotion and subjection to La Fayette; and when convinced that their sentiments toward the latter had entirely changed, he was ready to give them his confidence, more especially as one important part of their employment was to undermine the influence of La Fayette. Montmorin himself had been equally obnoxious to Mirabeau, as the attached colleague of Neckker, and, like Talon and Semonville, connected with La Fayette; he had therefore at one time labored to destroy the influence of all three with the Court, and it was not surprising that the Queen should have hesitated to accede at once to the change in the confidential agency proposed to her. La Marck had held the same language as Mirabeau, and although his representations had always had, from his unblemished personal character and social position, infinitely more weight with the Queen, he felt the difficulty in overcoming prejudices which he had himself created. We refer our readers to his note

(p. 513). Even while recommending the employment of Semonville, Comte de La Marck says of him:—"This man is another intriguing, dexterous, enterprising, greedy of money, always calm in business, faithful from self interest, a traitor whenever he sees an advantage in being so, intimate with all parties, without committing himself to any."

After this character, there can be no doubt that the initial S. used in a former letter meant Semonville.

The Editor has quoted at length (pp. 518 and 519) from Droz a very curious account of an interview between Talon, then Lieutenant Civil, and Favras, in prison, a few days before the execution of the latter, for a plot to carry off the King to Peronne. Talon at this interview obtained possession of a document drawn up by Favras, which was his confession, and which would have deeply implicated Monsieur and the Queen; he further succeeded in persuading the unfortunate Favras to submit to his fate in silence. We have ourselves heard that the document was in existence at the Restoration, and was voluntarily given up to Louis XVIII. La Marck, who saw the paper, does not attach as much importance to its contents as Droz, but he admits that Talon, by keeping it secret, had rendered a great service.

La Marck's letter of the 30th December, 1790, contains an admirable report on the existing state of affairs at Paris; and that part which relates to the ministerial colleagues of Comte de Montmorin is particularly interesting. Dupont du Terre, the keeper of the seals, was a slave of the Lameths, and a dangerous enemy of the Queen, and owned to Comte de Montmorin that he should not, were the question to arise, oppose her being brought to trial—this man had been forced upon the King by La Fayette.

Duportail, the Minister of War, was not the minister of the King, but of the Military Committee of the Assembly. De Lessart, in the opinion of La Marck, was an abler man than the other two, but he was timid and irresolute. Even of Montmorin he says:—"He wants that decision and irresistible ascendancy which mark the real statesman, and without which all other qualities are comparatively useless." Thus one important element of Mirabeau's scheme—union among the members of the Ministry—did not exist, and perhaps no Ministry could have been formed at the time in which it would have sufficiently prevailed.

It was of the utmost importance to conceal Mirabeau's connexion with the Court, and more especially the pecuniary part of it.

He was known to be very much embarrassed in his private fortune, and therefore any lavish expenditure of money by him in living or purchases would naturally excite attention, and justify suspicion of the quarter from whence he obtained the means. Notwithstanding these very obvious reasons for prudence and caution, Mirabeau, about this time, made large purchases of books, and through Duquesnoy suggested the acquisition of a country house. Talon was much alarmed, and remonstrated, as did the Comte de La Marck. Mirabeau was offended by the interference of the former, of which he complained in a letter (p. 18) to La Marck, and uses this expression with respect to Talon:—"Un tel Mentor est un peu maserade pour moi." He excuses the purchase of books as being an investment adding to the value of his library, which was the only part of his property free from incumbrance. His irritation led him to suspect that there was a wish to get rid of him, which he says persons who "*voguent de jour au jour*," and were not prepared to follow his plan, might naturally entertain.

Mirabeau's popularity was at this period, the month of January, 1790, undiminished, for he was elected commandant of a battalion of the National Guard, and a member of the administration of the departments. He accepted the former situation with the concurrence of Comte de Montmorin, but he had not time to wait for the sanction of the Court, and his forty-seventh note is (p. 9, vol. iii.) explanatory of his conduct. Mirabeau thought, as the commandants of the battalions of the National Guard, when on duty, were in the habit of accompanying the Dauphin in his walks, that use might be made of those opportunities for confidential communications to the Queen, orally or in writing. He says:—"Accustomed to do many things at once—and on that account it may be said I do them very badly—I might at the same time play at bowls or at nine-pins, and the Dauphin would lose nothing in all that."

In reading the correspondence, it is always a satisfaction to come to any letter of Comte de La Marck to Comte Mercy, and we have a very interesting one of the 16th January, 1791. The audience which Talon had sought with the King was at last granted, and gave great satisfaction to the former. The difference in manner between Louis XVI. and his Queen was strongly marked on the occasion. "The King, in this audience, showed his usual *bonhomie* and *brusquerie*; the Queen, who came to it, was, on the contrary, full of quickness, tact, judgment, and grace; she

even showed that measured reason which you and I have so often recommended to her, and which is so necessary in her present situation." It appears from this letter that little progress had been made in carrying Mirabeau's plan into execution. None of the travelling agents had set off, and the *Atelier des Ouvrages*, the manufactory of pamphlets, had not been established. In fact, the only part in action was the secret police under Talon and Semonville, and that was likely to absorb large sums of money, as the persons employed expected to be "gorged with gold." La Marck here truly observes, that the "plan, perfect in theory, would be of very difficult execution." The Comte gives very good reasons for this opinion, one of which is the character of Montmorin, whom he designates as the weakest man of his acquaintance, and yet this very man is "*notre unique ressort*." There is in this letter a very serious charge against La Fayette, whom the Comte accuses of "having contributed, by the most odious intrigues, to augment the distrust of the Emperor, and consequently of the Queen." The Comte was almost alarmed at the recent increase of Mirabeau's popularity; for he feared, that if ever Mirabeau lost confidence in the government, and placed all his glory in popularity, he would become insatiable of it. "And you know as well as I do, Mons. de Comte, what popularity is in a time of revolution." The Comte felt greatly discouraged, and indeed disgusted with the country, the men, the laws, and the manners. The King had no energy whatever, and Montmorin had, with sorrow, told the Comte, that when he spoke to his Majesty on public affairs, and on his own position, the King seemed to take as little interest in what was said, as if the matters treated of related to the Emperor of China. La Marck continued his services—entirely from devotion to the Queen, and he deeply commiserated her condition. "As a wife she was bound to a sluggish being, and as a queen she was placed on a tottering throne." The Comte de La Marck persuaded Montmorin to take the opportunity of his accompanying his sister Comtesse Starhemberg to Strasburg, to put him in communication with Mons. Bouillé, whose headquarters were at Metz.

Mirabeau at length obtained the president's chair of the Assembly. We do not find in the correspondence any notice of a very able report of the then existing relations of France with foreign powers, which Mirabeau made in the name of the diplomatic committee on the day before his election as

President, the 28th of January, 1791. The object of the report was to calm the irritation caused by the rumors of the breaking out of war, which were for mischievous purposes circulated among the people. Drouais says of Mirabeau's conduct in the president's chair, that "even his enemies admitted that no man had presided over the Assembly with so much dignity. All admired his manner of directing the discussions, and his mode of summing up the result; he often acted as a moderator. He always showed his respect for the Assembly, and obtained it for himself. The deputations which appeared at the bar were unusually numerous; he delighted to seize these occasions of oratorical success, and that success his answers to the deputations never failed to procure."

The Comte de la Marck has not left among his papers his reports to Comte de Montmorin on the communications with the Marquis de Bouillé; and neither in his letter to the Queen, (p. 59,) nor in that to Comte Mercy (p. 67) do we find any statement which would supply the absence of the documents themselves. From the memoirs of De Bouillé we learn that he was made acquainted with Mirabeau's connexion with the court, and that he entirely approved of the plan suggested by him, and was ready to give every aid to the execution of it. De Bouillé says that Mirabeau was to place the King in his hands either at Compiègne or Fontainebleau, where he would have surrounded him with the best troops. La Marck considered (we think without sufficient ground) that the successful departure of Mesdames from Paris showed that the King might easily have done the same; and if so, might, as was proposed, have reached Compiègne. At all events, the moment gave a better chance of success, than when the attempt at escape was actually made.

Comte Montmorin, in a letter of 9th February, informs Mirabeau that a committee of twelve, members of the Assembly, amongst whom were some of those included in Mirabeau's plan, was about to be formed, for the purpose of directing and bringing to a close the proceedings of the National Assembly. The Committee was to meet at La Fayette's. From this we might suppose that Montmorin had not been made acquainted with a previous meeting at Emmercy's between La Fayette and Mirabeau when this very project was discussed. The meeting was held on the 8th February, the day of La Marck's departure from Paris, and, therefore, a day prior to this letter of Montmorin.

The Assembly, yielding to the wishes of

the Commune de Paris, had decided that a project of law on the emigrants should be prepared by the Committee on the constitution. Chapelier, in presenting the report of the Committee, stated that the project of a law had, after serious discussion, been prepared, but that the Committee felt great hesitation in submitting it, as it violated the constitution. Mirabeau, in one of his most brilliant speeches, opposed the passing any law on the subject of emigration, which was not only unconstitutional, but in its very essence tyrannical, and concluded his first speech, for he spoke more than once on the occasion, by these words, "If you pass a law against emigrants, I swear never to obey it." The debate was throughout violent and tumultuous, and it was in one of the most violent explosions of opposition that he exclaimed, "Silence aux trente voix," and looked defiance at the bench where the Lameths, Dupont, and others were seated with a small fraction of the Assembly. His personal success was great, but he did not carry his motion, and the question, on the proposition of Vernier, was adjourned, it being understood that the subject should be referred to the committees separately, and that a joint report should be prepared by commissaries selected by the committees.

The Lameths, reduced to silence in the Assembly, renewed the attack upon Mirabeau at the Jacobin Club; here again he boldly met them, and was equally successful, although his opponents were, it might be said, on their own ground, as Mirabeau had latterly seldom attended the sittings of the Club; and his conduct in the Assembly could not have been satisfactory to the majority of its members. He concluded his defence by the words, "I will belong to you even till ostracism."

These two occurrences thus brought together give us a measure of the wonderful influence which Mirabeau exercised over popular assemblies, even when those assemblies were in paroxysms of excitement, which would seem to make eloquence unavailing and reasoning impossible. It is singular that Montmorin should have supposed that Mirabeau had failed in defending himself against the attack made upon him at the Jacobin Club; he was equally mistaken as to the result of the debate on the project of the law on emigrants, which he supposed had been adopted by the Assembly.

Mirabeau's letters to La Marck (pp. 78 and 82) contain bitter complaints against Duquesnoy, Talon, and Semonville: the former had written a foolish letter to the

Jacobin Club, which had undone all the good that Mirabeau's speech had produced; and Talon and Semonville had allowed the newspapers to take a tone favorable to La Fayette, and hostile to Mirabeau. Beaumetz, Chapelier and D'André, all supposed to belong to the committee of twelve created by his plan, had been in communication with Danton, and had proposed the destruction of the dungeon of Vincennes to gain popularity, and hesitated to oppose the law on emigrants, from the fear of losing it. Danton, Mirabeau asserts, had received 30,000 francs. There was evidently no confidence or real concert among the agents employed to carry the different parts of Mirabeau's plan into execution; he himself trusted and respected no one with whom he was acting but La Marck; and, on the other hand, the persons of whom he complains winced under his dictation, had no real consideration for him, and may have entertained doubts of his honesty.

In p. 92, there is a note of Comte de La Marck's on the subject of the legislation on mines, in which he as a proprietor was deeply interested; the principles at issue were, whether the working of mines should be conceded to individuals, proprietors of the soil, or whether the mines should be considered the absolute property of the State. Mirabeau, from conviction, adopted the first; but his motive for devoting all his energy to obtain the application of the principle, maintaining the rights of proprietors, was his friendship for La Marck. The 27th of March was the day of the final discussion; he came to La Marck at nine o'clock in the morning, so ill and weak that he fainted. On recovering he persisted, notwithstanding La Marck's remonstrances, on going to the Assembly, where he made one of his ablest speeches, abounding in accurate details, sound principles, and conclusive argument. Mirabeau returned to La Marck's at three o'clock, and on entering the room he threw himself on a sofa, saying, "Your cause is gained, but I am dead." La Marck helped him to his carriage, and accompanied him to his house, "d'où il ne sortit plus que pour être conduit au tombeau."

The last note from Mirabeau in the Correspondence (p. 105.), is dated the 24th of March, and relates to the Regency Question. He was much alarmed at the course taken by the Abbé Sieyès on the occasion: his expressions are—"Be assured that they wish to bring us back to the elections, that is to say, to the destruction of the hereditary principle, and to that of the monarchy. The

Abbé Sieyès has never so courted and jobbed with the Assembly as now, and his partisans are numerous. Be sure, my dear Comte, that I do not exaggerate the danger. Oh! inconstant! and thrice inconstant people! Two-thirds of our troops are, on this question, with the Abbé Sieyès—Vale et me ama."

We think that the perusal of the Correspondence up to this point will bear out our observations at the commencement of this article, that the beneficial influence which Mirabeau's peculiar qualities and energy might have exerted on the progress of the Revolution may be supposed, but cannot be said to have shown itself at the time of his death; for we believe that the democratic spirit had already taken too firm hold on the lower classes, to have been subdued by what we will call moral and intellectual agencies. The brutal passions of the populace in Paris, and in other large towns, had been excited, acts of murder and violation of property had been committed with impunity, the administration of justice had been interrupted and disorganised, insubordination prevailed in the army, the King and Queen had been personally insulted, and while traditional and unhesitating obedience had disappeared for ever, respect for the greatly limited authority of the sovereign had not succeeded. The National Assembly, itself intimidated, was powerless for repression, and the majority of the members must have felt, that although they might, in decrees, frame a Constitution for the monarchy, practical adhesion to it depended not upon the King or the Assembly, but upon the will of a misled and turbulent populace. Against such a combination of evils there was little hope that time would be left for the development of Mirabeau's plan, which, though comprehensive in its details and definite in its object, was too complex and refined for prompt and general efficacy. His death, therefore, was probably more opportune for his reputation than hurtful to the cause which he had espoused. It is easy for Brissot to declare, that Mirabeau, if he had lived, would have killed the Revolution. On the contrary, we quite agree with the excellent remarks in the "Memoirs of Mallet du Pan," just published: "Mirabeau died *à propos* for his fame and for the poetic satisfaction of future generations. A few more days would, perhaps, have only served to give him time to descend into the obscure ranks of the martyrs of reason and moderation, and to die defeated. By this time, possibly, he might be no more spoken

of than the virtuous Bailly. The great Mirabeau might be nothing more to us than the brilliant orator of the Constituent Assembly, and an illustrious victim of the ingratitude of revolutions. As to the conditions on which he allied himself with the Court, and whether his political conscience went along with him in the transaction? These questions have at length been settled, and justice done to this eminent man; who, in this bargain, made his services to be paid for, but did not sell his opinions."

Mirabeau, licentious, prodigal and of doubtful probity in private life, appears in this correspondence a consistent politician, notwithstanding the apparent inconsistency of attempting to serve two masters; who, though in truth their interests were the same, did not themselves think so. From the opening of the *États Généraux* to his death he had but one purpose in view—the establishment in France of a limited monarchy. He accepted money from the Court as a salary, not as a bribe, and his position really was that of a confidential adviser of the Crown, though not an ostensible minister. His personal ambition was honorable in its end, and such as any modern statesman might have avowed, that of being first in the councils of a sovereign who claimed no greater authority than the constitution gave, and the welfare of the nation required. Meantime, he was quite right in foreseeing that the publication of these papers was essential to the vindication of his memory with posterity. The revelation of the nature of his secret relations with the court would have been fatal to his character,

unless it had been accompanied with a knowledge equally complete of the use he sought to make of his popularity with the people and his influence with the King. Yet, after allowing Mirabeau the full benefit of the evidence as it stands, it is impossible to reconcile the false colors, which he wore, and his underhand receipt of money, with the character and conduct of a straight-forward, high-minded, independent man. Many others may have been equally compromised. But there can be no security for public integrity and private honor, and no confidence between man and man, where such exceptions are admitted.

The great interest of these papers ceases with the death of Mirabeau; and even were it otherwise, as we have already exceeded our prescribed limits, we must here bring our examination of the "Correspondence" to an end, and leave the third part of the work without any detailed notice; at the same time we must observe, that the remaining letters from Comte de La Marck, from Comte Montmorin, from Monsieur Pellenc, and from Comte Mercy d'Argenteau will amply repay the trouble of perusal.

We cannot conclude without pointing out the admirable manner in which Monsieur Baccourt has performed the duty of editor.—The notes which he has appended to the original letters and narratives, are so useful and complete, that readers not familiar with the history of the particular period, are relieved from the necessity of reference to contemporary writers, for explanation.

A HIGHLAND GATHERING.—The ancient capital of the Strath was on Thursday the scene of the celebrated Highland gathering, in which her Majesty and Prince Albert have taken great interest since their first occupation of the royal demesne of Balmoral. The weather was exceedingly propitious, and at least 3,000 spectators congregated from many miles round. The Duke of Atholl came to the gathering accompanied by a band of nearly a hundred of his Grace's retainers, all equipped in full Highland garb; and next in importance were the men, richly accoutred, of Mr. Farquharson's estate. The Duke of Leeds had a party of his dependents from Mar Lodge, wearing the full national costume. The Duff retainers, owing to the lamented death of their gallant chief, were

not so strong in numbers. The men belonging to the different clans, having gone through the customary military evolutions, took up their respective positions on the ground, and maintained excellent order during the exhibition of the various games. The games in succession were—a race within the park (200 yards), putting the stone (28lbs.), throwing the hammer, tossing the caber, and rewards for length of service, and the two best readers of Gaelic. Medals were awarded to the successful thrower of the hammer, Peter Cameron, who has carried off the prize three years: and also to the two successful competitors for putting the stone and tossing the caber, each of whom had gained the prize two years running—(Herald.)

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE RESTORATION OF LOUIS XVIII. *

SEVERAL Frenchmen have written on the history of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. In the first place, in order of time; and also in order of merit, we would place Lacretelle, whose calmness and impartiality, considering the period in which his work appeared, are above all praise. In this work, as indeed in all the productions of Lacretelle, there is a dignity, a flow, an eloquence, an elevation of tone, and a pure and classic taste not often found in the productions of modern Frenchmen. Lacretelle belonged to a school of publicists and writers, which, alas! is fast passing away. Of moderate character, of solid attainments, of irreproachable life, of liberal and constitutional opinions,—opinions equally removed from despotism on the one hand, and unbridled licentiousness on the other,—Lacretelle pursued the even tenor of his narrative; and if he has not presented a perfect, has at least produced a most creditable work.

Lacretelle was followed by an anonymous writer, whose work in ten volumes was first published, as well as we remember, in 1829 or 1830. This production was entitled, *Histoire de la Restauration, et des causes qui ont amené la chute de la branche aînée des Bourbons, par un Homme d'Etat*. So great was the success, that early in 1831 a second edition was called for, the last or tenth volume of which did not appear till 1833. For some time it was supposed that a public man of note was really the author of this production. The numerous details of the private and interior life of the Bourbons given to the world—the sketches of character, often graphic, and generally faithful, induced people to suppose that some retired diplomatist, or some administrator, in a word, some *homme d'état*, as was announced on the title-page, had put pen to

paper. Some said it was old Pasquier, who had contrived to keep well with all parties; others averred that it was M. de Decazes, who had been originally employed as secretary and reader to *Madame Mère*, who afterwards rose to be Minister of Police, Minister of the Home Department, and favorite of Louis XVIII. Others intimated that it was the production of M. Flahault, or of some foreign diplomatist, long resident at Paris. All these people were mistaken. The work was, we believe, the *bonâ fide* production of M. Capefigue, then a small *employé*, and a writer in the *Quotidienne*. M. Capefigue was undoubtedly assisted by many communications from various sources, administrative, parliamentary, and diplomatic. It is believed that M. de Cazes furnished him with numerous details for the first three volumes,—that he was also assisted by communications and notes from the Russian, Austrian, and Spanish Ambassadors, and that he had also access to documents contained in the portfolios of various European cabinets. M. Capefigue is also understood to have made journeys to Berlin, to Vienna, to Saxony, and to Madrid, with a view to obtain information not otherwise accessible. Be this as it may, the work had an immense success. The subject was not hacknied. The belief that the volumes were the production of a living politician, who had acted an important part, and had access to authentic documents, was generally prevalent; and this feeling was not without its influence on the reception of the volumes. But, in truth, the execution was creditable, and far superior to anything since achieved by the now justly depreciated M. Capefigue. The style, if not correct, was perspicuous and flowing; the details were picturesquely and graphically arranged; and, above all, they were abundant, and generally correct and authentic. Interspersed were anecdotes, sketches of character, and notices of living men which rendered the volumes light and readable to a degree. Thiers and others have not disdained to bor-

* *Histoire de la Restauration*. Par A. de Lamartine. Tome I. et II. Paris: V. Lecon, Furne et Cie, Pagnerre. 1851.

The History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. By Alphonse de Lamartine. Vol. I. London: Vizetelly and Co. 1851.

row from the volumes of which we speak, and M. de Lamartine, although he does not mention it, is clearly no stranger to its pages.

These ten volumes were followed by the work of M. Lubis, of which M. de Lamartine does make mention, and which must be regarded as the apology and defence of the elder branch, and in some sort, an answer to certain statements of the preceding work. M. Lubis is a man of sincere convictions and honorable character, but his performance is one-sided, and can only be regarded as the effusion of a partisan.

Last of all came the work of M. Achille Vaulabelle, recently Minister of Public Instruction under Cavaignac. The first volume of this production, entitled, *Histoire des Deux Restaurations*, first appeared in 1844. It is while we write being continued, five volumes having been already published, bringing down events to 1822. The volumes of Vaulabelle are highly popular with the moderate Republican party. M. Vaulabelle, without being a brilliant, is an inquiring, industrious, and conscientious writer, but nearly as one-sided in reference to the Bourbons as M. Lubis. Too frequently we agree with M. Lamartine in thinking he views the conduct of that family from a hostile and prejudiced point of view. Nor is this his only fault. He appears to entertain many prejudices against England, and to omit no opportunity of speaking against the policy of our country. But apart from these blemishes, his task is creditably performed, and the volumes may be advantageously consulted.

Such were the principal of M. de Lamartine's French predecessors, for in England there is no history of the Restoration, properly so called.

M. de Lamartine gives us his impressions of the epoch on which he writes. These are glowing and vivid, and we cannot afford to lose one among them, either as a piece of writing, or as a piece of history. We are therefore glad that this work has been undertaken; for albeit it tells us little new, yet it often corrects and enlarges our impressions and even in repeating old and well known passages, repeats them in a manner unequalled for grace, rhythm, and the magic of a brilliant and beautiful diction. Lamartine has had peculiar advantages in writing these volumes, which none of his predecessors enjoyed in a like degree. Scarcely more than past the middle age of man, he has yet lived under ten different govern-

ments. Between his infancy and maturity, he has witnessed ten Revolutions: the Constitutional Government of Louis XVI., the first Republic, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the first Restoration in 1814, the second Government of the hundred days by Napoleon, the second Restoration in 1815, the reign of Louis Philippe, and the second Republic. Under these systems, as he says himself, his existence has vegetated, has made a noise, has been matured, has grown old, and has been renewed in him. A recent vicissitude having raised him to the head of one of these movements between a government which overthrew itself, and a community which it was necessary to collect together to save and reconstitute society on a new basis, he became a republican, convinced that a republic only could close the chapter of revolutions, seditions, and civil wars in France. Efforts were then to be made for the defence of the foundations of society—efforts which demanded the power and the unanimity of the people. Changes were also required to be made in the laws—in the relations of class and class—in instruction—in philosophy, and in religion, and these could be made by a republic only. M. Lamartine, therefore, became a republican from a knowledge of the things which must happen, and from devotion to the great work of the age in which he lived and lives.

Without overlooking any of the inconveniences and dangers of democracy, he accepted the perilous task heroically; and though the instrument of his election has, to use his own words, wounded and bruised his hand, yet he, nevertheless, and apart from all personal considerations, availed himself of it to spare bloodshed, and to accomplish as much good as possible. If he had not done so, what would inevitably have been the result? The Red or the Social Republic would have been long since in the ascendant; blood would have flown in torrents, and property and family might have been assailed. To avoid these horrors, and with a view to accomplish great things that must otherwise be renounced, Lamartine "risked," to use his own phrase, the Republic; and there can be no doubt, that when the passions and prejudices of the hour shall have passed away, history will not as severely condemn him as some of his contemporaries.

M. de Lamartine was, however, a gentleman, a scholar, a soldier, a poet, an orator, a diplomatist, a publicist, and an honored deputy, before he became a republican. He was a man of gentle birth, of the suavest

manners, of benevolent feelings, courted, caressed, wealthy, having everything to lose, and nothing to gain by the change. He "risked" the change, however, on public, not on personal grounds; and instead of his pecuniary position being benefited—instead of his popularity being enhanced, or his political position strengthened, he has lost half his fortune, damaged his popularity, and for the present, at least, cut from under his very feet the ladder by which he might have ascended to office. If this be selfishness, it is a political selfishness we seldom see exhibited by aspirants to public life in France. But though Lamartine has been thus unprosperous in his political fortunes, he does not turn on the Republic, or on the monarchy of the elder or younger branches, to vent his ill-humor, his chagrin, or his disappointment. Independently of his having served the elder branch, not only in the army, but in diplomacy, he would not, in any event, be unjust. Though his infancy, his earliest thoughts, and his blood were royalist—though his heart pities and weeps over the unfortunate, yet his judgment and understanding approve and condemn without regard to persons or early prejudices.

Our author confesses a tenderness and weakness towards the Restoration. This is not wonderful, but most natural indeed. The Restoration was contemporaneous with his youth. To use his own words, "Its rising splendor mingled with and became a portion of his existence." At that season, young men rejoiced in hope. The Empire had oppressed the mind and wearied out the very soul of the nation. The word "liberty" had for ten years been proscribed: poetry, literature, and the arts, enslaved or suffocated by the imperial tyranny, again started into existence. It was an epoch of regeneration, pacific, intellectual, and liberal. It is natural, therefore, that the spectacle of the liberty of the press, of the freedom of speech—that electoral movements, exciting and animating a people so long motionless, mute, and tongue-tied, should remain profoundly engraved on the mind of a young man of five-and-twenty, then just starting into existence, and that he should have leanings and favorable impressions towards the men and the system. But notwithstanding these natural prepossessions, we believe that M. de Lamartine, without any spirit of bigotry, endeavors to write the truth.

Lamartine begins his volumes with a retrospective glance at Napoleon's reign, when that reign was drawing to a crisis. He de-

fines it as "a new man plastering up decrepit ages with modern glory." Men, he properly says, should not be judged by their fortune, but by their deeds. Napoleon had in his grasp the largest share of power ever confided by Providence to a mortal hand, for the purpose of creating civilization and nationality, and withal he has left nothing behind him but a conquered country and an immortal name. The world, at the period of his appearance, called for a renovator, but Buonaparte became its conqueror. France looked for the spirit of reformation, and he imposed upon her despotism and discipline.

During the last years of his domination, the intelligence and activity of Buonaparte had diminished in proportion as his empire had extended. His Spanish campaign had resembled those of Darius or of Louis XIV.—looking on at a distance, commanding by signs, and doing nothing but by his lieutenants. His Russian campaign had been conducted without energy (M. de Lamartine says with effeminacy), had been pursued with blindness, had been finished recklessly, and had been atoned for with insensibility. Lamartine says there was not an officer (of course, he means a superior officer, in the rank of marshal or general of division) who would not have better conducted or better managed the retreat of 700,000 men, worthy of another Xenophon. This retreat has been told in graphic language by Labaume, and with the most artistic grouping by De Segur. But its character is better described, and a more accurate notion of it conveyed by a phrase of Lamartine than by either of the interesting works to which we have made reference; "He came post from the Beresina to the Tuileries without casting a single look behind him." His generals said to him—Remain here with the élite of your troops, during the long winter, or lose no time in falling back on a line of operations in communication with your empire and your reinforcements. But he had not the wisdom either to choose the bold cantonment or the prudent retreat.

Napoleon's courage, rather than his genius, seemed to have revived in the German campaign of 1813. Dresden and Leipsic were victories and reverses worthy of his name. But a humiliating peace could not satisfy a man whose fame as an invincible general was his title to the respect of Europe and to the absolute throne of France. He had feasted the nation with miracles, says our author, and he promised to treat them with new

ones. The shame of having brought the armies of Europe, however, on the soil of his country, as the only result of so many victories purchased with the blood of France,—the mortification of reigning over an empire, every inhabitant of which might call him to account for his violated hearth,—the inveterate expectation of prodigies,—the field of battle on the soil of France,—in fine, his wife, his child, the throne, to leave or to lose them, restored to him all that he had lost in the whirlwind of prosperity. The most prejudiced historian must hail him as great in this his final effort to retain the fortune that was eluding his grasp.

On the night of the 9th Nov., 1813, Napoleon arrived in Paris, without attendants, as if he wished to surprise or outstrip a revolution. His armies had vanished, while those of the allies were on the Rhine. France was no longer guarded except by the shadow of her buried legions, by the Rhine, by her fortified places, and by the mountains of the Vosges. Such, however, was the tyranny of the system, so implacable was the police of the Empire, enforcing the silence of public opinion, that the mass of the population was ignorant of the truth, and even of the ordinary facts. However extraordinary it may appear to Englishmen, who live in the light of publicity, the overwhelming rush of Europe on France was unrevealed to Frenchmen in the intimacy of private intercourse, except in an under-tone, and by vague and broken expressions. The day following his arrival, Napoleon devoted to his son, to his family, to his confidential friends. On the ensuing day, he convoked his council of state at the Tuileries. Several of its members were men of the Convention, some of the Reign of Terror, and a few were regicides. Napoleon held them by their apostacy; he showed them to the people as ensigns of democracy and pledges of revolution; but he looked on them, without fear, as instruments of domination incapable thenceforward of any other task than that of rendering servitude popular.

He began by addressing them in rude, severe, and unexpected terms. He maintained that taxation had no limits, and proposed levying a new conscription of 300,000 men, already exempt from service, and returned to their families four years before. The council decreed the 300,000 men. They were dismissed by the Emperor with the watchword "Enthusiasm," but despondency was the only answer of the council. The Emperor, meanwhile, occupied himself in

collecting around the weak skeletons of the corps that he had left on the Rhine, in Belgium, and in Holland, the remains of the veteran troops which he had at hand, detachments of his guard, and the new levies in garrison in the interior. But, with the exception of his old band, reduced to about 80,000 men, his wishes were rendered fruitless by the exhaustion and apathy of the empire. He issued orders and called for contingents with no effect. He had nothing but ciphers in his wide domains. He marched—says Lamartine most suggestively—but nothing followed him. Yet in his communications to his senate he was as imperative as in the day of his victories. He convoked the Legislative Assembly at Paris for the 19th of December. He foresaw that they might choose a man of independence for their president, and he therefore deprived them of their right to choose one. M. Molé, the gentleman who now figures as the chief of the fusionists, was the Minister of Justice, a young man of illustrious name (for he was the descendant of Mathieu Molé, which Lamartine omits to state), of precocious talent, and with opinions adapted to the time. M. Molé then pushed his zeal for monarchy to the extreme of despotism, venturing much to please, and everything to serve. Napoleon had taken care to define the Assembly as a Legislative Council, not as a National Representation. It would be a criminal pretension, he said, to think of representing the nation in the presence of the Emperor. Regnier, Duke of Massa, an eminent lawyer, who had been moulded to the Emperor's hands by favors and dignities, and who died only on the 20th of August last, was nominated President of the Assembly. The addresses of the Emperor to the Legislative Council were calculated to be understood in a double sense—by the people as pledges of peace, and by the constituted bodies as a summons to an energetical concurrence in the war. The words of the Emperor were received with profound incredulity, concealed under a feigned confidence. Meanwhile, Metternich (long accustomed to the court of Napoleon, where he had been slighted and caressed by turns) did not participate in the antipathies of the old dynasties against this court of military upstarts. He dreaded also the despair of a man of genius placed by a refusal to accommodate existing differences between the throne and death. He accordingly made an overture to M. de St. Aignan, one of the best accredited ministers of Napoleon in Germany. There

he dictated a note, intimating on what terms Europe would again treat with him.

M. Metternich was sincere, because he was interested. The ministers of the other powers feigned to believe in the possibility of such a peace. Napoleon, however, could not contain himself within the limits of ancient France. He was called on to renounce all sovereignty in Germany beyond the Rhine, in Spain, in Italy, and in Holland. On this basis alone would the other European powers treat with him; but they would not suspend their military operations during the negotiations. The Congress, however, to be assembled in pursuance of this arrangement was an illusion with which Napoleon sought to amuse his subjects. To keep up the deception, he adhered for a few days to the basis laid down in the note of the allied powers. But the Congress of Mannheim never took place.

The Senate and the Legislative Assembly, however, appointed committees to express the opinions of the senators and the deputies on the state of affairs. The senate appointed Talleyrand, De Fontanes, Bearnonville de St. Marsan, and Barbé Marbois.

The choice of the Legislative Assembly indicated a different spirit. All notoriously servile names were struck off. Lainé, Raynour, Gallois, Maine de Biran, and Flaugergues, were chosen by an immense majority. They were independent names, and therefore the champions of revolt.

The character of Lainé is probably fairly drawn by M. de Lamartine; but from all we have heard and read of this worthy man, we conceive the portrait to be a too flattering likeness. In nothing that Lamartine says of his eloquence, power of speech, or private character, is there any exaggeration; but we conceive his general power and influence to be overrated in the volumes before us. As a speaker, no doubt, Lainé was one of the best, if not the very best of a time when there were few or no public speakers. He had imagination, fecundity, flow, and noble presence, fine and graceful delivery, and noble and generous impulsions; but he was neither a man of industry, a man of business, an administrator, nor a statesman, in the best senses of these words. M. de Lamartine says that Lainé had not the indolence of Vergniaud. Yet we have always heard from politicians, his contemporaries, and even from men who were in the same cabinet with him, that there never was a minister who less relished the dull daily drill task of official life. Be this, however, as it may, Lainé was com-

missioned to draw up the report of the Assembly. It was in guarded language—a revival of the Constitution—a revival of the right of complaint—a faint recollection of the *Jeu de Paumes* at Marseilles. This expression of the deputies of the nation was considered by Napoleon as a revolution in itself. The Emperor felt that he was no longer Emperor, if the independent voice of this body was not stifled. Savary, the Minister of Police, summoned the members of the commission to his mansion, incorrectly rendered in the excellent translation, "to his hotel." "You have irritated the Emperor," said Savary. "He cannot allow you to deliberate in his absence, for he is going to the army, and you would dethrone him." Savary then, turning towards M. Lainé, asked in an inquiring voice—"What is the object you have in view?" "I am desirous," said M. Lainé, very nobly, "of saving my country, or, at least, of breathing gloriously for the nation the last sigh of liberty."

On the 22d January, Napoleon departed for the army. The evening before, he convoked at the palace the chiefs of the National Guard of Paris. He was constrained, from the paucity of troops, and the necessity of covering the capital, to re-organize a force particularly obnoxious to his suspicions. He made a theatrical presentation of Marie Louise and her son to the officers of the National Guard. The Empress held the young King of Rome in her arms. Napoleon, taking his son from his mother's breast, embraced him, raised him in his arms, placed him, with tears in his eyes, in the arms of the officers nearest to him, and advancing into the midst of the immense circle which the chiefs of the city formed around the principal hall of the palace, he spoke to them in that voice, by turns manly and tender, which seemed like the soldier giving way to the feelings of the husband and the father. During the night, Napoleon left for Chalons.

France did not arise, notwithstanding the appeals made to its patriotism. It was drained of its legions, and wished for peace and liberty. A rising would have been, not for the Emperor, but for the country. In vain the prefects decreed new levies; in vain the gend'armes conducted the conscripts, frequently in chains, to the dépôts. Scarcely were they liberated, when they took the road back again to their fields, their cabins, and their villages. Even the most warlike provinces, Burgundy, Autun, and Brittany, concealed bands of deserters in the woods, who preferred a life of wandering wretchedness

rather than rejoin their regiments. Seventy thousand men now constituted the only army with which Napoleon had to manœuvre and combat a million of men in the heart of France. Victory could do nothing for so small a number; it could only waste them less rapidly than defeat.

It is not our intention to go over the campaign of 1814. The combats of Brienne—the junction of Blücher and Schwartzburg—the battles of La Rothière, of Vauchamp, of Montereau, have been described over and over again, in English and in French, and in every style, from the nervous prose of Scott, and the elegant prose of Lamartine, down to the turgid and diffuse periods of Alison, and the slip-slop sentences of Capefigue. Suffice it to say, that, on the 23d of January, Napoleon re-entered Troyes. On his entry, says M. de Lamartine, he demanded that he should be put in possession of the traitors who, in repudiating his name, had made common cause with the enemies of their country. M. de Gouault, who had been sent before a court-martial even before the Emperor sat down, was tried, condemned, and shot, in spite of the entreaties of M. de Mégrigny, a gentleman of the country. He was conducted to the place of execution with a placard on his breast inscribed with the word, "Traitor." The author of *The Girondins* properly calls this an act of selfish vengeance and cruelty. But the story is differently told by Vaulabelle; and Napoleon should clearly have the benefit of his version, unless it be proved to be incorrect. *Condamné à mort* (says Vaulabelle) *sa famille essayé la de sauver. Une demande en grâce fut remise le lendemain du jugement par M. de Mégrigny, écuyer de service et compatriote du condamné. L'Empereur ordonna immédiatement de suspendre l'exécution; mais quand l'officier d'ordonnance, porteur de l'ordre, arriva, M. de Gouault venait d'être passé par les armes avec cet écriteau sur la poitrine: Traître à la patrie.* Between the Minister of Public Instruction of Cavaignac and the Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Provisional Government we shall not decide.

Meanwhile, the Emperor sent courier upon courier to his brother Joseph, conjuring him to reanimate the spirit of Paris. But it was in vain. "If the enemy advance," he said, "send off in the direction of the Loire, the empress-regent, my son, the Grand Dignitaries, the ministers, the great officers, &c. Do not," he said, "quit my son; and recollect that I would rather see him in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France."

The fate of Astyanax, prisoner of the Greeks, has always appeared to me the most unhappy fate recorded in history."

Marie Louise, at length, after much persuasion, tore herself away from the palace of the Tuileries, one of her equerries carrying in his arms the King of Rome. This beautiful child, made proud by adulation, refused to be exiled. "I will not go away," he cried. "When the Emperor is absent, am I not the master here?" Not a voice was raised to utter a farewell of the people to the wife and son of Napoleon flying at hazard, and trailing after them the last vestiges of imperial splendor. While the Empress thus followed the road to Rambouillet, the drum beat to arms to summon the citizens to the defence of the capital. The National Guard took arms less to frighten the enemy than to guard their own homes. Joseph, however, wished to deceive Paris till the last moment, in order that the sedition concocting against the empire should not explode under his own feet. "Let us arm!" he exclaimed: "I shall remain with you. Let us defend this great city, its monuments, its riches, our wives, our children, and let the enemy be disgraced before these walls, which he hopes to pass in triumph." While, however, the short-lived confidence produced by this proclamation continued, Joseph, his brother Jerome, and the Minister of War, Clarke, descending from the heights of Montmartre, were flying at the utmost speed of their horses by the external Boulevards and crossing the Bois de Boulogne to reach Blois. Mortier, attacked towards noon by the overwhelming forces of the two invading armies, had no more ammunition to maintain the action; he was on the point of being cut off from Marmont, surrounded and driven back into the streets of Paris, now become a dreadful scene of carnage. Anxious to save an effusion of blood, he proposed to Schwartzburg a suspension of arms for twenty-four hours to save Paris from the horrors of a siege. The Austrian generalissimo accepted the proposition.

Marmont, though he had received an order to capitulate, continued to defend himself. The confusion of the different movements—the impossibility of communicating amidst the showers of balls—the enthusiasm of the volunteers and the students of the Polytechnic school, who served his artillery, even to the last bullet, prevented an arrangement. Blücher had meanwhile gained the heights of Montmartre, and turned his batteries from thence upon Paris. Seven times the officers

who attempted with flags of truce to clear the space between the two armies, were laid with their horses in the dust. The scene is thus described by Lamartine:—

When M. de Quelen was thus putting an end to the firing, Marmont (excited by the combat, by the vicinity of Paris, and by the sentiment of the final service he was trying to render to his Emperor, and to the friend of his youth) remained the very last in the high street of Belleville, disputing step by step the houses of this suburb with the enemy. His sword being broken, he had a musket in his hand; his hat and clothes were pierced with balls, his features blackened with the smoke of the combat; and he who was the next day to be called the first of traitors, was now the last of the heroes. He looked for death as if with a presentiment of the double duties between which he was about to find himself placed, and by which the fame of his fidelity and his patriotism was to suffer so long an eclipse for his country. Death, however, failed him. While his tirailleurs, covered by the gardens and the houses on one side of the street, were firing over his head at the Russians, already masters of the other side, a handful of grenadiers rushed forward to surround and save their general. They retreated, fighting, with him in the midst of them, step by step, as far as the barriers. One arm in a sling, one hand shot through, and the bodies of five horses killed under him during the action, sufficiently attested, that if, on the following day, he did not do enough for the empire, he did enough on this day for glory and his country. Were it not for that handful of grenadiers, the army would have brought only the dead body of their general within the walls of Paris.

The principal men among the citizens crowded round Marmont. Disarmed, wounded, covered with dust and blood, he received them. "Honor and fidelity are satisfied," said his friends to him. When he talked of retiring behind the Loire, the citizens exclaimed, "What is to become of us, our families, our old men, our wives, our children, our homes, our monuments? The people, without arms and without food, given up to all the horrors of hunger in a city surrounded by 500,000 men, what is to be their fate?"

Marmont was convinced by these speeches, and agreed to the necessity of a capitulation for Paris. "But," said he, "I am neither the government nor the commander-in-chief of the army." "It is the business of the country, then, to decide for itself," rejoined the citizens. Marmont wavered between his military and his civil duty. Separated from the army of the Emperor by the forces of the enemy, he could only decide from necessity. He yielded to the suggestions of his heart. He capitulated, and delivered

up the gates of Paris, causing his army to fall back upon Fontainebleau. "There was," says Lamartine—and we wholly agree with him—"there was no treason, there was no weakness, even in this movement, which substituted a capitulation for a siege. What could 17,000 men do against 300,000? It was not Marmont who on this day betrayed Paris—it was Paris which betrayed Marmont by not rising up in its own defence."

When Napoleon learnt the capitulation, his indignation knew no bounds. Caulincourt was despatched by him to Paris, but found it impossible to enter, and returned to the Emperor. A second time he was sent to the Allies; but all these efforts availed not to prevent the progress of events. The Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, Schwartzburg, Lichtenstein, and Nesselrode, assembled in conference on the night which followed their entrance into Paris.

The acclamations of the royalists, who begged of them a king of their ancient race, still resounded in their ears. With the exception of the army and of the servile and military court of the empire, France, almost to a man, longed to throw off the yoke of a master who oppressed the country. A regency was talked of. "But," said Di Borgo, "as long as the name of Napoleon weighs from the throne of France, Europe will not consider itself either satisfied or delivered." It was therefore unanimously agreed that the throne of France should be interdicted to the race of Napoleon. Alexander muttered, it is said, the name of Bernadotte, to whom it is thought he had given, not promises, but vague hopes. "But," said Talleyrand, with oracular brevity, "there are only two principles now at issue in the world—legitimacy and chance: there are only two things possible—Napoleon or Louis XVIII." Public opinion, however, spoke more loudly, and outstripped Talleyrand. It revealed to the allies and to the Bourbons a general spirit of disaffection against the empire, and of natural attraction towards a restoration. The Senate, in a long *exposé des motifs*, declared that Buonaparte had forfeited the throne; that the hereditary right established in his family is abolished, and that the French people and the army are absolved from their oaths of fidelity. France made a fuller response to the voice of its legislators: she replied with a unanimous cry of "Down with the tyrant!" It is quite true that this cry was interpreted in Paris by scenes degrading to the dignity of a people. Royalist enthusiasm endeavored to excite,

and even to bribe, the popular passions into a saturnalia against the fallen dynasty. Young, beautiful, and titled ladies lent themselves to unworthy ovations to victory against their country. On the promenades, and on horseback, they exhibited themselves offering flowers to the barbarians.

The provisional government nominated a ministry, temporary, like itself, consisting of Henrion de Pansey, Malonet, Angles, Beugnot, Laforêt, and Dupont, to whom the war-office was confided. Dupont was in Spain, at the head of a French Army, which had set the example of capitulating, instead of conquering. No wonder, therefore, that military men mourned at a selection which seemed to be either a vengeance or an affront.

While Alexander, the King of Prussia, and Schwartzburg were thus in Paris, the troops of Marmont and Mortier were at eight leagues distance, as an advanced guard, on both banks of the Essonne, between Fontainebleau and the capital. The army of Napoleon had immediately followed him from Champagne, and numbered 40,000 combatants, exclusive of the imperial guard, which was of itself equivalent to a third army. These 60,000 men, re-united under the walls of Fontainebleau, demanded, with loud cries, a return to Paris, vengeance and battle. Napoleon showed himself daily to these troops in the court of the palace. He longed to march and every evening gave orders for decisive movements on the following day, but he recalled them in the night, became agitated, and continued immovable. He experienced a weakness and vacillation of resolution and of will, the cause of which he could not divine. It was that public opinion weighed heavily on his mind. Public opinion in France was more formidable to him than all the armies of all the coalitions, and this he felt, without confessing it to himself. Full of a last hope, the Emperor revolted against the decrees of the coalition, and read, in an irritated voice, a proclamation to his army. "To Paris!—to Paris!" shouted the soldiers. Napoleon, gazing on the marshals and generals grouped around him, as he pointed out to them this inextinguishable enthusiasm for war, rekindled by his presence in the breasts of his soldiers, seemed to reproach them for their supineness and disaffection. He walked for a long time in his cabinet, with broken steps and gestures; then sitting down, and taking the pen in his own hand, he wrote the order to the army to put itself in motion the follow-

ing day for Paris, and to advance his quarter-general from Fontainebleau to Essonne. It was the signal of a battle before Paris, in which he was to sacrifice his life or reconquer the imperial crown. It was in the palace itself that the marshals and the chiefs of corps met and assembled in the same spirit of opposition to the desperate plan of Napoleon. Their opposition broke out in their gestures, in their looks, and in their acclamations. Their conduct appears justified in their own eyes by the interest of the army, for which they began to negotiate, without a warrant by trustworthy persons, with the provisional government. They all had conceived that a new reign was about to commence, and that Napoleon was politically extinct. On their conduct Lamartine makes some remarks, the truth of which is verified by the events of 1848:—

Military discipline (says he) in depriving the man of camps and battles of the exercise of his own will, deprives him more than it does any other profession of that energy of character so necessary in the vicissitudes of political events. It inspires him with personal intrepidity, but divests him of wise constancy. Nothing yields so much and so quickly in the storm of revolutions as generals; they follow the noble profession of arms, but they follow it under every master; they pass from one court to another, from an empire to a monarchy, to a republic, not like courtiers, but like servants—the sword of every hand which lends or gives itself to the last person that wears a crown. It is in the ranks of the army we must look for the heroism of courage; but we rarely find there the heroism of independence.

Marshal Oudinot, the Bayard of the Republic and of the Empire, was one of the first to break out. This explosion produced an ebullition from the mouths and hearts of other marshals.

Meanwhile emissaries from the Minister of War, from M. Talleyrand, from the Royalists, and, above all, from the Republicans, insinuated themselves into Marmont's camp, and penetrated into his own presence. In this agitation of Marmont's mind, Schwartzburg, who commanded in front of Essonne, summoned the Marshal in the name of Peace. Marmont wished for an excuse, which was an admission that he was going to commit a fault. He assembled all the generals and all the superior officers, and consulted them on the adhesion they were to give or to refuse in the name of the army, to the propositions of Paris, of the provisional government and of the allies. The moment must have been critical and the pressure excessive, for all

pronounced for the adhesion. One reserve was made, called for by "the memory of past events, and the decency of defection:"—this was, that guarantees should be given for the life and liberty of the Emperor. Marmont's offer was accepted.

While these events were accomplishing in one quarter, Napoleon was ordering the head-quarters to advance to Ponthierry, on the road to Essonne. "I rely upon you, gentlemen," said Napoleon, hastening to anticipate the marshals. The marshals, however, instead of retiring to execute the orders received, drew close together. Ney, whose numerous exploits gave him the right of more freely expressing himself, exclaimed, "that not a single sword should leave the scabbard to effect the useless and insane crime of desperate ambition against the country." Napoleon regarded him with reproachful astonishment. This was the first truth he had heard during ten years of service; and, as Lamartine finely says, "Napoleon required an army between himself and the truth." Oudinot and Lefebvre also fully supported the declaration of Ney. "The army, at least," said Napoleon, "will follow me." "The army," replied the marshals, in a vehement tone, "will obey its generals."

Crossing his arms on his breast, Napoleon reflected a long time in silence. Turning to the marshals he said, "Well, what ought I to do, in your opinion?" "Abdicate!" exclaimed the marshals nearest to him, in a rough and unanimous voice. Napoleon submitted himself to destiny. "I will present to you my abdication," he said; "leave me for a moment to write it." He sat down before a small table covered with green cloth, and, with a trembling hand wrote—"The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace, he was ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even life itself, for the good of the country, without prejudice to the rights of his son, to those of the regency of the empress, and to the maintenance of the laws of the Empire." The regency of the empress, as our readers are aware, was declined; and all the efforts of Caulincourt and Macdonald to induce the sovereigns to listen to the propositions of Buonaparte were rejected. The result of the deliberations of the monarchs was the treaty of Fontainebleau, which liquidated the blood of a million of men, the empire, the genius, and the glory of ten years. The character drawn of Buonaparte by Lamartine

occupies eleven pages, and we give a few salient passages:

Napoleon (says he) was a man of the school of Machiavel, not of that of Plutarch. His object was neither virtue nor patriotism, but an ardent thirst after power and renown. Favored by circumstances which never fell to the lot of any other man, not even Cæsar, he sought to conquer and possess the world at any cost—not to ameliorate it, but to aggrandize himself. This, the sole aim of all the actions of his life, lowers and narrows them in the eyes of all true statesmen. God never said to man, Seek thyself thine own good: thou shalt become the centre of all human things, and thou shalt make the world succumb to thy own purpose. This plan of life was opposed and in contradiction to the plan of God with regard to humanity. * * *

When Corsica was struggling to retrieve its independence, he declared against Paoli, the liberator of his birth-place; he sought a country, and chose the one the most agitated, France. He foresaw with a precocious sagacity of instinct that great risks of fortune would be, or were, the grand movements of things or of ideas. The French Revolution broke out; he threw himself into the midst of it. Did Jacobinism govern, he extolled it, affected radical principles, and assumed all the exaggerated manners of the demagogues—their language, their costume, their displeasure, and their popularity. He yielded all to circumstance, and nothing to principle. He always joined the successful rising, indifferently, with any, or against any. As a youth, he was a true specimen of the race and times of the Italian republicans, who engaged on hire their bravery and their blood to any faction, any cause, provided they did but aggrandize themselves. As a soldier, he offered his skill and his sword to the most daring or the most fortunate. * * *

The heads of the Revolution, embarrassed by his presence, sent him to Egypt, there to conquer or to die. Here we see another continent, another man, but still the same want of conscience. He announced himself as the regenerator of the East, who brought with him all the blessings of European liberty. At first, he had to persuade the people to allow themselves to be conquered. Mahometan fanaticism was an obstacle to his dominion. Instead of combating that faith, he simulated belief in it—declared for Mahomet, and denounced the superstitions of Europe. He made religion the medium of his policy and his conquests. The negotiator who bowed before the Pope at Milan, now bent his knee to the Prophet at Cairo.

To maintain his throne he wanted some principle; and here, again, he might choose. He might be to philosophy, and to the spirit of modern civilization, what Charlemagne was to Christianity. But from the first day he repudiated the thought of acting the part of the beneficent genius—the founder of an idea. He declared a war against all ideas, save those that were obsolete. He execrated thought in any form, spoken or written, as a revolt of reason against fact. He im-

posed silence on the tribunals, the censorship on the public journals; he devoted books to destruction, and writers to adulation or a reign of terror. He blasphemed against the light of intellect; he closed the lips against the slightest murmur of a theory; he banished all who would not sell him either their eloquence or their pen. Of all the sciences, he honored only that which does not think—the mathematics; and he would have suppressed the alphabet if he could, so that figures alone should exist as a medium of communication between men; because letters express the human soul, and figures only material powers. * * *

Barras gave Napoleon, for dower, the army of Italy. He loved, it is true, and was beloved in return; but his love was not disinterested; it was mixed with the alloy of satisfied ambition. From this command dates the display of his genius. He communicated its spirit to his troops; he diffused a youthful ardor in the antiquated camps; he remodelled the laws of military discipline, and introduced an entirely new system of tactics. He called into action the daring spirit, that all-powerful genius of revolutionary wars; he accelerated the movements of armies, and gained tenfold the time by his marches. He conquered, made peace, and ratified treaties. Some nations he extirpated, others he respected; he negotiated with those who, like Rome, had made a deep impression on the popular mind; and, without pity or a pretext, remorselessly swept from the face of the earth others which, like Venice, were too weak for defence.

Of all those principles on which the founder of the Empire might firmly establish his institutions—such as liberty, equality, progress, intelligence, conscience, election, reasoning, discussion, religion, or public virtue—he chose the most personal and the most immoral of all, glory or renown.

He swept away the Republic with the tread of his soldiers. He trampled on the throne of the Bourbons in exile. Like a murderer, in the darkness of the night he seized upon the bravest and most confiding of the military princes of his race, the Duke d'Enghien, in a foreign country. He slew him in the ditch Vincennes, by a singular presentiment of crime, which showed him, in his youth, the only armed competitor against him or against his race. He expended ten generations of France to establish a royal or imperial dynasty for each of the sons or daughters of his mother. He floated in the whirlwind of events, so vast and so rapid, that even three years of errors did not occasion his fall. Spain devoured his armies; Russia served as a sepulchre to 700,000 men; Dresden and Leipsic swallowed up the rest. * *

As a diplomatist, he was eminently shrewd, while he had his ambition to serve and his reign to establish. In this Italian campaign, he fought with one hand, and negotiated with another. He treated with conquered Piedmont, which he had authority to destroy, and increased the Republican army against Austria with the contingents of a monarchy. He negotiated with the Pope, whom he was directed to expel from Rome, and enlisted on his side the feelings, the respect, and even the superstition of the people. * * *

He alienated the whole of independent Ger-

many, by territorial cupidity and family appanages, by which he multiplied princes without obtaining support. He refused to Russia the empire of the East, while he secured to himself that of the West. He declared the incompatibility of any power with his own, even at the extremity of the earth. * * *

False in institutions, for he retrograded; false in policy, for he debased; false in morals, for he corrupted; false in civilization, for he oppressed; false in diplomacy, for he isolated: he was only true in war, for he shed torrents of human blood. His intelligence was vast and clear, but it was the intelligence of calculation: he counted, he weighed, he measured; but he felt not, he loved not, he sympathized with none; he was a statue rather than a man.

From Napoleon, M. de Lamartine returns to the Bourbons. He tells us the life of Louis XVIII. at the court of Louis XVI. Louis XVIII., before the murder of his brother, bore the title of Count de Provence, and had married Josephine of Savoy, daughter of Victor Emmanuel III. of Sardinia. He never had any children, and lost his wife during the emigration. Our author says, and truly, that this prince played with great good fortune one of the most difficult parts in history. His understanding was, indeed, equal to the requirements, if his character was inferior to the work assigned to him. Solitary and reserved at the courts of Louis XVI., he had surrounded himself with a little court distinct from that of his brother. His character was studious, familiar, and somewhat feminine. Manliness was wanting to his soul as well as to his body; it only displayed itself in his understanding. He had—and he felt and knew it—a genius very superior to that of his brother, Louis XVI., and to the superficial and unreflecting mind of the Count D'Artois. He had an ambition for wit, and published some of his poetry in the literary annals of the time. He foresaw a revolution, and thinking his brother unequal to the struggle of the times, believed his weakness would drive him to abdication, that the Count D'Artois would lose himself in vain resistance to the progress of the world, and that France, reconstituted on a new monarchical plan, would take refuge under his own government. He did not conspire to obtain, nor even desire, this consummation, but he expected all. When Louis XVI. was carried off from Versailles, by the insurrection of October, to Paris, the Count de Provence followed him, and was respected and cheered by the people, as he appeared in the light of a conciliator between the court and the revolutionists. He soon, however, became

unpopular, the odium of an anti-revolutionary conspiracy of an officer of his household having fallen on him.

Dangers now increased every day, and the princes of the house of Condé, and the king's aunts, fled one by one from the soil of France. A report was spread of the approaching departure of the Count de Provence, and the people flocked to his palace to assure themselves of his presence. He caused his doors to be thrown open, and chatting familiarly with the women who were at the head of the mob, swore he would never leave them. "But if the king should go?" asked one of the women. "For a woman of understanding," replied the prince, "you have put a very silly question." The favorite of the Count de Provence was Mdle. de Balbi, a lady whose wit he liked even more than her charms. Mdle. de Balbi and d'Avary were the sole confidants of the Count de Provence's flight. He took refuge at Coblenz. It cannot be supposed that we should here go over the events of the twenty-two years during which Louis XVIII. was in emigration—that we should recite his intrigues in France and in Vendée—his life at Verona and at the army of Condé—his negotiations with Picbegrü—his adventures and his life in Germany—his retirement to Mittau in Courland—his being forced to leave that asylum and to come to England, where he was first received by the Duke of Buckingham, and afterwards rented the house of Hartwell, which Lamartine, following Vaulabelle, calls the property of Sir George See, instead of Sir George Lee. All these particulars, very interesting in themselves, as disclosing the character of the man and future monarch, we are obliged to pass over. It may, however, be necessary to state, that during the last year of the Empire, Louis XVIII. suspended every active manœuvre, allowing the ambition of Napoleon to act, and the vengeance of outraged nations to fall back on France. He merely read the French journals, with an intelligence sharpened by age and patience, which enabled him to discern, under the adulation of the press, the symptoms of ruin and disaffection. The more Louis was certain of the fall of Buonaparte, the less he seemed in a hurry to precipitate it. Age and exile, the lessons of experience, the light of study, had increased, matured, and consummated his intelligence.

In speaking of the residence in England of the monarch, Lamartine takes occasion to allude to the state of parties in our country during his residence. His observations on

Pitt are correct enough, and we find no fault with them. But when he speaks of Fox, as a seeker of popularity above all things—as "a feeble echo of Mirabeau, misplaced in an English parliament—as a powerless rival of Mr. Pitt"—as a man whose abilities were overrated, and who had nothing of the statesman in him—he shows how difficult it is for a Frenchman to enter into the appreciation of those shades of character and ability which can only be known to a native. Never was there a greater debater in England than Mr. Fox; and when Lamartine says that his abilities were overrated on the continent, he says so, probably, without ever having read one of that great man's masterly discourses.

If the author of *The Girondins* is most unhappy in his reference to the great English debater and statesman, he is much more felicitous in his description of Louis XVIII. He says, and truly, that the serenity of Louis's countenance was astonishing. It might, he adds, be said that time, exile, fatigue, infirmity, and his natural corpulency, had only attached themselves to his feet and his trunk, the better to display the perpetual and vigorous youth of his countenance. His eyes were large, and of azure blue, sparkling, humid, and expressive of frankness; his nose, like that of all the Bourbons, was aquiline; his mouth partly open, smiling, and finely formed. Such was the king, according to Lamartine, the eve of the day on which he was restored to royalty.

Louis XVIII. yielded, rather than agreed from conviction, to the entreaties of the Count d'Artois and of his nephews, that they should quit England, and risk themselves on the continent, in the *mêlée* of events which the coalition was about to produce in France. The British government granted a passage to these princes on the 14th January, 1814, on board English ships of war. They sailed with the vague hope of finding a throne, but they were not summoned by any party. La Vendée was torpid—the South was waiting the march of events—public opinion looked on—the centre was arming, the army was fighting. Some timid correspondents of Louis scarcely ventured to give him, from time to time, general information on the state of the public mind. Some Parisian salons and some châteaux flattered themselves mysteriously with the hope of a restoration of the dynasty of their hearts. This was the state of France in January, 1814.

The first princes of the house of Bourbon to set their feet on the soil of France were the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X.,

and his two sons, the Dukes of Berry and Angoulême. The father resolved to throw himself into the midst of the Russian, Austrian and Prussian armies, which were entering upon the north and east of France; the Duke of Angoulême proceeded to Spain, to follow the great Anglo-Spanish army, which was advancing on the south and west; the Duke de Berry went to the Island of Jersey, to land in Normandy. The Count d'Artois thought Franche Comté would rise at his approach, and that the Russian and Austrian commander would receive him with open arms. In all these expectations he was sorely deceived. He demanded of the Russian generals open protection and support for his cause, but they harshly eluded his request. The Austrian commanders refused to open the gates of Vesoul to him, and would allow him to enter only as a simple traveller. They authorized him to go to Nancy, but alone, without cockade or decoration, without any other political title than his name, and on condition that he would not lodge in any public edifice.

Meanwhile, Vitrolles, of whom we shall afterwards have occasion to speak, was the most active, the most insinuating, and the most intrepid agent of this wandering court. The Duke of Angoulême found himself in the greatest perplexity on the frontiers of Spain. He had disembarked at St. Jean de Luz, with some aides-de-camp, and he followed the retreats and advances of the English army, without receiving power or encouragement from the Duke of Wellington. For five whole months the duke persisted in uniform coldness, and M. d'Angoulême lingered at the outposts under unmitigated discouragement.

Uncertain of the reception which awaited him at Paris, the Count d'Artois remained a considerable time at Nancy. M. de Talleyrand at length wrote to M. de Vitrolles, to the Count d'Artois, begging of him to take the government in quality of lieutenant-governor of his brother. The prince travelled through Lorraine and Champagne, amidst the enthusiasm of their respective inhabitants, and cries of "Peace and abolition of conscription and taxes!" He received on his journey the plan of a constitution, voted by the senate, as a condition of the acknowledgment of his power. He did not reply to this act, for he thought that the discredited voice of the senate would be stifled on his entrance into Paris by the acclamations of a people who would recognise in him the heir of a throne anterior to the date of their authority. Three days after his entrance, the Count

d'Artois constituted his government. It was composed of M. de Talleyrand, Marshals Moncey and Oudinot, the Duke d'Alberg, the Count de Jaucourt, Generals de Beurnonville and Dessoles, and the Abbé de Montesquion. Napoleon had, meanwhile, departed from Fontainebleau on his way to Elba. Ten days after, M. de Talleyrand concluded with the Allied Powers a suspension of hostilities, by which he entirely disarmed France. A general murmur greeted this capitulation, which was signed, as the first act of his accession, by the Count d'Artois. This act rendered the prince unpopular, as well as his counsellors and his government. All eyes were therefore turned towards Louis XVIII. The prudence of this prince was acknowledged: he had allowed his brother to commit this folly, but was coming after him to protest against it. The Abbé de Montesquion was the confidential minister of Louis and a member of the provisional government. He was connected with M. de Talleyrand in policy, and with the royalists in feeling. He thus wrote to Hartwell:—"My advice, and that of M. de Talleyrand, is, that the king, on entering France, should simply publish a royal edict, by which he should declare his own sovereignty, without allowing himself to be clogged beforehand by a constitution null and void. Then let the king afterwards proclaim the rights that he will acknowledge in the nation and the assembly of the legislative body." The Count d'Artois, embarrassed by the concessions that he had made to enter Paris, sent to the king at Hartwell, the Count de Bruges, one of his most familiar aides-de-camp, to induce his brother to come at length and take the crown. The Count expressed to the king the secret thoughts of his brother, who looked upon all acknowledgment of the rights of a nation and of revolutionary proceedings as a partial abdication and as an anticipated degradation of the mystery of royalty by right divine. The king himself was secretly inclined to this dogma, not by conviction of his mind, but by the habit of his birth, and from respect for his race. Through policy, however, he leant towards an apparent compromise between the rights of the people and the right of his sovereignty. At the same time that De Bruges visited Hartwell to deliver to the king the rash and absolute opinions of his brother, Di Borgo, aide-de-camp of Alexander, arrived there, in the name of the Allied Powers, to induce the king to adopt the constitutional opinions which prevailed in the council of sovereigns and

diplomats at Paris. Louis listened, and inclined by turns to both parties. His own good sense carried him to an accommodation with the times and with public decision; but M. de Blacas, who was narrow-minded, and the Duchess d'Angoulême, who was embittered, retained him in the prejudices of his sovereignty.

It was in this disposition of mind that he quitted Hartwell on the 18th April, 1814, and passed through London to return to France. The English nation, which was constitutional from instinct, and royalist from pity, was proud of the deliverance of the world, accomplished by the perseverance of its policy, of its treasures, and its armies. The city of London was dressed out in flags, and the populace crowded all the roads and all the streets through which Louis and the Duchess d'Angoulême passed. The entry of the king into London was as solemn and as royal as his entry into his own capital. The Prince Regent received the monarch, and accompanied him on the following day as far as Dover, to bid him farewell.

Louis XVIII. embarked at Dover on the 24th April, on board the *Royal Sovereign*, escorted by the *Jason* frigate, under salutes of artillery from the shore, and from the fleet. The Straits were crowded with boats and vessels dressed out in flags, the *drapeau blanc* flying at all the masts. A calm sea, a gentle wind, and a serene sky, favored this manifestation of the joy of two nations. Half-way across, the vessel that bore the king passed from the naval escort of the English into the midst of the cortège of French boats and vessels. Louis was melted to tears as, standing on the prow of the vessel, he showed on one side Madame d'Angoulême, and on the other the Prince de Condé and the duke. The king, on touching his native soil, was desirous of giving thanks to the God of his fathers. Seated in an open carriage by the side of the Duchess d'Angoulême, he passed slowly through the bending crowd to repair to the church of Calais, where he offered up his prayers at the altar of his sires. On his route to Paris, the same enthusiasm of the populace, and the same unanimity of hope greeted and gladdened him.

The counsels of Talleyrand, at first rigorously constitutional, became more supple and more accommodating. The king, at his suggestion, decided on making a halt at the chateau of Compiègne before he entered his capital. The marshals of Napoleon, and those most intimate with him, had hastened

to meet the king before his arrival at Compiègne. There was Berthier, who for twelve years had not quitted the tent or the cabinet of the Emperor, and Ney, his most intrepid lieutenant, of whom the Emperor had said,—“I have three hundred millions in gold in the vaults of my palace, and I would give them all to ransom the life of such a man.” Ney flourished his sword over his head, and cried aloud, as he showed the king to the people. “Vive le Roi! there he is, my friends, the legitimate king, the real king of France!”

On this scene Lamartine remarks;—

These military men, so brave under fire, too frequently show themselves weak-hearted before the changes incidental to events. The people were astonished at so much versatility in so much heroism, and they began to suspect (what they have since had so many occasions to acknowledge,) that the habit of obeying all governments does not create constancy in the hearts of military men, and that the revolutions which have to fight against them one day have not more obsequious servants on the next.

The king pretended to esteem this inconstant class, who did not, however, deceive his sagacity. A deputation of the legislative body had also met the king at Compiègne. Louis XVIII. decided on taking possession of his throne without entering into any conditions with the senate. Alexander, influenced by the men of the imperial court, also set out for Compiègne, for the purpose of advancing with his all-powerful support the claims of the senate.

Louis received the Czar coldly, listened with impatience, interrupted him freely, and replied to him with firmness,—

“I am astonished that I have to remind an Emperor of Russia that the crown does not belong to subjects. By what title can a senate, the instrument of all the madness of an usurper, dispose of the crown of France? Does it belong to them? The death of my brother, and that of my nephew, have transmitted this right to me. I have no other,—I want no other,—to present to France and to the world.”

Alexander acknowledged the force of this reasoning, and contented himself with alleging the power of facts and the imperative counsel of circumstances. But Louis did not yield to his reasons.

“I shall not (said he) tarnish my name by an act of cowardice. Indebted to your victorious arms for the deliverance of my people, if these important services are to place at your disposal the honor of my crown, I

shall appeal to France against it, and return to my banishment."

The Royalists who went to the king from hour to hour to report the feelings of the people, made the king hope that an irresistible movement of public opinion would burst forth in spite of the Emperor of Russia and the senate, and that a general acclamation would overturn those factitious barriers that they wished to erect between him and the nation. He therefore went to the chateau of St. Ouen, a residence of M. Necker, near the gates of Paris. The necessity of preparing his royal entry into Paris was the pretext of this inexplicable residence under the walls of his capital. The real motive, however, was a last negotiation with Alexander, and with the resistance of opinion which contested with him the supreme power.

The king was hardly established at St. Ouen, when the people flocked out in multitudes to the fields and roads which led to it. The senate also sent a deputation, and confided to Talleyrand the expression of their sentiments. Some hours after the deputation of the senate had been presented, the declaration of St. Ouen was made public. This declaration (says the author of *The Girondists*) fully recalled that of Louis XVI. when that prince wished to defer to the states-general, by forestalling them with concessions to the age. The declaration stated the resolve of the crown to adopt a liberal constitution, and convoke to that end, for the 10th of the month of June, the senate and the legislative body, and to submit to their inspection the work to be prepared by a commission from the two bodies, guaranteeing representative institutions, liberty of the press, worship, &c.

On the 3rd May, 1814, the king quitted the gardens of St. Ouen for Paris. An immense and sumptuous cortège of cavaliers, formed of the princes of his house and the celebrated men of both epochs, mingled in groups, preceded, followed, and surrounded the open carriage of the king, which was drawn by eight cream-colored horses from the Emperor's stables. No prince was better calculated than Louis XVIII. to personify this conciliation. The scene is thus described:—

His age was imposing by the maturity of years, without yet offering any other sign of decay than his gray hair, the semblance of wisdom on a countenance still young, while the infirmity of his legs was concealed from the crowd by his cloak, which was thrown over his knees. But this king in his sitting posture, whose sufferings and forced

sedentary life were well known, was a symbol of reflection, and of peace. Even his infirmities, exciting an interest for the old monarch, seemed to offer a pledge of repose, the unanimous passion at this time in France. * * * That princess also at his side, the Duchess d'Angoulême, to whom her repentant country could only restore a name, but not a family swept away in the tempest; the involuntary tears which struggled with her happiness in the eyes of this orphan of the scaffold; the old Prince of Condé, the veteran of monarchical wars, worn in body by nearly an age of combats, weakened in understanding and memory by exile, and looking round with childish gaze on the pomp of which he was the object, and which he seemed scarcely to comprehend; the Duke of Bourbon, his son, his face and heart in mourning, as if following the funeral cortège of the Duc d'Enghien, instead of the triumph of royalty; the Count d'Artois, the delight and chivalric popularity of the dynasty, riding at the carriage door of the king, and appearing to present his brother to the people, and the people to his brother; the Duke d'Angoulême and the Duke de Berry, his two sons, future heirs of the throne, the one modest and reflective, the other affecting the martial readiness of the officers of the Empire; the splendor of the arms, the motions of the horses, the waving of plumes, the living hedge of people and of soldiers, which bordered the fields and the avenues of the plain; the houses crowded to the roof-tops with women and children, the windows dressed out with white flags, the clapping of hands, the prolonged acclamations, now dying away, now swelling out again at every turn of the wheel of the carriage, the showers of bouquets descending from the balconies and strewing the pavements; the flourishes of instruments, the rolling of the drums, the discharge of cannon from Montmartre and the Invalides, breaking the short silence of the crowds, and giving a rebound to the emotions of a million of men; all these aspects, all these considerations, all these noises, all these astonishments, all these feelings of the crowd, gave to the entrance of Louis XVIII. into Paris a character of pathos and sensibility which effaced even the pomp of a triumphal entry.

The king received at St. Denis, from the hands of M. de Chabrol, Prefect under Napoleon, the keys of the gates of Paris. He returned them with a word of condescension and confidence, as if to impress on his government the seal of amnesty, and the impress of the immutability of the functionaries of the Empire. At the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the king was received by the clergy. "Son of St. Louis," said he to the priests who received him in the sanctuary, "I shall imitate his virtues." The king attributed the cessation of his misfortunes to the protection of God and of his mother; as if to revive by his first words the pious customs of Louis XIII., and ceremonies dear to the credulity of the nation. Thus, he was politi-

cal with politicians, and devout with religious men. From the cathedral, the cortege proceeded to the Tuileries, fitted with the luxuries and motley pomps of the Empire. There was not time to efface the crowned letter "N" with which the walls were covered. A smart *calembourg* is attributed in reference to this circumstance, to the monarch, to which Lamartine makes no allusion. "*Il-y-a des N-s mis (ennemis) partout,*" he laughingly said. Be this, however, as it may, on the 3rd of May, 1814, the king forgot his old servants, and only remembered his new. His heart was with the Emigration, but his smiles were with the Empire and the Revolution. The statue of his grand-father Henry IV., which was replaced on the *Pont Neuf*, was saluted by him in passing, and appeared to inspire his smile and his pleasant words. In the evening, the king, with the aid of M. Talleyrand, composed his ministry. D'Ambray was named Chancellor of France and Minister of Justice; the Abbé de Montesquion, Minister of the Interior; the Abbé Louis, of Finance; M. Beugnot received the direction of the Police, and M. Ferrard was Postmaster General. M. de Talleyrand,—an indispensable necessity as a revolutionary and monarchical tradition,—received the portfolio of Foreign Affairs and the Presidency of the Council of Ministers. The king reserved but one place, the most humble in appearance, the most important in reality, to friendship. This was the ministry of the household, which was conferred on M. de Blacas, the successor of d'Avary. This minister—who guarded, so to speak, the portal of the king's cabinet,—who received the other ministers—who summed up their deliberations—who examined their communications—who had alone the eyes and ears of the king in his keeping—who was the sole depositary and conduit pipe of the royal word, soon succeeded in absorbing all power. The influence of the favorite is thus graphically described in the work before us; "*La vérité ne passe plus sans un passe port de M. de Blacas.*" Meanwhile, Fouché, anxious to signalize himself in the eyes of the new royalty, and to wash out the blood of Louis XVI., caused to be presented a memoir to Louis XVIII., tracing out the route the government should follow. The military household of the king was now appointed. Its chiefs were selected with impartiality among the marshals of the Empire and the great names of the ancient monarchy. Berthier and Marmont were, with the Dukes of Luxembourg and D'Havre, named captains of the

guards. The *mousquetaires* and the light horse of the guard were also commanded by generals of the Imperial epoch. Dupont, whom the king had named Minister of War, reduced the army to 200,000 men. This transition from a species of universal military monarchy, which recruited and paid a million of men, to a limited and pacific monarchy, obliged to bear the burden of its conquests and the indemnity of its glory, weighed heavily and fatally on the nation. The new government, innocent alike of the ambition of Napoleon and of the poverty of the nation, was made to bear this calamitous weight. At length, the king named the commissioners to fix the basis and arrange the text of a Constitution, chosen in equal number among his personal friends, among the members of the legislative body, and among the ancient senators. These were the Abbé Montesquion, his confidential minister; M. Ferrand his dogmatical theoretician, the defender of his absolute prerogative; M. Beugnot, the negotiator of his concessions; with Barthélemy, Barbé, Marbois, Boissy d'Anglas, Fontanes, Gornier, Pastoret, Semonville, Marshal Serrurier, Blancart de Bailleul, Bois Savary, Chabaud, Latour, and others.

These men were to enter on a conference, having for its object a treaty of pacification, between the races and the ideas which had been for thirty years at war—between ancient royalty and modern liberty. But the king, nevertheless, reserved to himself the right of accepting or rejecting the clauses. It is a singular but strictly accurate fact, that Alexander was anxiously, almost impatiently impatient for the promulgation of the Constitution, and declared that his troops should not quit Paris till it had been proclaimed. From this act may be said to date those political truths, which then first began to operate between the spirit of the people and the pretensions of kings. It was the act of birth of the new *régime*, baptised in blood on the scaffold and on the field of battle, for twenty-five years past, in contrast with the old *régime* which fell to pieces in 1789. Royalty triumphant in appearance, was subjugated by its return to power, and adopted the manners, the rights, the language, and the institutions of the vanquished. This charter satisfied France. Only two murmurs were heard against it: one of these was from the old Royalists, and was expressed by a man who has since become celebrated and important—M. de Villele, a gentleman of Toulouse, imbued with feudal and absolute

spirit of the south; the other was from Carnot, Fouché, some friends of Madame de Stael, and some dismissed courtiers of imperial despotism.

On the 30th of May the cannon of the Invalides announced to France that the preliminary treaty of Paris between the allied sovereigns and the government of the king was signed. By this treaty, France returned within her limits of January, 1792, and Malta became a British dependency. A cry was raised against giving up this bulwark of the Mediterranean to England. But the persons who raised this cry forgot that France was disarmed, prostrated, conquered before a million of victorious invaders. In virtue of this treaty, the Ionian Islands, Hamburg, and Magdeburg, still occupied by 60,000 French troops, were released from blockade, and restored to the Allied Powers. M. de Talleyrand, who wished to furnish an authority in his own favor, and at a later period, for the diplomatic allowances assigned by usage to the negotiators of treaties of territory, distributed six or eight millions in ransom to the European diplomatists who signed the treaty of Paris. Metternich, Castlereagh, Nesselrode, Hardenberg, each received a million. This ransom, says Lamartine, offered and accepted as the price of peace, produced it more promptly, but made it more humiliating. As a precedent, it was shameful, though as a bargain it was advantageous to the country, for every day of continued occupation cost France more than eight millions.

The Allied Sovereigns quitted Paris, and gave orders to their armies to evacuate the city the day after the signature of the treaty. Alexander came to enjoy his triumphal popularity in London before his return to Russia. The King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria re-passed the Rhine. The opening session of the Chambers was fixed for the 4th June, and Louis XVIII., accompanied by all the princes of his house, repaired thither in all the pomp of the successors of Louis the XIV. His majesty was desirous of writing by himself, and without the assistance or concurrence of his ministers, the speech he had to make to the Chambers; and he found an opportunity, rare for a king, of displaying the talent with which nature and study had endowed him. None of his ministers or official writers could have addressed to the Chamber a discourse so pathetic, terse, and elevated as the brother of Louis XVI. He stated, amongst many other things, that the rank which France had

occupied amongst nations had not been transferred to any other, and remained undoubtedly her own—that the glory of the French arms had met with no disgrace—that the monuments of their valor existed, and that the *chef d'œuvres* of the arts would henceforth belong to Frenchmen by rights more solid than those of victory. He announced that the avenues of commerce so long closed, would soon be free; that her manufactures were about to re-flourish—her maritime cities again to resuscitate, and that everything promised that long tranquillity abroad, and a durable felicity within the country, would be among the happy results of peace. The closing paragraph of the king's speech it was, however, which went to all hearts. "I was born," said Louis XVIII.—"I had flattered myself to continue all my life the most faithful subject of the best of kings, and to-day I occupy his place. But at least he is not altogether dead, for he survives in this testament which he destined for the instruction of the august and unfortunate child whom I was destined to succeed. It was with my eyes fixed on this immortal work, penetrated with the feelings by which it was dictated, guided by the experience, and seconded by the counsels of several amongst you, that I have drawn up the Constitutional Charter, which you are about to hear read, and which establishes upon a solid basis the prosperity of the State.

Louis, on quitting the palace of the Chambers, was received with acclamations. The benedictions of two ages were concentrated on his head. They followed him to his palace, and resounded until night in the courts and gardens of the Tuileries. He had conquered France by presenting it with this code of new institutions. "My crown is there," said he, as he contemplated from the Tuileries the people who manifested their joy on finding the king imbued with their own ideas.

The murmurs which had broken out in the opening of the Chambers at the speeches of MM. D'Ambray, and Ferrand, slightly agitated the first meeting of the two assemblies. The two addresses, however, which these bodies deliberated upon in reply to the speech from the throne, made slight allusions only to them. M. Lainé, who raised the first voice for liberty, and was the first precursor of a constitutional restoration, was nominated President of the legislative body. The labors of both Chambers commenced, but they displayed the inexperience and hesitation of a people who had lost the practice

of political discussions, and who, not knowing either their rights or their limits, incurred the risk of compromising or outstepping them. The courtiers sought to frighten the king with the danger of an opposition. Every independent expression seemed to them an insult; every national right a revolt. But the king, more practised and more firm, reassured them, and exerted himself to moderate the boldness of one side, and the fears of the other.

None of his ministers was capable, by his sagacity or his eloquence, to aid the working of the representative system. D'Ambray and Ferrand were superannuated rhetoricians; and Talleyrand, a man of the cabinet and the drawing-room, had not in his nature the manly courage or the strong convictions which struggle against the tumult of a popular assembly; or that brilliancy of intellect which subdues it; or the tones, gestures, and dominating powers of an orator, or even of a debater. One of the first collisions between the government and the public opinion was caused by M. Beugnot, on the subject of a police regulation for the observance of Sunday. The regulation, despised and unexecuted, fell into desuetude from the very day of its promulgation. The attempt of M. Beugnot, though it vanished in a shower of ridicule, was sufficient to irritate the nation against the church, and to throw into the growing opposition a ferment of discontent which rendered royalty a little unpopular.

The Chamber of Deputies threatened to call for laws to guarantee freedom of conscience, of opinions, and of discussion, through the liberty of the press. The government, warned and intimidated, hastened to present a law, lest the Chamber should decree absolute freedom. This law had been concocted by Roger Collard, and was drawn up by M. Guizot, then a clerk in the Home-office, an eager servant of the government, and since minister of more than one department.

This law, made for the occasion, belied, on the very first day, some of the promises held out in the Charter. The Chamber and the country with difficulty restrained their indignation. The most moderate writers and the most favorable to the Bourbons, Dussault, Benjamin Constant, and Gerard, discussed

the severities and madness of the law. The Chamber of Deputies appointed M. Raynouard reporter. He moved the rejection of the law, his speech being received with immense applause. But an assembly of men, worn out with revolutions and moulded by long silence to habits of despotism, passed it by an immense majority. Eighty members only, amongst whom were all the great men of the realm and of literature, Dupont de l'Eure, Dumolard, Durbach, Raynouard, Gallois, and Lainé, protested against this suspension of free opinions. The attention of the Chambers was next directed to the finances, involved in a debt of a thousand millions by Napoleon; and with the history of the discussions on compensation indemnities, M. Lamartine's second volume closes.

The last chapter in the book is on the revival of literature, of philosophy, of history, and of the press, and contains sketches of Madame de Stael, M. de Chateaubriand, Bonald, Fontanes de Maistre, Laménais, and Cousin. We much desired to make extracts from this chapter in reference to these eminent men, and to the salons of Paris; but on looking back on the space we have already occupied, we are warned to close our observations with one short passage from this chapter:—

Buonaparte, who was aspiring to the tyranny, and who hated thought, because it is the liberty of the soul, had availed himself of this exhaustion and of this lassitude of the human mind, to muzzle or to enervate all literature. He had only favored the mathematical sciences, because figures measure, count, and do not think. Of the human faculties he only honored those of which he could make docile instruments. Geometricians were the men for him; but writers made him tremble. It was the age of the compass. He only tolerated that light and futile literature which amuses the people and offers incense to tyranny. He would have swept away by his police every voice the manly accent of which might have touched one of the grave chords of the human heart. He permitted those rhymes which stunned the ear, but not the poetry which exalts the soul. Young Charles Nodier having written, on the mountain of the Jura, an ode which breathed too high a tone for the servility of the time, this poet was obliged to proscribe himself, to forestall the proscription that was on watch for him.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

ADOLPHE THIERS.

M. THIERS is one of the notable celebrities of our day. Though a Frenchman, his name is well known in England as the author of the famous History of the French Revolution. But in his own country, he is also known as a distinguished orator and statesman; indeed, it is not too much to say, that Thiers is the *cleverest* man in France.

You enter the Chamber of Deputies on some day of grand debate. A speaker has possession of the ear of the house. You see little more than his head above the marble of the tribune, but the head is a good one,—large, well-formed, and intelligent. His eyes, the twinkle of which you can discern behind those huge spectacles he wears, are keen and piercing. His face is short, and rather disfigured by a grin, but when he speaks, it is lively, volatile, and expressive in a remarkable degree. His thin nervous lips, curled like Voltaire's, are characterized by a smile, by turns the most winning, sarcastic, and subtle, that can possibly be imagined.

Listen to him. He speaks with a nasal twang and a provincial accent. He has no melody in his voice, it is loud and ear-piercing,—that of a vixen. Sometimes it rises to a screech, as that of Sheil's did. And yet all ears hang listening to that voice, which pours forth a succession of words embodying ideas as clear as crystal, copious almost to excess, but never tiresome. His exuberant thoughts flow from him without effort; he is perfectly easy, frank, familiar and colloquial, in his style; his illustrations are most happy, often exceedingly brilliant. Be his theme ever so unpopular, he is invariably listened to with interest. His diminutive figure, his grim face, his screeching voice, are all forgotten in the brilliancy of his eloquence, and in the felicitous dexterity of his argument. That speaker is M. Thiers.

Such as his position is, he has made it himself. He has worked his way upwards from obscure poverty. He owes nothing to birth, but everything to labor. His father was a poor locksmith of Marseilles, where

Adolphe was born in the year 1797. Through the interest of some of his mother's relatives, the boy obtained admission to the free school of Marseilles, where he distinguished himself by his industry, and achieved considerable success. From thence, at eighteen, he went to study law at the town of Aix. Here it was that he formed his friendship with Mignet, afterwards the distinguished historian. These two young men, in the intervals of their dry labors in the study of law, directed their attention to literary, historical, and political subjects. Thiers even led a political party of the students of Aix, and harangued them against the government of the restoration. He was practising his eloquence for the tribune, though he then knew it not. He thus got into disgrace with the professors and the police, but the students were ardently devoted to him. He competed for a prize essay, and though his paper was the best, the professors refused to adjudge the prize to "the little Jacobin." The competition was adjourned till next year. Thiers sent in his paper again "next year," but meanwhile a production arrived from Paris which eclipsed all the others. To this the prize was speedily adjudged by the professors. But great was their dismay, when, on opening the sealed letter containing the name of the competitor, it was found to be no other than that of M. Thiers himself!

The young lawyer commenced practice in the town of Aix, but finding it up-hill work, and not at all productive, he determined to remove, in company with his friend Mignet, to seek his fortune in Paris. Full of talents, but light in pockets, the two friends entered the capital, and took lodgings in one of its obscurest and dirtiest quarters,—a room on the fourth floor of a house in the dark Passage Montesquieu, of which a deal chest of drawers, a walnut-wood bedstead, two chairs, and a small black table, somewhat rickety, constituted the furniture. There the two students lodged, working for the future. They did not wait with their hands folded. Thiers was only twenty-four, but he could

already write with brilliancy and power, as his prize essay had proved. He obtained an introduction to Manuel, then a man of great influence in Paris, who introduced Thiers to Lafitte, the banker, and Lafitte got him admitted among the editors of the *Constitutionnelle*, then the leading journal. It was the organ of *Les Epiciers*, or "grocers;" in other words, of the rising middle classes of France. At the same time Mignet obtained a similar engagement on the *Courier*.

The position of Thiers was a good one to start from, and he did not fail to take advantage of it. He possessed a lively and brilliant style, admirably suited for polemical controversy; and he soon attracted notice by the boldness of his articles. He ventured to write on all subjects, and in course of time he learned something of them. Art, politics, literature, philosophy, religion, history, all came alike ready to his hand. In France, the literary man is much a greater person than he is in England. There the journalist is more than equal to a great borough-mongering lord among ourselves. He is a veritable member of the fourth estate, which in France overshadows all others. Thiers became known, invited, courted, and was a frequenter of the most brilliant *salons* of the opposition. But newspaper writing was not enough to satisfy the indefatigable industry of the man. He must write history too, and his theme was neither more nor less than the great French Revolution. Our readers must know the book well enough. It is remarkably rapid, brilliant, stylish,—full of interest in its narrative, though not very scrupulous in its morality,—decidedly fatalistic, recognising heroism only in the conqueror, and unworthiness only in the vanquished,—in short, the history of M. Thiers is a deification of success. But ordinary readers did not look much below the surface; the brilliant narrative, which ministered abundantly to the national appetite for "glory," fascinated all readers; and M. Thiers at once took his place among the most distinguished literary and political leaders of France.

He became a partner in the *Constitutionnelle*; descended from his garret, turned dandy, and frequented Tortoni's. Nothing less than a handsome hotel could now contain him. Thiers had grown a successful man, and to such nothing is denied. Liberalism had thriven so well with him, that he must go a little further, he must be democratic; the drift of opinion was then in that direction, so he set on foot the *National*, the organ of the revolutionary party. The war which

this paper waged against the government of Charles X. and the Polignac ministry, was of the most relentless kind. The *National* it was, that stung the government into the famous *Ordonnances*, which issued in the "Three Days" Revolution of 1830. Thiers was, throughout, the soul of this ardent, obstinate, brilliant struggle against the old Bourbon government.

The *National* had only been seven months in existence, when the event referred to occurred. The *Ordonnances* against the Press appeared on the morning of the 26th of July. In the course of the day, the leaders of the Opposition Press, and several members of the Chamber of Deputies, met at the office of the *National*. M. Thiers at once propounded the course that was to be adopted at this juncture.

"Well," said he, "what's to be done now, as to opposition in the journals—in our articles? Come! we must perform an act."

"And what mean you by an act?"

"A signal of disobedience to a law which is no law!—a protest!"

"Well—do it then!" was the reply.

A committee was named, on the spur of the moment, composed of Thiers, Chatelain, and Cauchois Lemaire. Thiers drew up the protest; he inserted the leading idea—"The writers of journals, called upon the first to obey, ought to give the first example of resistance." This was the signal of Revolution! Some said,—"Good! We shall insert the protest as a leading article in our journals." "Not only that," said Thiers, "we must put our names under it, and our heads under it." The protest was agreed to, after considerable discussion; it was published; and the people of Paris indorsed the protest in the streets of Paris the very next day. Thus Thiers performed the initial act, which led to the expulsion from France of the elder branch of the Bourbon family. But it ought to be added that, after having signed the protest, which was published next morning, Thiers returned to muse in the shades of Montmorency, and did not return to Paris until the 29th, after the decisive battle of the barricades had been fought.

Of course, Thiers was now a man of greater mark than ever. The new government of the Citizen King at once secured him; and the son of the Marseilles locksmith, the poor law student of Aix, the newspaper writer of the garret, was now appointed Counsellor of State and Secretary-General of Finance. It is said that the Citizen King even offered him the Portfolio of Finance, which he de-

clined on the ground of inexperience; but he afterwards accepted the office of Under-Secretary of State, and mainly directed that important part of the administration through a crisis of great financial difficulty. He was sent into the Chamber of Deputies as member for Aix, at whose college he had studied.

Thiers was no favorite when he entered the Chamber; he was very generally disliked, and he did much to alarm the timid by his style of dressing à la Danton, as well as by his high-flown phrases in favor of democratizing Europe, saving Poland, delivering Belgium, and passing the Rhine. His eloquence was then bluster, but as he grew older, he became more polished, more cautious, and more politic. When the Lafitte ministry fell, of which he had been a member, Thiers at once deserted that party, and attached himself to the Casimir-Périer administration. He fell foul of his old comrades, who proclaimed him a renegade. Never mind! Thiers was a clever fellow, who knew what cards he was playing. He who was for passing the Rhine, was now all for repose and peace; he would have no more innovations, nor propagandism; before, the advocate of equality and democracy, he now became the defender of conservatism, the peerage, and the old institutions of France. He stood almost alone in defending the peerage, but it fell nevertheless, and the revolution went on.

On Marshal Soult assuming the direction of affairs in 1831, Thiers was appointed Minister of the Interior. La Vendée was in flames at the time, Belgium was menaced, and excitement generally prevailed. Thiers acted with great energy under the circumstances; by means of gold a traitor was found who secured the arrest of the Duchess de Berri, and the rebellion in Vendée was extinguished. A French army was sent against Antwerp, the citadel was taken, and the independence of Belgium secured. In the Chambers, Thiers obtained a credit for a hundred millions of francs for the completion of public works. The statue of Napoleon was replaced on the Place Vendôme; public works were everywhere proceeded with; roads were formed; canals dug; and industry began generally to revive. The Minister of the Interior was successful.

But a storm was brewing. The republicans were yet a powerful party, and the government brought to bear upon them the terrors of the law. Secret associations were put down, and an explosion took place. Insurrections broke out at Paris and Lyons;

Thiers went to the latter place, where he was less sparing of his person than he had been during the three days of Paris; for at Lyons two officers fell at his side, killed by musket-shots aimed at the minister himself. At length the insurrection was got under; dissensions occurred in the ministry; Thiers retired, but soon after took office under Marshal Mortier; the fêtes of July, 1835, arrived; the Fieschi massacre took place, Thiers being by the king's side at the time of the explosion. Laws against the Liberty of the Press followed this diabolical act, and now M. Thiers was found on the side of repression of free speech. The laws against the press were enforced by him with rigor. He was now on the high road to power. He became President of the Council, and Minister of Foreign Affairs. But the Spanish intervention question occurred. Thiers was in favor of intervention, and the majority of the ministry were opposed to it. Thiers resigned office, and bided his time. He went to Rome and kissed the Pope's toe, bringing home with him leather trunks of the middle ages, Roman medals, and a store of new arguments against democracy.

A coalition ministry was formed in 1838, and Thiers, "the Mirabeau gadfly," as a pungent lady styled him about this time, became the leader of the party. Thiers failed in his assaults on the ministry; Molé reigned, then Guizot; and the brilliant Thiers was reduced to the position of a simple deputy on the seats of the opposition. But again did M. Thiers find himself in power, after the failure of the Dotation Bill of the Duke of Nemours. The ministry of March 1st, 1840, was formed, and Thiers was the President of the Council. Louis Philippe confided all to him; but though Louis trusted Thiers, and perhaps owed his crown to him, this statesman seemed really to be his evil genius. The Thiers ministry brought the government of France into imminent danger from foreign powers, and was replaced, as a matter of urgency, by that of Guizot, in October. Thiers again relapsed into violent opposition. Years passed, during which he proceeded with his completion of the History of the Consulate and the Empire, which brought him in large gains. The fatal year of 1848 arrived; and when Guizot was driven from power, Louis Philippe again, and for the last time, charged M. Thiers with the formation of a ministry. It did not last an hour. The revolution of 1848 was already consummated.

The career of Thiers since then is well

known. For a time he disappeared from France; haunted Louis Philippe's footsteps,—still protesting undying love for that branch of the Bourbon family. He returned to the Chamber of Deputies, where he is again in opposition; though what he is, and what the principles he holds, it is difficult to say. Principles, indeed, seem to stick to Thiers but lightly. One day he is the bitter enemy of socialism, the next he is its defender. He is a free-trader to-day, a protectionist to-morrow. He is a liberal and conservative by turns. In short, he is a man "too clever by half," and seems constantly tempted, like many skilful speakers, to show how much can be said on both sides of a question. He is greatest in an attack; he is a capital puller-down. When anything is to be built up, you will not find Thiers among the constructors. He is a thoroughly dexterous man,—sagacious, subtle, scheming and indefatigable. Few trust him, and yet, see how he is praised! "Have you read Thiers' speech? Ah! there is a transcendent orator!" "Bah!" says another, "who believes in what Thiers says? The little stinging dwarf,—he is only the *roué* of the tribune!"

Thus, though Thiers has many admirers, he has few friends. His changes have been so sudden and unexpected on many occasions, that few care to trust him. He is not a man to be depended upon. He has been a republican and a monarchist by turns: who knows but to-morrow he may be a Red? It all depends on how the wind blows! This is what they say of M. Thiers. The nobles regard him as a *parvenu*; the republicans stigmatize him as a renegade; the monarchists think of him as a waiter on Providence.

M. Cormenin (Timon), in his *Livre des Orateurs*, has drawn a portrait of Thiers with a pencil of caustic. Perhaps it is too severe; but many say it is just. In that masterly sketch, Cormenin says: "Principles make revolutions and revolutionists. Principles found monarchies, aristocracies, republics, parliaments. Principles are morals and religion, peace and war. Principles govern the world. In truth, M. Thiers affirms that there are no principles; that is to say, M. Thiers has none. That is all."

From the Athenæum.

CARLYLE'S LIFE OF STERLING.*

THERE is a fortune in the award of biographical honors. Some of our worthiest heroes and sages—men whose acts and thoughts have exercised a wholesome and commanding influence over the course of events and the march of mind—though long removed "from this visible diurnal sphere," remain as yet without this particular sort of celebration; while, on the other hand, literary and personal friendship has in the instance before us engaged the pens of two eminent writers in the portraiture of a recently deceased dreamer of dreams and inditer of failures! Neither as a writer nor as a thinker can the late Mr. Sterling be held to have taken rank. Nearly all his books, whether

deservedly or not, fell dead from the press. He tried his hand at almost every form of composition with the same want of result. In verse and in prose—in letters, lyrics, dramas, criticism, essays, novels, sermons, Hudibrastic comicalities—he failed, though not equally, in all. His inward life seems to have resembled his outward endeavors. Radical, Theosophist, High Churchman, Rationalist, Skeptic, and "Carlylian" by turns,—he veered with almost every wind and obeyed almost every influence brought to bear on him from without. Under no point of view can his character be considered as an original one, nor were his position and career in the world more remarkable than those of other men. We are told that his powers of conversation were brilliant, meteoric, wonderful; but of these no specimens

**The Life of John Sterling.* By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman & Hall.

are preserved, and hopes of celebrity which must in the nature of things be based on a mere report are slight at best. Why these two elaborate lives,—why, indeed, any life at all of such a man? Mr. Carlyle tells us in the preface that he would have been content—pleased, indeed—had “the privilege of all the weary,” rest and oblivion, been the lot of his friend. “Why,” he asks, as if in anger, “had a Biography been inflicted on this man?” He could have consented that the deceased should be “forgotten,” but he will not stand by in silence and see him “misrepresented” as he is said to be by Archdeacon Hare.

Into the quarrel, as between the two biographers, we do not propose to enter, further than is necessary to enable our readers to understand Mr. Carlyle's reasons for writing. A little before his death, Mr. Sterling, it appears, “committed the care of his literary character and printed writings” to the two friends who have now made themselves severally his biographers. “After some consultation on it,” says Mr. Carlyle, “and survey of the difficulties and delicate considerations involved in it, Archdeacon Hare and I agreed that the whole task of selecting what writings were to be reprinted, and of drawing up a biography to introduce them, should be left to him alone, and done without interference of mine.” With the work which he had thus consigned to other hands, Mr. Carlyle was, on its appearance in print, greatly dissatisfied. Sterling, it was known, had passed from orthodoxy into something else at one period of his life; and the churchman, apt from his modes of thought to attach paramount importance to this change of opinion, sought so much to explain and excuse the circumstance, that in his narrative it seemed as if the religious lapse had been the grand fact in his hero's career. Thus the case came into the spiritual courts of literature, and gave rise, as some of our readers will remember, to angry discussions in the orthodox journals. Against all this Mr. Carlyle thinks it desirable to make a formal protest; which he does in his own characteristic, and not very rational, way. “The noble Sterling,” he cries out, “a radiant child of the empyrean, clad in bright auroral hues in the memory of all that knew him,—what is he doing here in inquisitorial *sanbenito*, with nothing but ghastly spectralities prowling round him, and inarticulately screeching and gibbering what they call their judgment on him!”

The whole of this misconception and out-

cry Mr. Carlyle accordingly lays to the charge of Archdeacon Hare; whose work, which in his own person he professes to find “everywhere bearing testimony to the friendliness, the piety, the perspicacity, and other gifts and virtues of that eminent and amiable man,” he thus, after another not very rational fashion of his own, criticises under the thin disguise of a “correspondent.”—

“The sin of Hare's book is easily defined, and not very condemnable; but it is nevertheless ruinous to his task as biographer. He takes up Sterling as a clergyman merely. Sterling, I find, was a curate for exactly eight months; during eight months and no more had he any special relation to the Church. But he was a man, and had relation to the Universe, for eight and thirty years; and it is in this latter character, to which all the others were but features and transitory hues, that we wish to know him. His battle with hereditary Church-formulas was severe; but it was by no means his one battle with things inherited, nor indeed his chief battle; neither, according to my observation of what it was, is it successfully delineated or summed up in this book. The truth is, nobody that had known Sterling would recognize a feature of him here; you would never dream that this book treated of him at all. A pale sickly shadow in torn surplice is presented to us here; weltering bewildered amid heaps of what you call ‘Hebrew Old-clothes;’ wrestling, with impotent impetuosity, to free itself from the baleful imbroglia, as if that had been its one function in life: who in this miserable figure would recognize the brilliant, beautiful and cheerful John Sterling, with his ever-flowing wealth of ideas, fancies, imaginations; with his frank affections, inexhaustible hopes, audacities, activities, and general radiant vivacity of heart and intelligence, which made the presence of him an illumination and inspiration wherever he went? It is too bad. Let a man be honestly forgotten when his life ends; but let him not be misremembered in this way. To be hung up as an ecclesiastical scarecrow, as a target for heterodox and orthodox to practise archery upon, is no fate that can be due to the memory of Sterling. It was not as a ghastly phantasm, choked in Thirty-nine-article controversies, or miserable Semitic, Anti-Semitic street-riots,—in skepticism, agonized self-seekings,—that this man appeared in life; nor as such, if the world still wishes to look at him, should you suffer the world's memory of him now to be. Once for all, it is unjust; emphatically untrue as an image of John Sterling; perhaps to few men that lived along with him could such an interpretation of their existence be more inapplicable.”

With this conviction on his mind Mr. Carlyle resolved to write a new life. We do not persuade ourselves that the reading public

will care very much about the opinions of the deceased; and probably nine out of every ten readers of this book will turn it over in the expectation of meeting Mr. Carlyle rather than Mr. Sterling in its pages. To the admirers of this writer—be they few or many—the work will have at least the attraction of novelty. Mr. Carlyle's last formal subject was Cromwell,—at least a great figure in history, and a man moreover endowed with that adamantine will and that unity of purpose which the Oracle of Chelsea has long taught his disciples to believe in as the distinctive signs of the hero. The difference between Oliver Cromwell and John Sterling is indeed vast; and the believer may well wonder what sympathy the worshipper of Francia can have with the irresolute, purposeless and unsuccessful verse-and-prose writer lately gone from amongst us. The work itself will perhaps explain the riddle.

Failing in all his higher intellectual efforts, Sterling seldom failed to attach to his person the friends with whom he became intimate. Mr. Carlyle evidently writes of him out of the depths of an old affection; and with his heart in the task, he forgets no little of his peculiar theories and lays aside much of the cumbrous oddity of his ordinary style. Since the "Life of Schiller," which this performance often calls to mind, we remember nothing from the author's pen so free from rant, eccentricity and extravagance. His earnestness makes his manner at times simple, beautiful and pathetic. Not unfrequently he escapes into his accustomed vices of expression, as may be seen in the few sentences already quoted; but, on the whole, as compared with "Latter-Day Pamphlets," this work is a model of vigor and simplicity. Here we have no "apes of the Dead Sea," no "phantasm captains," few "shams," "cants," or "flunkeydoms." Our old opinion that Mr. Carlyle's turgid style was the growth of an affectation, is confirmed by the very simplicity of his new volume. When the heart speaks it does not fail to speak intelligibly.

Take the following example—for we intend to be miscellaneous in our extracts, looking, as the reader will, rather to the author than to the nominal hero—as a description of a Welsh valley:—

"Llanblethian hangs pleasantly, with its white cottages, and orchard and other trees, on the western slope of a green hill; looking far and wide over green meadows and little or bigger hills, in the pleasant plain of Glamorgan; a short mile to the south of Cowbridge, to which smart little town

it is properly a kind of suburb. Plain of Glamorgan, some ten miles wide and thirty or forty long, which they call the Vale of Glamorgan;—though properly it is not quite a Vale, there being only one range of mountains to it, if even one; certainly the central Mountains of Wales do gradually rise, in a miscellaneous manner, on the north side of it; but on the south are no mountains, not even land, only the British Channel, and far off, the Hills of Devonshire, for boundary,—the 'English Hills,' as the natives call them, visible from every eminence in those parts. On such wide terms is it called Vale of Glamorgan. But called by whatever name, it is a most pleasant fruitful region; kind to the native, interesting to the visitor. A waving grassy region; cut with innumerable ragged lanes; dotted with sleepy unswept human hamlets, old ruinous castles with their ivy and their daws, gray sleepy churches with their ditto ditto: for ivy everywhere abounds; and generally a rank fragrant vegetation clothes all things; hanging, in rude many-colored festoons and fringed odoriferous tapestries, on your right and on your left, in every lane. A country kinder to the sluggard husbandman than any I have ever seen. For it lies all on limestone, needs no draining; the soil, everywhere of handsome depth and finest quality, will grow good crops for you with the most imperfect tilling. At a safe distance of a day's riding lie the Tartarean copper-forgers of Swansea, the Tartarean iron-forgers of Merthyr; their sooty battle far away, and not, at such safe distance, a defilement to the face of the earth and sky, but rather an encouragement to the earth at least; encouraging the husbandman to plough better, if he only would. The peasantry seem indolent and stagnant, but peaceable and well-provided; much given to Methodism when they have any character;—for the rest, an innocent, good-humored people, who all drink home-brewed beer, and have brown loaves of the most excellent home-baked bread. The native peasant village is not generally beautiful, though it might be, were it swept and trimmed; it gives one rather the idea of sluttish stagnancy,—an interesting peep into the Welsh Paradise of Sleepy Hollow. Stones, old kettles, naves of wheels, all kinds of broken litter, with live pigs and etceteras, lie about the street; for as a rule no rubbish is removed, but waits patiently the action of mere natural chemistry and accident: if even a house is burnt or falls, you will find it there after half a century, only cloaked by the ever-ready ivy. Sluggish man seems never to have struck a pick into it; his new hut is built close by on ground not encumbered, and the old stones are still left lying."

Edward Sterling, father of the hero, and for many years the unknown, or at least anonymous, "thunderer" of the *Times*, was, in many respects, a more remarkable person than his son; and our readers may be glad to have a glance of him as Mr. Carlyle presents him in his latter and more prosperous days:—

"During all these years of struggle and way-faring, his father's household at Knightsbridge had stood healthful, happy, increasing in wealth, free diligence, solidity and honest prosperity; a fixed sunny islet, towards which, in all his voyagings and overclouded roamings, he could look with satisfaction, as to an ever-open port of refuge. The elder Sterling, after many battles, had reached his field of conquest in these years; and was to be regarded as a victorious man. Wealth sufficient, increasing not diminishing, had rewarded his labors in the *Times*, which were now in their full flower; he had influence of a sort; went busily among busy public men; and enjoyed, in the questionable form attached to journalism and anonymity, a social consideration and position which were abundantly gratifying to him. A singular figure of the epoch; and when you came to know him, which it was easy to fail of doing if you had not eyes and candid insight, a gallant, truly gifted, and manful figure, of his kind. We saw much of him in this house; much of all his family; and had grown to love them all right well—him too, though that was the difficult part of the feat. For in his Irish way he played the conjuror very much—'three hundred and sixty-five opinions in the year upon every subject,' as a wag once said. In fact his talk, ever ingenious, emphatic and spirited in detail, was much defective in earnestness, at least in clear earnestness, of purport and outcome; but went tumbling as if in mere welters of explosive unreason; a volcano heaving under the deluges of scorie, ashes and imponderous pumice-stones, you could not say in what direction, nor well whether in any. Not till after good study did you see the deep molten lava-flood, which simmered steadily enough, and showed very well by and by whither it was bound. For I must say of Edward Sterling, after all his daily explosive sophistries, and fallacies of talk, he had a stubborn instinctive sense of what was manful, strong and worthy; recognized, with quick feeling, the charlatan under his solemnest wig; knew as clearly as any man a pusillanimous tailor in buckram, an ass under the lion's skin, and did with his whole heart despise the same. The sudden changes of doctrine in the *Times*, which failed not to excite loud censure and indignant amazement in those days, were first intelligible to you when you came to interpret them as his changes. These sudden whirls from east to west on his part, and total changes of party and articulate opinion at a day's warning, lay in the nature of the man, and could not be helped; products of his fiery impatience, of the combined impetuosity and limitation of an intellect, which did nevertheless continually gravitate towards what was loyal, true and right on all manner of subjects. * * * An amazingly impetuous, hasty, explosive man, this 'Captain Whirlwind,' as I used to call him! Great sensibility lay in him, too; a real sympathy, and affectionate pity and softness, which he had an over-tendency to express even by tears—a singular sight in so leonine a man. Enemies called them maudlin and hypocritical, these tears; but that was nowise the complete account of them. On the whole, there did conspicuously lie a dash

of ostentation, a self-consciousness apt to become loud and braggart, over all he said and did and felt: this was the alloy of the man, and you had to be thankful for the abundant gold along with it. Quizzing enough he got among us for all this, and for the singular *chiaroscuro* manner of procedure, like that of an Archimago Cagliostro, or Kaiser Joseph Incognito, which his anonymous known-unknown thunderings in the *Times* necessitated in him; and much we laughed—not without explosive counter-banterings on his part; but in fine one could not do without him; one knew him at heart for a right brave man. 'By Jove, sir!' thus he would swear to you, with radiant face; sometimes, not often, by a deeper oath. With persons of dignity, especially with women, to whom he was always very gallant, he had courtly delicate manners, verging towards the wiredrawn and elaborate; on common occasions, he bloomed out at once into jolly familiarity of the gracefully boisterous kind, reminding you of mess-rooms and old Dublin days. His off-hand mode of speech was always precise, emphatic, ingenious: his laugh, which was frequent rather than otherwise, had a sincerity of banter, but no real depth of sense for the ludicrous; and soon ended, if it grew too loud, in a mere dissonant scream. He was broad, well-built, stout of stature; had a long lowish head, sharp gray eyes, with large, strong, aquiline face to match; and walked, or sat, in an erect decisive manner. A remarkable man; and playing, especially in those years 1830-40, a remarkable part in the world."

We will now introduce our readers to another and far more noteworthy personage. Were there no other passages in this book to our mind, it would still be a welcome guest on our library table for the sake of its chapter on Coleridge. The whole of this is picturesque and life-like:—

"Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold, he alone in England, the key of German and other Transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what 'the understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and print to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua*. A sublime man, who alone in those dark days had saved his crown of spiritual manhood; escaping from the black materialisms, and revolutionary deluges, with 'God, Freedom,

Immortality,' still his: a king of men. The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer: but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character; and sat there as a kind of *Magus*, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove (Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate) whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon. The Gilmans did not encourage much company, or excitation of any sort, round their sage; nevertheless, access to him, if a youth did reverently wish it, was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place,—perhaps take you to his own peculiar room, high up, with a rearward view, which was the chief view of all. A really charming outlook, in fine weather. Close at hand, wide sweep of flowery, leafy gardens, their few houses mostly hidden, the very chimney-pots veiled under blossomy umbrage, flowed gloriously down hill; gloriously issuing in wide-tufted undulating plain-country, rich in all charms of field and town. Waving, blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum; and behind all swam, under olive-tinted haze, the illimitable liminary ocean of London, with its domes and steeples definite in the sun, big Paul's and the many memories attached to it hanging high over all. Nowhere, of its kind, could you see a grander prospect on a bright summer day, with the set of the air going southward—southward, and so draping with the city-smoke not *you* but the city. Here for hours would Coleridge talk, concerning all conceivable or inconceivable things; and liked nothing better than to have an intelligent, or failing that, even a silent and patient human listener. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world; and to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent."

His personal appearance is brought before the eye as by the lines of a daguerreotype:

"Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and sing-song; he spoke as if preach-

ing,—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his 'object' and 'subject,' terms of continual recurrence in the Kantian province; and how he sung and snuffed them into 'om-mject' and 'sum-m-ject,' with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising."

We must add the following descriptive account of Coleridge's conversation; some few sentences of which might very fairly be applied to not a little of their author's own writings:—

"Nothing could be more copious than his talk; and furthermore, it was always, virtually or literally, of the nature of a monologue; suffering no interruption, however reverent; hastily putting aside all foreign additions, annotations, or most ingenious desires for elucidation, as well-meant superfluities which would never do. Besides, it was talk not flowing anywhither like a river, but spreading everywhither in inextricable currents and regurgitations like a lake or sea; terribly deficient in definite goal or aim, nay, often in logical intelligibility; *what* you were to believe or do, on any earthly or heavenly thing, obstinately refusing to appear from it. So that, most times, you felt logically lost; swamped near to drowning in this tide of ingenious vocables, spreading out boundless as if to submerge the world. To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long run be exhilarating to no creature; how eloquent soever the flood of utterance, that is descending. But if it be withal a confused, unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and you! I have heard Coleridge talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers,—certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming groups of their own. He began anywhere. You put some question to him, made some suggestive observation: instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out towards answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers, and other precautionary and vehiculatory gear, for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way, but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game on this-hand or that, into new courses; and ever into new; and before long into all the universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any. His talk, alas! was distinguished, like himself, by irresolution: it disliked to be troubled with conditions, abstinences, definite fulfilments;—loved to wander at its own sweet will, and make its auditor and his claims and humble wishes a mere passive bucket for itself! He had knowledge about many things and topics,—much curious reading; but generally all topics led him,

after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantian transcendentalism, with its 'sum-m-jects' and 'om-m-jects.' Sad enough; for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorances of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them; and you swam and fluttered in the mistiest wide unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless, uncomfortable manner. Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmy sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible;—on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless upon the eloquent words; till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. Eloquent, artistically expressive words you always had; piercing radiances of a most subtle insight came at intervals; tones of noble, pious sympathy, recognizable as pious though strangely colored, were never wanting long; but in general you could not call this aimless, cloud-capt, cloud-based, lawlessly meandering human discourse of reason by the name of 'excellent talk,' but only of 'surprising;' and were reminded bitterly of Hazlitt's account of it: 'Excellent talker, very,—if you let him start from no premises and come to no conclusion.'

Coleridge was not without what talkers call wit, and there were touches of prickly sarcasm in him, contemptuous enough of the world and its idols and popular dignitaries; he had traits even of poetic humor: but in general he seemed deficient in laughter; or indeed in sympathy for concrete human things either on the sunny or on the stormy side. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows with us on this solid Earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantian haze-world, and how infinitely cheering

amid its vacant air-castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The moaning sing-song of that theosophico-metaphysical monotony left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling."

The reader may begin to think that we have forgotten the hero of this biography. We have not done so exactly; but we suspect, as we have hinted, that little interest will be felt in the meagre personal details which Mr. Carlyle here presents. Mr. Sterling was, we repeat, not a hero—nor a genius. The attempt to invest his memory with a romantic interest fails of its own improbability. In this new portraiture, too, all the merely mortal lineaments are wanting. What plain dweller on the earth could seize the character of a man described only as a "vehement, trenchant, far-shining, and yet intrinsically light and volatile, soul?" Or in this wise: "Rapidity, as of pulsing auroras, as of dancing lightnings, characterized him." These heroics sound ridiculous when applied to the quiet student of books so lately amongst us, and whose living form and features so many of us remember. In conclusion, we must say that this book, so far as it treats of the late John Sterling, has few claims on the leisure of the reading public; but so far as it contains Mr. Carlyle's commentary on men and things as they exist around us in the present world of letters,—a world so calm compared with that stormy arena in which his voice is usually heard,—it has many merits, and will be likely to find an eager and a gratified audience.

THINGS LEFT BEHIND IN THE EXHIBITION.—The list of things left behind in the Exhibition would really make a very curious little Exhibition of themselves, and we would, therefore, propose that the police may be permitted to open, for their own benefit, this extraordinary cabinet of curiosities. The ladies, in particular, have shown a singular amount of forgetfulness: one, in her absence of mind, having left her petticoat in the building; and another having gone, not leaving her bustle behind her in its usual place, but having actually allowed it to remain in the Crystal Palace. Parasols, victorines, cuffs, and children have been picked

up in large numbers by the police; and indeed, there have been so many boys and girls found in the building, that there is some reason to doubt whether the Crystal Palace has not been selected as a convenient spot for child-dropping. It was perhaps considered that the infants thus abandoned would become, as it were, wards of the Commissioners, and get supported out of the surplus. Two ladies left their pockets; and the police also found a spirit-flask, which, of course, belonged to one of them. Those who are curious as to female carelessness may, at any time, pick up a great deal off the floor of the Exhibition.—*Punch*.

From Tait's Magazine.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE present year is the fifteenth of the reign of Victoria; and after the experience of a period which may be said to embrace a generation, it may not be deemed premature or irrelevant if we now take a brief view of the character and demeanor of the existing sovereign of this mighty empire. We do not wish to anticipate the labor of a future Pepys or Macaulay. We have no friend at Court to give us palace-scandal or royal gossip, and if we had, we respect the sanctity of domestic life too much to propagate information of such questionable propriety. Nor, on the other hand, do we wish to make any contribution to state history. Our sole object is to treat of the public and palpable principles on which our present monarch discharges the duties of her exalted office. The constitutional maxim, that the sovereign can do no wrong, seems in our day to be in one sense reversed. The Queen can do no wrong, so that we are denied the privilege of accusing her; and as a corollary, the nation seems to be of opinion, that although she does good, the elevation of position which absolves her from responsibility is such as prevents her subjects from expressing their satisfaction with, and gratitude for, her virtues. Beyond censure, we conclude that she is above praise. One of the misfortunes of royalty is its pedestal exaltation, as it removes it from the ordinary sympathies of nature, and makes that which may be really cordial assume the aspect of constraint and formality. It is not enough that the people vote supplies to the sovereign, or give them hat-and-lip applause when royalty appears in public. Most, if not all, of the chief magistrates of this nation have been accustomed to services and compliments of these descriptions, so that money and street popularity have long since ceased to be peculiar exponents of popular gratitude to the throne. Charles II., despite the assertion of Dr. Johnson, was not one of the best of kings, and yet Parliament voted or connived at his receiving about a million a year, whilst Queen Victoria's civil list is 865,000*l.*; and making every

allowance for the relief granted in modern times to the purse of the Crown, still the pecuniary gratitude of the country to the "merry monarch" was greater than has been awarded to the Queen. And as to out-door plaudits, Charles was as well received in the streets of London as ever Victoria has been. The divinity that hedges a king does indeed produce remarkable effects. George IV., about the time of the trial of Queen Caroline, did much which one would think was calculated to cool the loyalty of his subjects; but the instant he visited Edinburgh and Dublin the bagpipe and the harp sounded their highest notes to bid him welcome, just as cordially as if his reputation had never received a stain.

Mere personal popularity, then, as applied to a sovereign, means little; its absence would be a serious matter, but its existence does not indicate great depth of feeling. In chemistry there is a latent heat which thermometric measurement cannot tell; and so in like manner, as we are equally benignant to our crowned potentates, whether good, bad, or indifferent, there must, during the present reign, be an amount of devotion to the throne which neither parliamentary supplies nor huzzas can adequately express. Our motto is, "Honor to whom honor is due." The Queen has received nothing from us that her predecessors have not received before, but we have received that from her which we did not receive from her predecessors; and therefore we are bound to give due expression to our convictions on this point. There are perhaps some who may regard these as strange opinions to emanate from the Liberal school of politics, but a thorough-going Liberalism must be just, and honest, and fearless. We are Liberal, Radical if you will, but not Republican. A monarchy exists among us, whether by Divine right or not, we shall not curiously inquire; that monarchy has, for the last fifteen years, been so conducted as it never was before—been so conducted as to give the fullest scope for the development of Liberal principles; and we were cravens did we hesi-

tate frankly to acknowledge our obligations to the illustrious lady to whom we are in such large measure indebted for these important results.

We have had three Parliaments and three Administrations since Victoria ascended the throne; and she has held the reins so steadily that no one can tell whether her leanings be in favor of Whiggism or Toryism. She has not intrigued for the downfall of one administration in order to make way for another. No sooner does a Minister tender his resignation than he is asked, "Who should be sent for?" The party suggested is sent for. If he accept office, it is well—the royal favor is extended to him, and all goes smoothly; if he do not accept office, and if a third decline office, the first incumbent resumes his functions, and still all is smooth; and this we regard as impartiality of the highest type. The king or queen who heads or supports any given section of politicians ceases to be a sovereign in the large sense of the term, and becomes a mere partisan. George III. and George IV. were continually interfering in the internal affairs of the state, and rival parties regarded them as personal combatants, and not as dignified arbiters in the impending struggle. Queen Victoria, on the other hand, wields the sceptre in an atmosphere of calm serenity, recognizing the principle that the government of this country substantially rests with the people, and that her sphere is administrative more than legislative; she waits till the feuds of contending parties subside, and then gives effect to prevailing influence. It is indeed true, that the gradual although almost imperceptible progress of constitutional government has practically diminished the prerogatives of the Crown and the House of Lords, and silently augmented the potency of the House of Commons; but this does not invalidate the credit to which Victoria is entitled as a constitutional sovereign. National liberty would have advanced in our day, although a queen opposed to liberal opinions had sat on the throne; but the cause could not have made such rapid or smooth and agreeable progress as it has done under the auspices of Queen Victoria. When the late revolutions broke out on the Continent, the groundswell reached Britain, but our constitutional system, like a mountain bulwark, opposed its massive slope to the onward tide, and its waters swelled in vain. Had Ernest, King or Elector of Hanover, been our liege lord, we shall not venture to predict whither those waters might not have gone. We do not

wish to speak disparagingly even of the anointed of the Orange Lodges, but, during the crisis in question, we should not have felt as secure under his sway as we did under that of his niece. Nay, more, there are many of our dukes and nobles wise in their generation, who make speeches and otherwise essay to rule the nation, who we are glad to know do not belong to the royal line, as we are very confident that had they wielded the sceptre something more than the repeal of the corn-laws would have been added to their afflictions.

It were a mistake to conclude that this abstinence from active participation in the game of politics arises from indifference or facility of disposition, because if this were the case one party or other would gain the ascendancy at Court, or failing that, the royal influence would vacillate between the contending sections. Indifferentism would allow the strongest party to ride triumphant, and facility would in turn veer to all points of the compass. A steady sustained neutrality is not a negative quality; it is, on the contrary, something that is eminently positive. It is a something that requires a clear eye, a steady hand, and a bold heart; for amidst the clamor of contending parties it requires some discretion to ascertain in what neutrality really consists, and having ascertained it, it requires moral courage to preserve this strict neutrality intact. The tendency to grasp at power is instinctive; Queen Victoria must have had many opportunities to augment hers, but has wisely resisted.

One sometimes is enabled to see truth more clearly by contrasting small things with great, and we shall attempt that method on the present occasion. We all know about mayors in London and the provinces, and how, when those functionaries assume their high offices, they dilate in magniloquent terms on the dignity of impartiality, and signify their rigid determination to be the burgomasters, not of any sect or party, but the Syndics of the whole community. How many mayors or borough-reeves keep their pledges? Do they not drag the ermine through the mire before they are in office for a few months? And are they not to be found scrambling amongst their constituencies as keenly as the most violent partisans in the whole district? The example of the Queen never seems to have occurred to these magnates, and much are we afraid that even royalty itself will continue to fail in impressing them in this respect, until the corporative mind assumes a higher altitude of reflection. The town councils of our cities

have water-pipes and policemen, corn-riots and races, to disturb their equanimity; and yet, with such petty elements of discord, their chiefs cannot bear the mace aloft, but must sink the magistrate in the borough politician.

During the fifteen years that the crown of Great Britain has pressed on the brow of Victoria, we have had revolts in Canada, Affghan and Sikh wars, Chinese wars, boundary disputes with the United States, revolts in Ireland, Papal Aggressions, Chartist riots, corn and navigation agitations, &c., not to speak of European revolutions. On all these matters, and in their numerous collateral ramifications, although doubtless holding her own peculiar views, the Queen's voice has not been heard; her Ministers, as the representatives of the people, have done all. The prerogatives of monarchy centre in her person, not dormant because unexercised, but simply waiting until required to be called forth by some extraordinary emergency. In that slow but sure gravitation towards the strong government of the people which causes the three great powers of the country to work harmoniously, few things occur which require to be placed in the category of the extraordinary. Industry well developed, the people intelligent, the rulers versed in diplomacy, what can occur to call forth the veto of the Throne or the summary dissolution of the Parliament? What if continental kings are frightened into giving constitutions to their people, we have been taught by our national debt to mind our own affairs and to intermeddle not with those of our neighbors. If Irish rebellions are got up in cabbage-fields, we can safely leave a railway guard to collar the ringleader, and the thing is at an end. Or if Chartist rioters threaten the peace of towns, we have only to put batons into the hands of our intelligent mechanics, and there is no more disturbance. The Queen's prerogative is as much in desuetude as the state axe in the Tower. But was it so in her grandfather's time? It was not: the current of Liberalism began to flow in his reign; he resisted it, and the throne became a seat of thorns. The regency and reign of George IV. were a repetition of the same tale.

To be respected, high functions must not often be exercised. The Papacy was never so much despised as when it was continually fulminating and pouring forth its anathemas, and parading bell, book and candle; and so, in like manner, if we see a king exercising his veto and dissolving Parliament almost every

other year, as was the case with James I., Charles I., Charles II., and James II., we may rest assured there is little wisdom at Court, and that ruin or revolution is close at hand. Speculative monarchists would say that powers allowed to fall into abeyance are apt to become extinct; and they would probably plead for a more active exemplification of royalty than we have been eulogizing. But they would be wrong. The foundations of monarchy during the wildest days of divine right were never so strong as they are at the present moment, when the masses look on monarchy as a hereditary institution, an expedient arrangement, or a something which has its foundations so stable that all attempts to undermine it were useless. We hear Chartists laughing at the House of Lords and grumbling at the House of Commons, but we never hear a word against the Throne, except in the most abstract shape, and never a syllable against the Queen personally. Indeed, if we except our American visitors, who have a morbid aversion to crowns and sceptres, and who apparently are annoyed that we do not enjoy the triennial luxury of their presidential contests, we are aware of no class, home, colonial, or foreign, that does not rejoice under the mild and intelligent sway of Queen Victoria.

No one can read the history of England as revealed in biography and other internal sources of information without observing that in all the leading questions of the day there was a Court side and the reverse. A young senator entering Parliament and flushed with the hope of rising to high office, think of him being told by a whipper-in on the first night that he is called on to give an important vote, "If you vote so-and-so you will offend the Court." What a stumbling-block this to virtue! Lawyers and clergy, they too must walk circumspectly; and as at one period judges were paid directly by the Crown, there can be little doubt that justice has often been deaf as well as blind. From all this we have been delivered during the reign of Victoria; we were beginning to shake ourselves clear in the days of King William IV., but good church-building Adelaide was too conservative in her notions to allow full development.* Now, however, we may be said to

* The *Times* of Nov. 15, 1834, contains the following paragraph: "The King has taken the opportunity of Lord Spencer's death to turn out the Ministry; and there is every reason to believe that the Duke of Wellington has been sent for. *The Queen has done it all.*" The paragraph was at the time ascribed to Lord Brougham.

be free from Court fear. People may do this or that to gain the smiles or avoid the frowns of Lord John Russell or the Minister for the time being, but the insulation of the Queen is so thoroughly complete that reward or revenge at her hands is not considered as falling within the range of probability. Even in personal matters the royal composure does not appear to be affected. It will be recollected that immediately after her Majesty's marriage, Lord John Russell introduced a bill regarding the allowance to be made to Prince Albert. Sir Robert Peel supported an amendment that a smaller sum than the one named by Lord John should be voted; and backed by Mr. Hume and the economists, as well as by numerous Conservatives, the smaller sum carried the day. But we never heard that her Majesty or her Consort resented this movement. The sum proposed would doubtless have met with the approval of Lord John Russell, himself a Whig, and by necessity careful in the administration of the national finances; whilst the Opposition must have borne the ungracious aspect of economizing economy, and of defeating a Liberal Administration on its own ground and with its own weapons; but, as we have just remarked, the sin does not appear to have been visited on Sir Robert Peel, unless we are prepared to trace a connection between the celebrated "bed-chamber plot," and the stern parsimony of the ex-Minister. The promised "Memoirs of Peel" may throw some light on this as well as on more important matters; but as human nature does not generally suffer great evils to be inflicted and passed over in silence, we are fairly entitled, in the absence of public remonstrance, to infer that Sir Robert Peel was not seriously interfered with by the Crown in his abortive attempts to form an Administration.

In ordinary circumstances the marriage of a lady is nobody's affair but her own; but one of the penalties attached to the office of Queen of England is, that a tie in which the meanest of her subjects is free to use her wildest discretion, the sovereign is and must be trammelled by numerous relative considerations. Her own happiness and the welfare of the country require that the public character and station of her intended consort must be taken into account to an extent that may trench harshly on that freedom which ever should guide in forming the marital relation. State marriages furnish many instances where domestic felicity has been sacrificed for supposed public good; whilst the subsequent history of those ill-judged con-

nections has resulted in more damage to public morals than any political benefit could ever atone for. Queen Victoria's marriage has afforded a happy illustration of how public and private interests may meet and be subservient and beneficial to each other. The Queen might have given her hand to a British nobleman or commoner; but it is obvious that any individual having sufficient pretension to entitle him to such distinction must have occupied a place so conspicuous with the one great political party or the other, that from thenceforth the Queen's name would have been a tower of strength to Whig or Tory. Passing from a British to an ultramontane husband, it was competent for her Majesty to have formed an alliance with a despotic power such as Austria or Prussia, with an intriguing one such as France, with a powerless and needy heir-apparent such as some of the smaller States of Germany. One or other of these courses was open to her; wealth of choice is said to make wit waver, and like Queen Elizabeth and other ladies embarrassed by a like cause, she might have abstained from matrimony; but in this view it is obvious that, considering who would have succeeded to the throne had she remained unmarried, the nation would have viewed with anxiety any declaration of celibacy on the part of the Queen. The exact end was gained by alliance with Prince Albert, her Majesty's cousin, and second son of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha. The consanguinity of the parties added no new foreign connections to the Court of St. James; while from the circumstance of the Prince being only the second son of the ducal house, there was no danger of his being summoned to assume the sovereignty, or to have his thoughts engrossed by the Duchy of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha.

As to the character of Prince Albert there can be but one opinion. Possessed of undoubted talent, he maintains a dignified seclusion; and instead of pushing himself forward to preside at public meetings, or to take part in the proceedings of learned societies, as many noblemen and gentlemen of less ability are constantly in the habit of doing, he has in almost every one of his public appearances been solicited or rather urged to come forward. His public appearances have not been numerous, but they have always been successful. His speeches at the meeting of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, and at the Servants' Institution, were models of what addresses of the kind should be. And as to his share

in the Great Industrial Exhibition, we should probably have been disposed to say more on that head were it not that the subject has become hackneyed. All classes of men have swelled the chorus of his praise, from the unvarnished prose of Messrs Fox and Henderson, the contractors of the building, up to the prose run mad of the author of the "Lily and the Bee." And we are afraid of saying one word more, in case we should be thought guilty of joining in what seems likely to swell into a hymn of flunkey adulation. We believe the greatest merit of the Prince to have consisted in his untiring perseverance at the outset of the undertaking, and that in the face of discouragements of no ordinary kind. We have reason to believe that men high in office *pooh-poohed* the idea of the Crystal Palace, that they looked on it as a whim of the Prince Consort, and tried by that, "faint praise" so well known in criticism to strangle the bantling before it had well begun to draw breath. To overcome such obstacles would to movement-men have, perhaps, been no great difficulty; but to one who, holding an exalted position, had from the first made conscience of not prostituting it to political purposes; to one who, amidst the numerous party strifes incidental to a nation popularly governed as this is, had resolved to stand aloof from such contests; to one who, consistently with his principles, had no Court influence to offer; to one, in short, who had adopted and chimed thoroughly in with the state policy of Queen Victoria—to such an one the objections made to the Exhibition *in limine* must have presented themselves in a shape more formidable than the public at large may be willing to believe. Industrial progress appears to have been the only argument used, and it carried the day. The alleged difficulties vanished one by one, and the Exhibition became a great fact. That much social enjoyment has been one result is undeniable; and as to effects on arts and manufactures, time alone will develop them. America, which at first was said to have so signally failed in its contribution to the World's Fair, gave the mother-country several home lessons before that Fair came to an end; and if the display has only the single effect of making us speak more respectfully of our transatlantic brethren, and of causing us to emulate their success in those artistic efforts where their skill is superior to ours, an important end will be gained. As to the alleged effects of the Exhibition on trade and commerce, we are not dis-

posed to lay much stress. Traffic has its ebbs and flows, arising from causes too remote to be distinctly appreciable by the masses, who are too apt to ascribe stagnation to the first tangible object that presents itself; and during the present lull the Exhibition is at once, and without much inquiry, made the scape-goat.

Wealth and station indispose all men to exertion; and accustomed as we are to whole races of nobility who pass before us in stately pageantry without doing aught to distinguish themselves from the fathers who wore their coronets before, or their sons who will don them after, we are hard to believe that a prince can be possessed of any ability; but in the case now under consideration we must bear in mind that, reared in an humbler Court, and with no great expectations before him, Prince Albert was just the species of mind that was likely to improve under the liberal and expansive culture which characterizes German education in our day. The political may be stunted, but in all other respects the training in Germany is second to none in Europe; and however it may have run counter to our preconceived notions, there can be no question as to the fact that, born and educated in a continental state, Prince Albert has not been found unsuitable to occupy the second position in one of the freest nations in the world.

The biography of Queen Victoria will be written in due time; and if there be defects, historians will record them and posterity will not remain ignorant of them; but in the meantime we are warranted in saying that no grave contemporary charges can be advanced: and that is a circumstance of no mean significance. The affair of Lady Flora Hastings was a very unfortunate matter; but few will venture to ascribe personal blame to her Majesty. The "bed-chamber plot" may bring out, when Sir Robert Peel's "Life" is published, some curious palace secrets; but as yet we know nothing of them, and may safely suspend our judgment till then. Mr. Birch's resignation as tutor to the Prince of Wales may give rise to some Court gossip, although, had the incident occurred in any other family than the Royal Family, it would never have been heard of, or, being heard of, would have excited no attention. The explanation hinted at by a Puseyite organ, that the tutor to the heir-apparent may have been shocked by the countenance given by her Majesty to the Presbyterian form of worship while resident in Scotland, is one which, if correct, will not find much sympathy out of the diocese of Exeter.

We have no means of accurately knowing, but so far as rumor goes, we are not aware that the Queen has influenced appointments, or, at all events, leading ones, in Church or State. We have indeed heard that it is to royal connection that the present Chancellor owes his custody of the Great Seal. It may be so, and we are not in a position to say yea or nay to the assertion. Queen Elizabeth was captivated by the dancing of Sir Christopher Hatton, and thereafter raised to the woolpack a personage with whom no one would think of comparing Lord Truro. It is possible, however, that his lordship may have to thank some other cause than the royal sunshine for his good fortune. There is to be a partition in the duties of the Chancellorship; and when the new legal Chancellor makes his appearance, we may then see through more of the mystery; or possibly there may have been other claimants for the honor of such nicely-balanced qualifications, so that the selection of a third candidate, less qualified than either, became a matter of imperative necessity; such things have happened before, and will occur to the end of time. So that, on the whole, no case can be made out founded on any of those counts. We are not prying for matters of accusation nor searching for apologetic explanations when they are mooted; we are dealing with the public, state, and ascertained history of the Queen; and we maintain that

the calm observer will find that it is not more exalted than it is pure, patriotic, and unchallengeable.

Her Majesty gave up her privilege of free postage when Rowland Hill's system was introduced; and it is right that her numerous correspondents should know that when their communications are not prepaid, the royal purse must pay double postage just as ordinary mortals must do. The yielding up of this immunity was a graceful acknowledgment of the importance of a great social improvement; and if her Majesty continue to pursue the course indicated by a step like this, and refuse her royal countenance to such items of expenditure as erection of stables for the Prince of Wales before his Royal Highness can possibly require such accommodation, the people will continue to bless her and hail her as the sovereign who, of all others, has entered most profoundly into their feelings and sympathized with their hopes and struggles. The million is naturally disposed to reverence the Throne; and if our present remarks tend to deepen mere conventionality, when the Queen's health is proposed, or the Queen's anthem is performed, our end shall be served. The people are rising every day, and the higher that they rise the higher does the sovereign rise; for the chief jewel in the crown is, that it symbolizes rule over a FREE as well as loyal community.

INTERESTING RELICS.—An Athenian lady, named Madame Psomas, in building a house in one of the streets leading up the northern slope between the Acropolis and the Areopagus, discovered about forty fragments of inscriptions amidst the building materials which were dug up in the court of her house. M. Pittakis, the conservator of antiquities, on hearing of this discovery, carried on an excavation, under the auspices of the Archaeological Society, to the depth of about twelve feet. About thirty or forty additional fragments of inscriptions and several relics of sculpture and architecture of considerable merit, but much injured, were found. The excavation was then stopped by Madame Psomas, as only a narrow path was left to her dwelling; and she demanded that the Greek Government should purchase her

property. The mysterious course pursued by the Minister of Public Instruction with regard to the claims of science, holds out little hope that the Government will act honestly with regard to the rights of property.

The fragments brought to light are, pieces of inscriptions, heads of busts, cornices, columns, and large blocks of stone belonging to the foundation of an ancient building. But the whole was a mere mass of rubbish, and consists of fragments or blocks not in their original position. Mention is, however, made of several of the fragments of the Senate-house; and this is considered as affording proof that the Senate-house, the Metroon, and the other buildings in which the Athenian archives were preserved, stood in this vicinity.—*Athenæum*.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

TALES OF THE COAST-GUARD.

PROMISE UNFULFILLED.

THE *Rose* had been becalmed for several days in Cowes Harbor, and, utterly at a loss how else to cheat the time, I employed myself one afternoon in sauntering up and down the quay, whistling for a breeze, and listlessly watching the slow approach of a row-boat, bringing the mail and a few passengers from Southampton, the packet-cutter to which the boat belonged being as hopelessly immovable, except for such drift as the tide gave her, as the *Rose*. The slowness of its approach—for I expected a messenger with letters—added to my impatient weariness; and as, according to my reckoning, it would be at least an hour before the boat reached the landing-steps, I returned to the Fountain Inn in the High Street, called for a glass of negus, and as I lazily sipped it, once more turned over the newspapers lying on the table, though with scarcely a hope of coming athwart a line that I had not read half a dozen times before. I was mistaken. There was a "Cornwall Gazette" amongst them which I had not before seen, and in one corner of it I lit upon this, to me in all respects, new and extremely interesting paragraph:—"We copy the following statement from a contemporary, solely for the purpose of contradicting it: 'It is said that the leader of the smugglers in the late desperate affray with the coast-guard in St. Michael's Bay was no other than Mr. George Polwhele Hendrick, of Lostwithiel, formerly, as our readers are aware, a lieutenant in the royal navy, and dismissed the king's service by sentence of court-martial at the close of the war.' There is no foundation for this imputation. Mrs. Hendrick, of Lostwithiel, requests us to state that her son, from whom she heard but about ten days since, commands a first-class ship in the merchant navy of the United States."

I was exceedingly astonished. The court-martial I had not heard of, and having never overhauled the Navy List for such a purpose,

the absence of the name of G. P. Hendrick had escaped my notice. What could have been his offence? Some hasty, passionate act, no doubt; for of misbehavior before the enemy, or of the commission of deliberate wrong, it was impossible to suspect him. He was, I personally knew, as eager as flame in combat; and his frank, perhaps heedless generosity of temperament, was abundantly apparent to every one acquainted with him. I had known him for a short time only; but the few days of our acquaintance were passed under circumstances which bring out the true nature of a man more prominently and unmistakably than might twenty years of hum-drum every-day life. The varnish of pretension falls quickly off in presence of sudden and extreme peril—peril especially requiring presence of mind and energy to beat it back. It was in such a position that I recognized some of the high qualities of Lieutenant Hendrick. The two sloops of war in which we respectively served were consorts for awhile on the South African coast, during which time we fell in with a Franco-Italian privateer or pirate—for the distinction between the two is much more technical than real. She was to leeward when we sighted her, and not very distant from the shore, and so quickly did she shoal her water, that pursuit by either of the sloops was out of the question. Being a stout vessel of her class, and full of men, four boats—three of the *Scorpion's* and one of her consort's—were detached in pursuit. The breeze gradually failed, and we were fast coming up with our friend when he vanished behind a headland, on rounding which we found he had disappeared up a narrow, winding river, of no great depth of water. We of course followed, and after about a quarter of an hour's hard pull found, on suddenly turning a sharp elbow of the stream, that we had caught a Tartar. We had, in fact, come upon a complete nest of privateers—a rendezvous of dé-

pôt they termed it. The vessel was already anchored across the channel, and we were flanked on each shore by a crowd of desperadoes, well provided with small arms, and with two or three pieces of light ordnance amongst them. The shouts of defiance with which they greeted us as we swept into the deadly trap were instantly followed by a general and murderous discharge of both musketry and artillery; and as the smoke cleared away I saw that the leading pinnace, commanded by Hendrick, had been literally knocked to pieces, and that the little living portion of the crew were splashing about in the river.

There was time but for one look, for if we allowed the rascals time to reload their guns our own fate would inevitably be a similar one. The men understood this, and with a loud cheer swept eagerly on towards the privateer, whilst the two remaining boats engaged the flanking shore forces, and I was soon involved in about the fiercest *mêlée* I ever had the honor to assist at. The furious struggle on the deck of the privateer lasted but about five minutes only, at the end of which all that remained of us were thrust over the side. Some tumbled into the boat; others, like myself, were pitched into the river. As soon as I came to the surface, and had time to shake my ears and look about me, I saw Lieutenant Hendrick, who, the instant the pinnace he commanded was destroyed, had with equal daring and presence of mind swam towards a boat at the privateer's stern, cut the rope that held her with the sword he carried between his teeth, and forthwith began picking up his half-drowned boat's crew. This was already accomplished, and he now performed the same service for me and mine. This done, we again sprang at our ugly customer, he at the bow, and I about midships. Hendrick was the first to leap on the enemy's deck; and so fierce and well-sustained was the assault this time, that in less than ten minutes we were undisputed victors so far as the vessel was concerned. The fight on the shore continued obstinate and bloody, and it was not till we had twice discharged the privateer's guns amongst the desperate rascals that they broke and fled. The dashing, yet cool and skilful bravery evinced by Lieutenant Hendrick in this brief but tumultuous and sanguinary affair was admirably remarked upon by all who witnessed it, few of whom, while gazing at the sinewy, active form, the fine, pale, flashing countenance, and the dark, thunderous eyes of the young officer—

if I may use such a term, for in their calmest aspect a latent volcano appeared to slumber in their gleaming depths—could refuse to subscribe to the opinion of a distinguished admiral, who more than once observed that there was no more promising officer in the British naval service than Lieutenant Hendrick.

Well, all this, which has taken me so many words to relate, flashed before me like a scene in a theatre, as I read the paragraph in the Cornish paper. The *Scorpion* and her consort parted company a few days after this fight, and I had not since then seen or heard of Hendrick till now. I was losing myself in conjectures as to the probable or possible cause of so disgraceful a termination to a career that promised so brilliantly, when the striking of the bar-clock warned me that the mail-boat was by this time arrived. I sallied forth and reached the pier-steps just a minute or so before the boat arrived there. The messenger I expected was in her, and I was turning away with the parcel he handed me, when my attention was arrested by a stout, unwieldy fellow, who stumbled awkwardly out of the boat, and hurriedly came up the steps. The face of the man was pale, thin, hatchet-shaped, and anxious, and the gray, ferrety eyes were restless and perturbed; whilst the stout, round body was that of a yeoman of the bulkiest class, but so awkwardly made up that it did not require any very lengthened scrutiny to perceive that the shrunken carcass appropriate to such a lanky and dismal visage occupied but a small space within the thick casing of padding and extra garments in which it was swathed. His light-brown wig, too, surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat, had got a little awry, dangerously revealing the scanty locks of iron-gray beneath. It was not difficult to run up these little items to a pretty accurate sum-total, and I had little doubt that the hasting and nervous traveller was fleeing either from a constable or a sheriff's officer. It was, however, no affair of mine, and I was soon busy with the letters just brought me.

The most important tidings they contained was that Captain Pickard—the master of a smuggling craft of some celebrity, called *Les Trois Freres*, in which for the last twelve months or more he had been carrying on a daring and successful trade throughout the whole line of the southern and western coasts—was likely to be found at this particular time near a particular spot in the back of the Wight. This information was from a sure source in the enemy's camp,

and it was consequently with great satisfaction that I observed indications of the coming on of a breeze, and in all probability a stiff one. I was not disappointed; and in less than an hour the *Rose* was stretching her white wings beneath a brisk north-wester over to Portsmouth, where I had some slight official business to transact previous to looking after friend Pickard. This was speedily dispatched, and I was stepping into the boat on my return to the cutter, when a panting messenger informed me that the port-admiral desired to see me instantly.

"The telegraph has just announced," said the admiral, "that Sparkes, the defaulter, who has for some time successfully avoided capture, will attempt to leave the kingdom from the Wight, as he is known to have been in communication with some of the smuggling gentry there. He is supposed to have a large amount of government moneys in his possession; you will therefore, Lieutenant Warneford, exert yourself vigilantly to secure him."

"What is his description?"

"Mr. James," replied the admiral addressing one of the telegraph clerks, "give Lieutenant Warneford the description transmitted." Mr. James did so, and I read: "Is said to have disguised himself as a stout countryman; wears a blue coat with bright buttons, buff waistcoat, a brown wig, and a Quaker's hat. He is of a slight, lanky figure, five feet nine inches in height. He has two pock-marks on his forehead, and lips in his speech."

"By Jove, sir," I exclaimed, "I saw this fellow only about two hours ago!" I then briefly related what had occurred, and was directed not to lose a moment in hastening to secure the fugitive.

The wind had considerably increased by this time, and the *Rose* was soon again off Cowes, where Mr. Roberts, the first mate, and six men, were sent on shore with orders to make the best of his way to Bonchurch,—about which spot I knew, if anywhere, the brown-wigged gentleman would endeavor to embark,—whilst the *Rose* went round to intercept him seaward; which she did at a spanking rate, for it was now blowing half a gale of wind. Evening had fallen before we reached our destination, but so clear and bright with moon and stars that distant objects were as visible as by day. I had rightly guessed how it would be, for we had no sooner opened up Bonchurch shore or beach than Roberts signalled us that our man was on board the cutter running off at about a

league from us in the direction of Cape La Hogue. I knew, too, from the cutter's build, and the cut and set of her sails, that she was no other than Captain Pickard's boasted craft, so that there was a chance of killing two birds with one stone. We evidently gained, though slowly, upon *Les Trois Freres*; and this, after about a quarter of an hour's run, appeared to be her captain's own opinion, for he suddenly changed his course, and stood towards the Channel Islands, in the hope, I doubted not, that I would not follow him in such weather as was likely to come on through the dangerous intricacies of the iron-bound coast about Guernsey and the adjacent islets. Master Pickard was mistaken; for knowing the extreme probability of being led such a dance, I had brought a pilot with me from Cowes, as well acquainted with Channel navigation as the smuggler himself could be. *Les Trois Freres*, it was soon evident, was now upon her best point of sailing, and it was all we could do to hold our own with her. This was vexatious; but the aspect of the heavens forbade me showing more canvas, greatly as I was tempted to do so.

It was lucky I did not. The stars were still shining over our heads from an expanse of blue without a cloud, and the full moon also as yet held her course unobscured, but there had gathered round her a glittering halo-like ring, and away to windward huge masses of black cloud, piled confusedly on each other, were fast spreading over the heavens. The thick darkness had spread over about half the visible sky, presenting a singular contrast to the silver brightness of the other portion, when suddenly a sheet of vivid flame broke out of the blackness, instantly followed by deafening explosions, as if a thousand cannons were bursting immediately over our heads. At the same moment the tempest came leaping and hissing along the white-crested waves, and struck the *Rose* a-beam with such terrible force, that for one startling moment I doubted if she would right again. It was a vain fear; and in a second or two she was tearing through the water at a tremendous rate. *Les Trois Freres* had not been so lucky: she had carried away her topmast, and sustained other damage; but so well and boldly was she handled, and so perfectly under command appeared her crew, that these accidents were, so far as it was possible to do so, promptly repaired; and so little was she crippled in comparative speed, that although it was clear enough, after a time, that the *Rose* gained something on her,

it was so slowly that the issue of the chase continued extremely doubtful. The race was an exciting one: the Caskets, Alderney, were swiftly past, and at about two o'clock in the morning we made the Guernsey lights. We were by this time within a mile of *Les Trois Frères*; and she, determined at all risks to get rid of her pursuer, ventured upon passing through a narrow opening between the small islets of Herm and Jethon, abreast of Guernsey—the same passage, I believe, by which Captain, afterwards Admiral Lord Saumarez, escaped with his frigate from a French squadron in the early days of the last war.

Fine and light as the night had again become, the attempt, blowing as it did, was a perilous, and proved to be a fatal one. *Les Trois Frères* struck upon a reef on the side of Jethon—a rock with then but one poor habitation upon it, which one might throw a biscuit over; and by the time the *Rose* had brought up in the Guernsey Roads, the smuggler, as far as could be ascertained by our night-glasses, had entirely disappeared. What had become of the crew and the important passenger was the next point to be ascertained; but although the wind had by this time somewhat abated, it was not, under the pilot's advice, till near eight o'clock that the *Rose's* boat, with myself and a stout crew, pulled off for the scene of the catastrophe. We needed not to have hurried ourselves. The half-drowned smugglers, all but three of whom had escaped with life, were in a truly sorry plight, every one of them being more or less maimed, bruised, and bleeding. *Les Trois Frères* had gone entirely to pieces, and as there was no possible means of escape from the desolate place, our arrival, with the supplies we brought, was looked upon rather as a deliverance than otherwise. To my inquiries respecting their passenger, the men answered by saying he was in the house with the captain. I immediately proceeded thither, and found one of the two rooms on the ground-floor occupied by four or five of the worst injured of the contrabandists, and the gentleman I was chiefly in pursuit of, Mr. Samuel Sparkes. There was no mistaking Mr. Sparkes, notwithstanding he had substituted the disguise of a sailor for that of a jolly agriculturist.

"You are, I believe, sir, the Mr. Samuel Sparkes for whose presence certain personages in London are just now rather anxious?"

His deathly face grew more corpse-like as
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I spoke, but he nevertheless managed to stammer out: "No; Jamth Edward, thir."

"At all events, that pretty lisp, and those two marks on the forehead, belong to Samuel Sparkes, Esquire, and you must be detained till you satisfactorily explain how you came by them. Stevens, take this person into close custody, and have him searched at once. And now, gentlemen smugglers," I continued, "pray inform me where I may see your renowned captain?"

"He is in the next room," replied a decent-tongued chap sitting near the fire; "and he desired me to give his compliments to Lieutenant Warneford, and say he wished to see him alone."

"Very civil and considerate, upon my word! In this room, do you say?"

"Yes, sir; in that room." I pushed open a rickety door, and found myself in a dingy hole of a room, little more than about a couple of yards square, at the further side of which stood a lithe, sinewy man in a blue pea-jacket, and with a fur-cap on his head. His back was towards me; and as my entrance did not cause him to change his position, I said: "You are Captain Pickard, I am informed?"

He swung sharply round as I spoke, threw off his cap, and said briefly and sternly: "Yes, Warneford, I am Captain Pickard."

The sudden unmasking of a loaded battery immediately in my front could not have so confounded and startled me as these words did, as they issued from the lips of the man before me. The curling black hair, the dark flashing eyes, the marble features, were those of Lieutenant Hendrick—of the gallant seaman whose vigorous arm I had seen turn the tide of battle against desperate odds on the deck of the privateer!

"Hendrick!" I at length exclaimed, for the sudden in-rush of painful emotion choked my speech for a time—"can it indeed be you?"

"Ay, truly, Warneford. The Hendrick of whom Collingwood prophesied high things is fallen thus low; and worse remains behind. There is a price set upon my capture, as you know; and escape is, I take it, out of the question." I comprehended the slow, meaning tone in which the last sentence was spoken, and the keen glance that accompanied it. Hendrick, too, instantly read the decisive though unspoken reply.

"Of course it is out of the question," he went on. "I was but a fool to even seem to doubt that it was. You must do your

duty, Warneford, I know; and since this fatal mishap was to occur, I am glad for many reasons that I have fallen into your hands."

"So am not I; and I wish with all my soul you had successfully threaded the passage you essayed."

"The fellow who undertook to pilot us failed in nerve at the critical moment. Had he not done so, *Les Trois Frères* would have been long since beyond your reach. But the past is past, and the future of dark and bitter time will be swift and brief."

"What have you especially to dread? I know a reward has been offered for your apprehension, but not for what precise offence."

"The unfortunate business in St. Michael's Bay."

"Good God! The newspaper was right then! But neither of the wounded men have died, I hear, so that—that" —

"The *mercy* of transportation may, you think, be substituted for the capital penalty." He laughed bitterly.

"Or—or," I hesitatingly suggested, "you may not be identified—that is, legally so."

"Easily, easily, Warneford. I must not trust to that rotten cable. Neither the coast-guard nor the fellows with me know me indeed as Hendrick, ex-lieutenant of the royal navy; and that is a secret you will, I know, religiously respect."

I promised to do so: the painful interview terminated; and in about two hours the captain and surviving crew of *Les Trois Frères* and Mr. Samuel Sparkes, were safely on board the *Rose*. Hendrick had papers to arrange; and as the security of his person was all I was responsible for, he was accommodated in my cabin, where I left him, to confer with the Guernsey authorities, in whose bailiwick Jethon is situated. The matter of jurisdiction—the offences with which the prisoners were charged having been committed in England—was soon arranged; and by five o'clock in the evening the *Rose* was on her way to England, under an eight-knot breeze from the south-west.

As soon as we were fairly under weigh, I went below to have a last conference with unfortunate Hendrick. There was a parcel on the table directed to "Mrs. Hendrick, Lostwithiel, Cornwall—care of Lieutenant Warneford." Placing it in my hands, he entreated me to see it securely conveyed to its address unexamined and unopened. I assured him that I would do so; and tears, roughly dashed away, sprang to his eyes as he grasped and shook my hand. I felt half-

choked; and when he again solemnly adjured me, under no circumstances, to disclose the identity of Captain Pickard and Lieutenant Hendrick, I could only reply by a seaman's hand-grip, requiring no additional pledge of words.

We sat silently down, and I ordered some wine to be brought in. "You promised to tell me," I said, "how all this unhappy business came about."

"I am about to do so," he answered. "It is an old tale, of which the last black chapter owes its color, let me frankly own, to my own hot and impatient temper as much as to a complication of adverse circumstances." He poured out a glass of wine, and proceeded at first slowly and calmly, but gradually, as passion gathered strength and way upon him, with flushed and impetuous eagerness to the close:—

"I was born near Lostwithiel, Cornwall. My father, a younger and needy son of no profession, died when I was eight years of age. My mother has about eighty pounds a year in her own right, and with that pittance, helped by self-privation, unfelt because endured for her darling boy, she gave me a sufficient education, and fitted me out respectably; when, thanks to Pellew, I obtained a midshipman's warrant in the British service. This occurred in my sixteenth year. Dr. Redstone, at whose "High School" I acquired what slight classical learning, long since forgotten, I once possessed, was married in second nuptials to a virago of a wife, who brought him, besides her precious self, a red-headed cub by a former marriage. His, the son's name, was Kershaw. The doctor had one child about my own age, a daughter, Ellen Redstone. I am not about to prate to you of the bread-and-butter sentiment of mere children, nor of Ellen's wonderful graces of mind and person: I doubt, indeed, if I thought her very pretty at the time: but she was meekness itself, and my boy's heart used, I well remember, to leap as if it would burst my bosom at witnessing her patient submission to the tyranny of her mother-in-law; and one of the greatest pleasures I ever experienced was giving young Kershaw, a much bigger fellow than myself, a good thrashing for some brutality towards her—an exploit that of course rendered me a remarkable favorite with the great bumpkin's mother.

"Well, I went to sea, and did not again see Ellen till seven years afterwards, when, during absence on sick leave, I met her at Penzance, in the neighborhood of which

place the doctor had for some time resided. She was vastly improved in person, but was still meek, dove-eyed, gentle Ellen, and pretty nearly as much abused by her mother-in-law as formerly. Our child-acquaintance was renewed; and, suffice it to say, that I soon came to love her with a fervency surprising even to myself. My affection was reciprocated: we pledged faith with each other; and it was agreed that at the close of the war, whenever that should be, we were to marry, and dwell together like turtle-doves in the pretty hermitage that Ellen's fancy loved to conjure up, and with her voice of music untiringly dilate upon. I was again at sea, and the answer to my first letter brought the surprising intelligence that Mrs. Redstone had become quite reconciled to our future union, and that I might consequently send my letters direct to the High School. Ellen's letter was prettily expressed enough, but somehow I did not like its tone. It did not read like her spoken language at all events. This however must, I concluded, be mere fancy; and our correspondence continued for a couple of years—till the peace in fact—when the frigate, of which I was now second-lieutenant, arrived at Plymouth to be paid off. We were awaiting the admiral's inspection, which for some reason or other was unusually delayed, when a bag of letters was brought on board, with one for me bearing the Penzance postmark. I tore it open, and found that it was subscribed by an old and intimate friend. He had accidentally met with Ellen Redstone for the first time since I left. She looked thin and ill, and in answer to his persistent questioning, had told him she had only heard once from me since I went to sea, and that was to renounce our engagement; and she added that she was going to be married in a day or two to the Rev. Mr. Williams, a dissenting minister of fair means and respectable character. My friend assured her there must be some mistake, but she shook her head incredulously; and with eyes brimful of tears, and shaking voice, bade him, when he saw me, say that she freely forgave me, but that her heart was broken. This was the substance, and as I read, a hurricane of dismay and rage possessed me. There was not, I felt, a moment to be lost. Unfortunately the captain was absent, and the frigate temporarily under the command of the first-lieutenant. "You knew lieutenant——?"

"I did, for one of the most cold-blooded martinetes that ever trod a quarter-deck."

"Well, him I sought, and asked temporary

leave of absence. He refused. I explained, hurriedly, imploringly explained the circumstances in which I was placed. He sneeringly replied, that sentimental nonsense of that kind could not be permitted to interfere with the king's service. You know, Warneford, how naturally hot and impetuous is my temper, and at that moment my brain seemed literally a-flame: high words followed, and in a transport of rage I struck the taunting coward a violent blow in the face—following up the outrage by drawing my sword, and challenging him to instant combat. You may guess the sequel. I was immediately arrested by the guard, and tried a few days afterwards by court-martial. Exmouth stood my friend, or I know not what sentence might have been passed, and I was dismissed the service."

"I was laid up for several weeks by fever about that time," I remarked; "and it thus happened, doubtless, that I did not see any report of the trial."

"The moment I was liberated I hastened, literally almost in a state of madness, to Penzance. It was all true, and I was too late! Ellen had been married something more than a week. It was Kershaw and his mother's doings. Him I half-killed; but it is needless to go into details of the frantic violence with which I conducted myself. I broke madly into the presence of the newly-married couple: Ellen swooned with terror, and her husband, white with consternation, and trembling in every limb, had barely, I remember, sufficient power to stammer out, "that he would pray for me." The next six months is a blank. I went to London; fell into evil courses, drank, gambled; heard after awhile that Ellen was dead—the shock of which partially checked my downward progress—partially only. I left off drinking, but not gambling, and ultimately I became connected with a number of disreputable persons, amongst whom was your prisoner Sparkes. He found part of the capital with which I have been carrying on the contraband trade for the last two years. I had, however, fully determined to withdraw myself from the dangerous though exciting pursuit. This was to have been my last trip; but you know," he added, bitterly, "it is always upon the last turn of the dice that the devil wins his victim."

He ceased speaking, and we both remained silent for several minutes. What on my part *could* be said or suggested?

"You hinted just now," I remarked after awhile, "that all your remaining property

was in this parcel. You have, however, of course reserved sufficient for your defence?"

A strange smile curled his lip, and a wild, brief flash of light broke from his dark eyes, as he answered: "O yes; more than enough—more, much more than will be required."

"I am glad of that." We were again silent, and I presently exclaimed: "Suppose we take a turn on deck—the heat here stifles one."

"With all my heart," he answered; and we both left the cabin.

We continued to pace the deck side by side for some time without interchanging a syllable. The night was beautifully clear and fine, and the cool breeze that swept over the star and moon lit waters gradually allayed the feverish nervousness which the unfortunate lieutenant's narrative had excited.

"A beautiful, however illusive world," he by and by sadly resumed, "this Death—now so close at my heels—wrenches us from. And yet you and I, Warneford, have seen men rush to encounter the King of Terrors, as he is called, as readily as if summoned to a bridal."

"A sense of duty, and a habit of discipline will always overpower, in men of our race and profession, the vulgar fear of death."

"Is it not also, think you, that the greater fear of disgrace, dishonor in the eyes of the world, which outweighs the lesser dread?"

"No doubt that has an immense influence. What would our sweethearts, sisters, mothers say if they heard we had turned craven? What would they say in England? Nelson well understood this feeling, and appealed to it in his last great signal."

"Ay, to be sure," he musingly replied; "what would our mothers say—feel rather—at witnessing their sons' dishonor? That is the master chord." We once more relapsed into silence; and after another dozen or so turns on the deck, Hendrick seated himself on the combings of the main hatchway. His countenance, I observed, was still pale as marble, but a livelier, more resolute expression had gradually kindled in his brilliant eyes. He was, I concluded, nerving himself to meet the chances of his position with constancy and fortitude.

"I shall go below again," I said. "Come; it may be some weeks before we have another glass of wine together."

"I will be with you directly," he answered, and I went down. He did not, however, follow, and I was about calling him, when

I heard his step on the stairs. He stopped at the threshold of the cabin, and there was a flushing intensity of expression about his face which quite startled me. As if moved by second thoughts, he stepped in. "One last glass with you, Warneford: God bless you!" He drained and set the glass on the table. "The lights at the corner of the Wight are just made," he hurriedly went on. "It is not likely I shall have an opportunity of again speaking with you; and let me again hear you say that you will under any circumstances keep secret from all the world—my mother especially—that Captain Pickard and Lieutenant Hendrick were one person."

"I will; but why?"—

"God bless you!" he broke in. "I must on deck again."

He vanished as he spoke, and a dim suspicion of his purpose arose in my mind; but before I could act upon it, a loud, confused outcry arose on the deck, and as I rushed up the cabin stairs, I heard, amidst the hurrying to and fro of feet, the cries of "Man overboard!"—"Bout ship!"—"Down with the helm!" The cause of the commotion was soon explained: Hendrick had sprang overboard; and looking in the direction pointed out by the man at the wheel, I plainly discerned him already considerably astern of the cutter. His face was turned towards us, and the instant I appeared he waved one arm wildly in the air: I could hear the words, "Your promise!" distinctly, and the next instant the moonlight played upon the spot where he had vanished. Boats were lowered, and we passed and repassed over and near the place for nearly half an hour. Vainly: he did not reappear!

I have only farther to add, that the parcel intrusted to me was safely delivered, and that I have reason to believe that Mrs. Hendrick remained to her last hour ignorant of the sad fate of her son. It was her impression, induced by his last letter, that he was about to enter the South-American service under Cochrane, and she ultimately resigned herself to a belief that he had there met a brave man's death. My promise was scrupulously kept, nor is it by this publication in the slightest degree broken; for both the names of Hendrick and Pickard are fictitious, and so is the place assigned as that of the lieutenant's birth. That rascal Sparkes, I am glad to be able to say—chasing whom made me an actor in the melancholy affair—was sent over the herring-pond for life.

From Hoggs' Instructor.

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH, DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

At the period of the Reformation, literature was cultivated in Scotland with considerable ardor and success. The leading agents and supporters of that great revolution in our country were educated men, and they could not be expected to be indifferent or hostile to that which had so effectually aided in the emancipation of the human mind from the thralldom of a debasing superstition. Their own respectable or superior acquirements in knowledge, and their zeal in promoting the establishment of schools, academies, and colleges, bore testimony to their love of learning, and their desire to diffuse it. Various causes, however, afterwards operated injuriously on the literary spirit of Scotland. The *perveridum ingenium*, characteristic of the people, still remained; but its free action was impeded by unpropitious circumstances, or it was diverted into other channels. James VI.—who wished the world to believe that he was a learned man, and whom his flatterers eulogized as the Solomon of the age, though in reality he was nothing more than a cowardly, pedantic, blustering poltroon—would give learned Scotchmen no rest in his dominions, provided they scrupled to take their religious creed from him, and to advocate the doctrines of passive obedience and the divine right of kings. Again, the convulsions of the civil war, in the reign of Charles I., and, next, a ferocious persecution of long duration, distracted the public mind, and gave men, the bent of whose genius lay towards the cultivation of literature, little leisure for studies which require, in order to their successful pursuit, the encouraging influence of peaceful times. After the Revolution of 1668, when these causes ceased to operate, and especially after the union of the two kingdoms, Scotland was placed in more favorable circumstances for the development of her genius. An ardent devotion to literature then sprung up in England. Scotland caught the inspiration. The periodical papers published by Steele,

Addison, and their associates in England, appear to have first awakened a taste for refinement of composition and for critical disquisition on the north of the Tweed. Other causes contributed to quicken and foster this taste, among which were the various literary and philosophical associations formed at Edinburgh during the last century.

One of the earliest associations of this kind was the Rankenian Club, which was instituted at Edinburgh by some young gentlemen of the first abilities in 1716, when men's minds had hardly recovered from the agitation of the Rebellion. It received its name from the master of the tavern at which its meetings were held, and it continued to flourish for nearly fifty years—a proof of the singular ardor with which the literati of our Scottish metropolis, at that period, devoted their time and attention to literary pursuits. At each weekly meeting, an essay, composed by one of the members, was read and criticised. The rest of the time was occupied in literary conversation, and especially in criticising the style and sentiments of new works of merit, or of old ones of established reputation. The influence of this society was not confined to the individuals of whom it was composed. It diffused throughout Scotland an attention to composition, a taste for elegant literature, and a passion for philosophical research, which had not previously existed. Among other topics that excited the interest of the association, the speculations of Dr. Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne, propounded in his work, “The Principles of Human Knowledge,” published at Dublin in 1710, held a chief place. They eagerly canvassed his metaphysical subtleties, and the doctrine he founded on them, that the material world has no existence—that the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, with all that we call material upon it, whether mountain or valley, whether river or ocean, whether the fish of the sea or the fowl of heaven, whether

man or beast, are only images or impressions made on our minds. They opened up, and, to their no small amusement, maintained, with that eminent prelate a literary correspondence, in which they combated, with much acumen, the principles on which his system was built, and especially brought to bear upon them the *reductio ad absurdum* argument, by pushing them, without ceremony, to all their startling consequences. They argued that his fundamental principles legitimately led to universal Pyrrhonism—to the conclusion that the world of spirits had no real existence, any more than the world of matter; that, in short, nothing was left but ideas and impressions, without any subject in which ideas might exist, or on which impressions might be made. Hume, at a later period, embracing Berkeley's metaphysics, made them the groundwork of a system of universal, unmitigated skepticism. The Rankenian Club, from the tendency of these principles to universal skepticism, called in question their truth. His lordship treated their communications with great politeness, regularly sending his answers, in which, while admitting the acuteness and ingenuity of their reasonings, he parried their arguments as he best could, by trying to show that no such consequences could be fairly drawn from his principles. He had, however, been heard to say, that his system had never been better understood than by these young gentlemen in North Britain. In testimony of the respect in which he held them, he offered to adopt them as fellow-laborers in the execution of his noble and philanthropic design of establishing a college in Bermuda, the metropolis of the Summer Islands, for instructing the savage Americans in civil arts, and in the Christian faith. But, doubtful of the success of the project, and better pleased with their prospects at home, they declined to accept of his lordship's invitation.

Among the members of the Rankenian Club, were the Rev. Dr. William Wishart, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and principal of the university; Rev. Dr. George Wishart, minister of the Tron Church, Edinburgh, and principal clerk to the church of Scotland; Rev. Dr. Robert Wallace, minister of the New North Church, Edinburgh, and author of "Dissertation on the Numbers of Mankind," which contains the germ of the principles afterwards developed by Malthus, in his "Essay on the Principle of Population;" Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, one of the Lords of Session; Sir Alexander Dick of Priestfield, Bart.; and Sir John Pringle, Bart.

M.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, Physician to their Majesties, and President of the Royal Society of London. But the member of greatest celebrity was Colin Maclaurin, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, whose comprehensive genius and power of adorning the most abstract subjects by an elegant, correct, and forcible style, combined with originality in the method of exposition, contributed so much to establish the reputation of that university as a school of science. His various works in mathematics and philosophy are a lasting monument to his fame.

Classical learning was then taught in the schools and universities with considerable success; and, in the year subsequent to the institution of the Rankenian Club, another association was established at Edinburgh, the object of which was mutual improvement in the classical literature of Greece and Rome. This is the second literary society which appears, from any authentic documents, to have stately assembled in Scotland. It was a fundamental rule of the society, that it was not to meddle with affairs of church and state—a very wise provision; for literary men, whose sentiments may differ on political and ecclesiastical questions, may, with perfect good feeling, meet each other in intellectual discussion on the many subjects which crowd the vast field of literature. The original members of the society were the famous Thomas Ruddiman, its founder, and the masters of the High School of Edinburgh. Among others who afterwards joined it, were Dr. George Wishart, formerly referred to, and several advocates, including Henry Home, better known as Lord Kames, whose insatiable thirst for knowledge of every kind made him extremely zealous in the support of institutions for intellectual improvement. The time was employed in conversation, and in reading dissertations, composed by the members; but none of the fruits of the labors of this institution appear to have been given to the world, nor is it known how long it continued to exist.

Of these two societies the Rankenian Club was doubtless the most important. Not that it is meant to depreciate the cultivation of Grecian and Roman literature, to the revival of which, in the fifteenth century, Europe is indebted for her intellectual superiority to the other divisions of the globe, and by the aid of which, the most gifted poets, orators, historians, theologians, and philosophers, whom Britain has ever produced, have had their genius invigorated, their views enlarged,

and their taste purified. But the cultivation of the English language was of much greater consequence. The probability that it would become the vernacular tongue throughout Scotland—the state of perfection to which it had been brought, rendering it one of the best instruments of thought and vehicles of communication—the incomparably rich and ever-advancing literature of which it was the depository, rivalling, or surpassing, the most admired productions of Greece and Rome;—all these circumstances lent their weight in establishing the importance of cultivating the English language, and English literature. At one period of our history, our learned countrymen, who carried the passion for the study of the classic learning of antiquity to excess, preferred the Latin tongue to their own as the medium of communicating their thoughts through the press; and when it is considered, not only that their Latin writings would have the advantage of being read by the learned in every nation, but that, from its superior polish and greater copiousness, the Latin language gave fuller scope to their genius, and expressed their ideas with greater elegance, vigor, and even perspicuity than their own, in its then rude and unformed state, there is no reason to wonder at the preference. But a taste for the acquisition of a classic English style was now beginning to appear; and, though feeble at first, and far from being widely diffused, it was, in the middle of the century, to become a passion similar to that which existed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries for the acquisition of skill in the Latin tongue. It was in the highest degree desirable that this taste should be cherished and invigorated, and to give an impulse in the right direction, was the meritorious object aimed at by the Rankenian Club.

The third learned society recorded in the annals of Scottish literature, during the last century, was that which was instituted at Edinburgh, in 1731, for the advancement of medical science. The secretary was the celebrated Dr. Alexander Monro, senior, the first professor of anatomy in the University of Edinburgh, and the founder of the Edinburgh Medical School, the celebrity of which has spread over every part of the civilized world. Under his superintendence, the transactions of the society were published at different periods, with the title of "Medical Essays and Observations," &c., the whole extending to five volumes octavo, and completed in 1739—a work which has passed through many editions, which has been translated into many foreign languages, and which

Haller pronounced to be one of the most useful books in the science of medicine, anatomy, and surgery.

Soon after the publication of these volumes, the Medical Society underwent an important change in its constitution, at the suggestion of the illustrious Maclaurin, who had conceived the idea of extending its objects to a larger field of subjects, embracing philosophy and literature in addition to medicine. This suggestion meeting with the approbation of the members, the society was new-modelled, under the title of "The Society for Improving Arts and Sciences," or more generally, "The Philosophical Society of Edinburgh," and the number of its members was increased. The first president chosen was James, earl of Morton; and the secretaries were Mr. Maclaurin and Dr. Plummer. The institution had the honor of including among its ordinary members, some of the most distinguished men for genius and literary attainments of the age. For some years after it had assumed its new form, the society, from various causes, and particularly from the disorders occasioned by the Rebellion of 1745, fell into a languishing state; and scarcely had the Rebellion been extinguished, and public tranquillity restored, when it sustained a severe loss by the death of Mr. Maclaurin, whose great abilities, and ardent attachment to literary and scientific pursuits, promised to be of the greatest service in promoting its efficiency. It, however, about the year 1752, again resumed its meetings, at which literary and philosophical papers were from time to time read: and from these papers selections were made and printed, under the superintendence of the new secretaries, the celebrated Mr. David Hume and Dr. Alexander Monro, junior. The first volume was published 1754, under the title of "Essays and Observations, Physical and Literary;" the second volume appeared in 1756, and the third in 1771. In a subsequent part of this paper, we shall have occasion to return to this society.

In 1754, another association, named the Select Society, projected by an ingenious painter, Allan Ramsay, son of the celebrated poet of that name, was formed at Edinburgh. Its objects were literary discussion, philosophical inquiry, and improvement in the art of public speaking. Its meetings were held weekly, on the Friday evenings, in the Advocates' Library, during the sitting of the Court of Sessions. At first, it consisted of only fifteen members; but, from the spirit and ability with which it was conducted, it speedily got

into fashion, and, in the following year, the number of its members amounted to more than a hundred, including not only all the literati of Edinburgh, and its vicinity, but many of the nobility and gentry, who, finding in its proceedings a hebdomadal source of intellectual pleasure and improvement, regularly attended its meetings, though few of them took any share in its debates. In the list of its members are many of the most eminent statesmen, judges, and literary characters of that period. Some of them posterity has almost forgotten, or regards with indifference; others of them have, by their genius and writings, secured for themselves a permanent place in the temple of fame, and can never die.* The society continued in vigor for six or seven years, and, to use the words of Dugald Stewart, "produced debates such as have not been often heard in modern assemblies—debates where the dignity of the speakers was not lowered by the intrigues of politics or the intemperance of faction, and where the most splendid talents that have ever adorned the country were roused to their best exertion by the liberal and ennobling discussions of literature and philosophy."† It is a singular circumstance, that some of the most gifted members, though punctual in their attendance, took little or no share in the debates. Charles Townshend, whose eloquence afterwards rendered him so popular in the House of Commons, and on whose versatile genius Burke pronounced so high an eulogium, in his incomparable speech on American taxation in 1774, spoke only once. David Hume and Adam Smith never once opened their lips. Lord Monboddo, Lord Elibank, and the Rev. William Wilkie, who were fond of paradoxes, and supported them with much humor and ingenuity of argument, made the most conspicuous figure in the debates.

* The most noted members were—Rev. Dr. William Robertson of Edinburgh, Mr. David Hume, Mr. Adam Smith, Mr. Alexander Wedderburne (afterwards Lord Loughborough, Chancellor of England), Lord Kames, Rev. John Home of Athelstaneford, Rev. Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk, Sir Gilbert Elliot (afterwards one of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty), Mr. Andrew Pringle (afterwards Lord Alenmoor), Rev. John Jardine of Edinburgh, Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair of Edinburgh, Patrick Lord Elibank, Rev. Dr. Robert Wallace of Edinburgh, Rev. Dr. William Wilkie of Ratho, Rev. Dr. George Wishart of Edinburgh, Dr. William Cullen, Adam Ferguson (afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh), and the Right Honorable Charles Townshend.

† Life of Dr. Robertson.

The beneficial effects of this society were such as to exceed the most sanguine hopes. Though formed rather for mutual improvement than for the diffusion of knowledge, the latter effect was realized to a vast extent. Besides the influence it exerted on the members themselves, in kindling the fire of their genius, its reflex and ultimate results, not only on their local society, but on the interests of literature in general, were most important.

The various works in almost every department of literature—in history, in political economy, in antiquities, in metaphysics, in moral philosophy, in poetry, in philosophical criticism, in rhetoric—which the members of this society afterwards gave to the world, may be regarded as its legitimate fruits, and mark the commencement of a brilliant era in the literary history of Scotland. A hasty glance at some of the productions of its members is sufficient to show how much English literature owes to these illustrious men. The historical writings of Hume and Robertson were enough to give immortality to the age that produced them. Viewing them merely as literary performances—we do not now speak of the grave charges to which the former is liable, on the score of his skepticism and hostility to civil liberty—they will ever be classical works in the English language. These eminent men struck out a new path. Not content like their predecessors, with giving a mere compilation of facts, interwoven with a few commonplace reflections, readily suggested and hurriedly written, they aimed at tracing the motives of the actors, investigating causes and effects; it short, at writing philosophical history, and at doing this in a pure and elegant English style—a task requiring much care and thought, when the uncouth and barbarous dialect of the authorities from which they borrowed their materials is considered. And yet with all the advantages of their example, and of a more advanced state of literature, few historians since have made their narrative more engaging, by a profound philosophic spirit, and by the charms of literary composition. Adam Smith's "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations" formed a new era in the science of political economy. His great principle, that the most effective way of advancing the temporal wealth and greatness of a nation is for the legislature to allow every man to dispose of his industry and capital to the best advantage he can, without favoring him, on the one hand, by protecting bounties, or

imposing restraints upon him, on the other, is now very generally recognized as the true basis of an enlightened commercial legislation, and, when universal justice triumphs, it will regulate the commercial policy of the world. Lord Hailes's "Annals of Scotland" is a work of much research; and his "Answer to Gibbon, on his Alleged Secondary Causes of the Spread of Christianity," does honor to him as a scholar and a theologian. Mr. John Home's tragedy, "Douglas," despite the sneering sarcasm of Dr. Johnson, who would never allow that Scotland had ever produced a man of genius save George Buchanan, and despite the attempts of other critics to give it the *coup de grace*, acquired him great reputation at the time, and has established itself upon the English stage as one of the most effective plays of which it can boast. Lord Kames's "Elements of Criticism," which, in a literary point of view, is his most important work, opened up a new epoch in a very interesting department of philosophy. It is, perhaps, putting too much honor upon him, and doing injustice to Aristotle, to claim for him, as his biographer, Lord Woodhouselee, has done, the merit of being the inventor of philosophical criticism, or the science which traces the rules of criticism, in the fine arts, to the constitution of the human mind. It must, however, be admitted, that his lordship has the merit of having given philosophical criticism the form of a science, "by reducing it to its general principles, methodizing its doctrines, and supporting them everywhere by the most copious and beautiful illustrations." Dr. Blair's "Sermons," popular as they were at their first appearance, soon sunk in public estimation, as might have been anticipated, from their artificial and monotonous style, their want of power and originality of thought, and their cold, unaffected, and sparing exhibition of the great truths that are best adapted to the deep wants of man's spiritual nature; but they turned the attention of the ministers of the Gospel to the importance of their being able to present the truths of religion in a pure and elegant English dress. His "Lectures on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres," a much more meritorious though less polished performance, affords a comprehensive view of the principles of literary composition and of the rules of public speaking, which renders it a very useful book to such as are studying to cultivate their taste, to form their style, or to prepare themselves for the pulpit, the bar, or the senate. These are a few, and only a few, of the services

rendered to English literature by the members of the Select Society.

On the Speculative Society, instituted in 1764, for improvement in literary composition and public speaking; the Juridical Society, instituted 1773; the Adelpho-Theological Society, instituted 1758; and the Theological Society, instituted 1776, we do not dwell.

Another literary society which sprung up in Edinburgh in 1777 or 1778, consisting of gentlemen of the Scottish bar, who were accustomed to read short essays of their own composition, in the manner of the "Spectator," is entitled to more than a passing notice, from its having originated and conducted two elegant and classical periodicals, the "Mirror" and "Lounger," the appearance of which formed a new era in the literature of Edinburgh. From the name of its first periodical, the society was known as the "Mirror Club." Its most distinguished and active member was Mr. Henry Mackenzie, who had already published the "Man of Feeling," the "Man of the World," and "Julia de Roubigné;" novels of the school of Sterne, whose graceful, delicate style and pathos they rival, though entirely destitute of his rich vein of humor. At their meetings, the members examined and criticised such of their pieces as were intended for publication; and so carefully did they keep their names concealed, that not even their publisher was admitted into the secret, all communications between him and them having been made by Mr. Mackenzie, who was the editor, and also the chief contributor. The public, however, having stamped the seal of its approbation on the periodicals, the veil was drawn aside, and the names of the author of each paper were given in the later editions. This society, besides Mr. Mackenzie, consisted of Lord Craig, Lord Abercrombie, Lord Bannatyne, Lord Cullen, Mr. George Home, and Mr. George Ogilvy, all men of talent and literary accomplishments. Lord Hailes, Mr. Baron Gordon, Lord Woodhouselee, and some others, though not members of the club, contributed papers, as correspondents.

While literature, in various departments, had been thus so assiduously and so successfully cultivated, antiquarian research had not been altogether neglected. There existed a taste, which was gradually diffusing itself, for investigating the antiquities of our country, and individuals had made private collections of greater or less extent. But it was soon perceived that, for the adequate gratification of this taste, and for its issuing

in any valuable result, it was necessary that a public institution should be established, for collecting, in a secure repository, and for rendering more easily accessible, the antiquarian relics which were scattered throughout the country, and perhaps perishing in the possession of persons who were ignorant of their value. To supply what antiquarian study so greatly needed, a considerable number of gentlemen of eminence and learning, at the suggestion of the Earl of Buchan, formed themselves, in December, 1780, into a regular and permanent body, under the designation of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland, and, in March, 1783, obtained a royal charter of incorporation. This society still holds its meetings, and its museum is enriched with many rare and curious relics of former times, going back to a remote antiquity, and coming down to a more recent period. Next, there followed the institution of the Highland Society of Scotland, which derived its origin from a meeting of gentlemen, natives of, or connected with, the Highlands, assembled at Edinburgh in 1784. Its object was the improvement of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, by establishing towns and villages, facilitating communication by roads and bridges, advancing agriculture, extending fisheries, and introducing useful trades and manufactures. It has also had for its object the preservation of the language, poetry and music of the Highlands.

The Philosophical Society of Edinburgh, formerly mentioned, though its meetings were not discontinued, appears to have fallen into a state of inactivity for some time, till, about the year 1777, when Lord Kames, being elected its president, infused into it new vigor, by his zealous, judicious, and efficient efforts in its behalf. Its meetings were now held more frequently, and its business conducted with increased ardor and success. At length, however, about the close of 1782, a proposal was made by Dr. Robertson, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, at a meeting of the Professors of the University—many of whom, like himself, were members of the Philosophical Society, and among its most active supporters—for the establishment of a new society, on a more extensive plan, after the model of some of the foreign academies, and incorporated by royal charter. The Philosophical Society, approving of the scheme, agreed to merge into the new society; and, application having been made to his majesty for a charter to the new institution, it was established by charter from the crown, in 1783, under the name of

the Royal Society of Edinburgh. At one of its earliest meetings, it divided itself into two classes—the physical class, and the literary class. The former had for its department the sciences of mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, medicine, natural history, and whatever relates to the improvement of arts and manufactures. The latter had for its department literature, philosophy, history, antiquities, and speculative philosophy. Among the most distinguished in the physical class, were Dr. Joseph Black, the discoverer of carbonic acid and latent heat; and his intimate friend, Dr. James Hutton, author of a new theory of the earth, the result of about thirty years' study of the natural history of the globe. Hutton's theory was published in the Transactions of the society, and afterwards more fully in a separate work; but, tired out with a host of unsatisfactory geological theories, the world paid little attention to it for a considerable time, notwithstanding the originality it displayed and the interesting philosophic views it opened up. The brevity and obscurity with which it was first proposed, also impeded its popularity; for Hutton, though uncommonly luminous in conversation, became obscure and dry whenever he took up the pen; "his favorite specimens of natural history, he used to say, were God's books, and he treated the books of man, comparatively, with neglect"—which may, in part, account for his having never attained an elegant, or even a perspicuous style. His theory owed its subsequent popularity to the eloquent exposition and advocacy of Professor Playfair. In the literary class, besides many of the eminent men already named, who were then alive, we meet with the names of Dr. James Beattie, Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy, Marischal College, Aberdeen; Dr. George Campbell, Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen; Dr. Thomas Reid, Emeritus Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow; and Mr. (afterwards Dr.) George Hill, Professor of Divinity in the University of St Andrews. It has been the custom of this society to commemorate, by memoir or biographical notices, recorded in its Transactions, the most eminent of its deceased members.

Such are the chief literary and philosophical associations of Edinburgh which, during the last century, bore testimony to the ardor of our Modern Athens in intellectual cultivation, and which individually contributed their share in raising Scotland, from the literary obscurity in which she had sunk, to a proud eminence in the republic of letters.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

RELIGION AND GEOLOGY.—President Hitchcock's admirable work on Geology and Religion, which has been reprinted in London, is highly eulogized. The *Literary Gazette*, in the course of a long review, says of it:—

"Dr. Hitchcock is a veteran American clergyman, of high reputation and unaffected piety. Officially, he is President of Amherst College, and Professor of Natural Theology and Geology in that institution. As a geologist, he holds a very distinguished position, and is universally reputed an original observer and philosophical inquirer. His fame is European as well as American. No author has ever entered upon his subject better fitted for his task. The work consists of a series of lectures, which may be characterized as so many scientific sermons. They are clear in style, logical in argument, always earnest, and often eloquent. The bearings of science, especially of geological science, upon revelation; the antiquity of the earth; the demonstration that death has been a universal law of organic beings on our globe from the beginning; the character of the Noachian deluge, as compared with the traces of extensive aqueous action, of which we have geological evidence; the operations and plans of the Creator; the geological proofs of the Divine benevolence; and the argument that scientific truth, rightly understood, is religious truth—constitute the subjects most ably discussed in these discourses. At every turn the author is zealous for the theological value of geological science. He maintains it to be the auxiliary both of natural and revealed religion, and holds that when the religious relations of geology are fully understood, theology will be as anxious to cultivate its alliance as she has been fearful of it in days past.

"We would earnestly recommend those who yet retain misgivings respecting the bearings of geology on revealed religion, to possess themselves of this interesting work. It is a production alike honorable to Dr. Hitchcock's profession as a clergyman, and his status as a man of science. It will extend his reputation on this side of the Atlantic, where his name is better known to professed geologists than among the world at large, although the fame of his discoveries of the footprints of extinct creatures has been widely diffused."

MINISTERIAL PATRONAGE.—The French Minister of the Interior has just charged several eminent painters to go to London and make copies of some remarkable pictures of Murillo, Raphael, Francia, and other great masters, now in the National Gallery. A long time since it was in contemplation to form in Paris a collection of copies from the great masters the originals of which are not possessed by the Museum, and artists were sent to Rome, Naples, Venice, Florence, Madrid, Seville, &c., by whom

some very good pictures were made; but, unfortunately, they have been disseminated in churches and obscure museums and are consequently lost to study and to the history of the art. The idea has since been formed of appropriating a suite of rooms in the Louvre to be called the Gallery of Copies. The Museum already possesses a series of reproductions from the frescoes of Raphael, dating from the time of Louis XIV., the Regency, and the reign of Louis XV. They will form the most interesting fraction of the new gallery, as they have been executed with great fidelity and by eminent artists.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.—In consequence of the present delicate state of health of Professor Wilson, he has been obliged to make arrangements for dispensing with the delivery of his lectures on moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, at the ensuing session.—(*Scotsman*.)

ITALIAN COLLEGES.—By a decree of the 29th ult., the King of Sardinia has named a commission to inquire into the system of public instruction at present in vigor in the Piedmontese colleges.

THE INNS OF COURT.—Lord Brougham intends during the ensuing session of Parliament to submit to the Government a proposition for consolidating the Middle and Inner Temples, Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn, into one legal University, to be governed by a Senate and Chancellor, similarly to other Universities. We understand, the proposer wishes to establish professorships in the different branches of law and equity, the holders of which are to lecture as the Professors do at Oxford and at Cambridge.

DEATH OF SAVIGNY.—The "*Brussels Herald*" announces that the aged naturalist, Savigny, has lately died in Paris. Little has been heard of him for some time in the scientific world. He was for thirty years a member of the Academy of Sciences in the department of anatomy and zoology, and was among the *savants* who accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt.

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.—The Lords of the Treasury have consented to advance to Colonel Rawlinson the sum of £1,500 to enable him to continue his explorations and exhumations in Assyria. Colonel Rawlinson is to proceed immediately to Bagdad, where he is the resident of the East India Company, and from thence he will go to any quarter where his directions may be needed, and where the best promises of future discoveries may be held out. He will also keep open the works already commenced, but he is to act entirely independently of Mr. Layard.

THE LOUVRE.—Nine new rooms on the ground floor of the Louvre, in Paris, have been recently

opened to the public. They contain a collection of French sculptures from the time of Louis XII, to the modern sculptors, Houdon and Chaudet. Three other rooms are to be opened at a later period, with sculptures of the middle ages.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.—A correspondent of the Boston Traveller gives the following statistics of twenty-seven of the principal universities in Germany, for the summer of 1851:

	No. of Students.	No. of Foreigners.*
1—Berlin . . .	2199 . . .	315
2—Munich . . .	1817 . . .	196
3—Prague . . .	1204 . . .	31
4—Bonn . . .	1026 . . .	189
5—Leipzig . . .	846 . . .	233
6—Breslau . . .	831 . . .	19
7—Tübingen . . .	768 . . .	116
8—Göttingen . . .	691 . . .	322
9—Würzburg . . .	648 . . .	173
10—Halle . . .	646 . . .	86
11—Heidelberg . . .	624 . . .	483
12—Graz . . .	611 . . .	1
13—Jena . . .	434 . . .	176
14—Gießen . . .	409 . . .	77
15—Freiburg . . .	403 . . .	83
16—Erlangen . . .	402 . . .	51
17—Olmütz . . .	396 . . .	—
18—Königsberg . . .	332 . . .	5
19—Münster . . .	323 . . .	47
20—Marburg . . .	272 . . .	27
21—Innsbruck . . .	257 . . .	2
22—Griefswald . . .	208 . . .	9
23—Zürich . . .	201 . . .	36
24—Berne . . .	184 . . .	11
25—Rostock . . .	122 . . .	12
26—Kiel . . .	119 . . .	—
27—Basel . . .	65 . . .	—

Total number of students at twenty-seven universities, 16,074. Number of professors and teachers of same, 1,586.

The students are pursuing the following professions:

In 11 Universities, Catholic Theology, .	1735
18 " Protestant Theology . . .	1697
25 " Law . . .	5993
25 " Medicine . . .	3154
26 " Philosophy (in German sense) . . .	2449

* By "Foreigners" is meant persons from other States than the one in which the University is situated.

BALLOONS.—M. de Montheulin, a gentleman noted for his taste for balloon experiments, who has just died near Paris, has left by his will 10,000 francs as a reward to any person who shall resolve the problem of directing a balloon in a straight line through the air. The Society of Encouragement is to choose the jury that is to decide whether the prize has been fairly won.

NEANDER.—Prof. Torrey's translation of Neander's Church History, published originally by CROCKER & BREWSTER, Boston, and reprinted in London, gets well-considered commendation in the

best critical quarters. The *Athenæum* speaks of the work:

"Upon any one question, whether of external or internal history, so much laborious research and skillful arrangement have been brought to bear, that the general student will seldom find it necessary to have recourse to other works for any information he may seek. The references to authorities, with quotations in the original Greek or Latin, are numerous, and the indexes and tables of contents unusually clear and copious. By the publication of such a work good service is done to the theological literature of our country. Even those who may not have leisure to read a history of so much research, should possess it, as the most complete book for reference on the subjects of which it treats."

ATHENÆUM ON AMERICAN BOOKS.—The *Athenæum* criticizes with some severity the Rev. William Ware's "Sketches of European Capitals." Considerable merits are conceded; but fault is found in sharp terms, so as to beget a contradiction. The author is accused of bad taste, illiberality, prejudice, and so forth. Another American book, *Vestiges of Civilization—Etiology of History, &c.*—has incurred the displeasure and the rod of the *Athenæum*, and certainly deserved severe handling.

Mr. Melville's new work, *Moby Dick*, published by the HARPERS, also gets a severe handling in the *Athenæum*—not with its accustomed candor, as it seems to us. Faulty as the book may be, it bears the marks of such unquestionable genius, and displays graphic powers of so rare an order, that it cannot fail to add to the popular author's reputation.

DR. WARREN.—Dr. Warren's "Lily and the Bee," reprinted neatly by the HARPERS, gets unmerciful ridicule. The "*Athenæum*," "*Literary Gazette*," "*Tait's Examiner*," and other journals, vie with each other in expressions of scorn; while others seem to regard it more favorably.

NEW ISSUES.—The publications of last month were few and devoid of interest.

LONDON WEEKLIES.—The Stamp Office Returns give the mail circulation of some of the principal weeklies, which is interesting:

In 1846, the *Nonconformist* took out 113,500 stamps; in 1850, 164,175. Increase, 40,675.
In 1846, the *Observer* took out 177,500 stamps; in 1850, 324,000. Increase, 136,500.
In 1846, the *Athenæum* took out 117,000 stamps; in 1850, 144,188. Increase 27,188.
In 1846, the *Weekly Dispatch* took out 2,421,500 stamps; in 1850, 1,950,000. Decrease, 471,500.
In 1846, the *Britannia* took out 252,331 stamps; in 1850, 163,875. Decrease, 88,456.
In 1846, the *Weekly Chronicle* took out 260,000 stamps; in 1850, 85,000. Decrease 175,000.
In 1846, the *Examiner* took out 250,500 stamps; in 1850, 228,228. Decrease, 22,272.
In 1846, the *Spectator* took out 194,000 stamps; in 1850, 152,500. Decrease, 41,500.

